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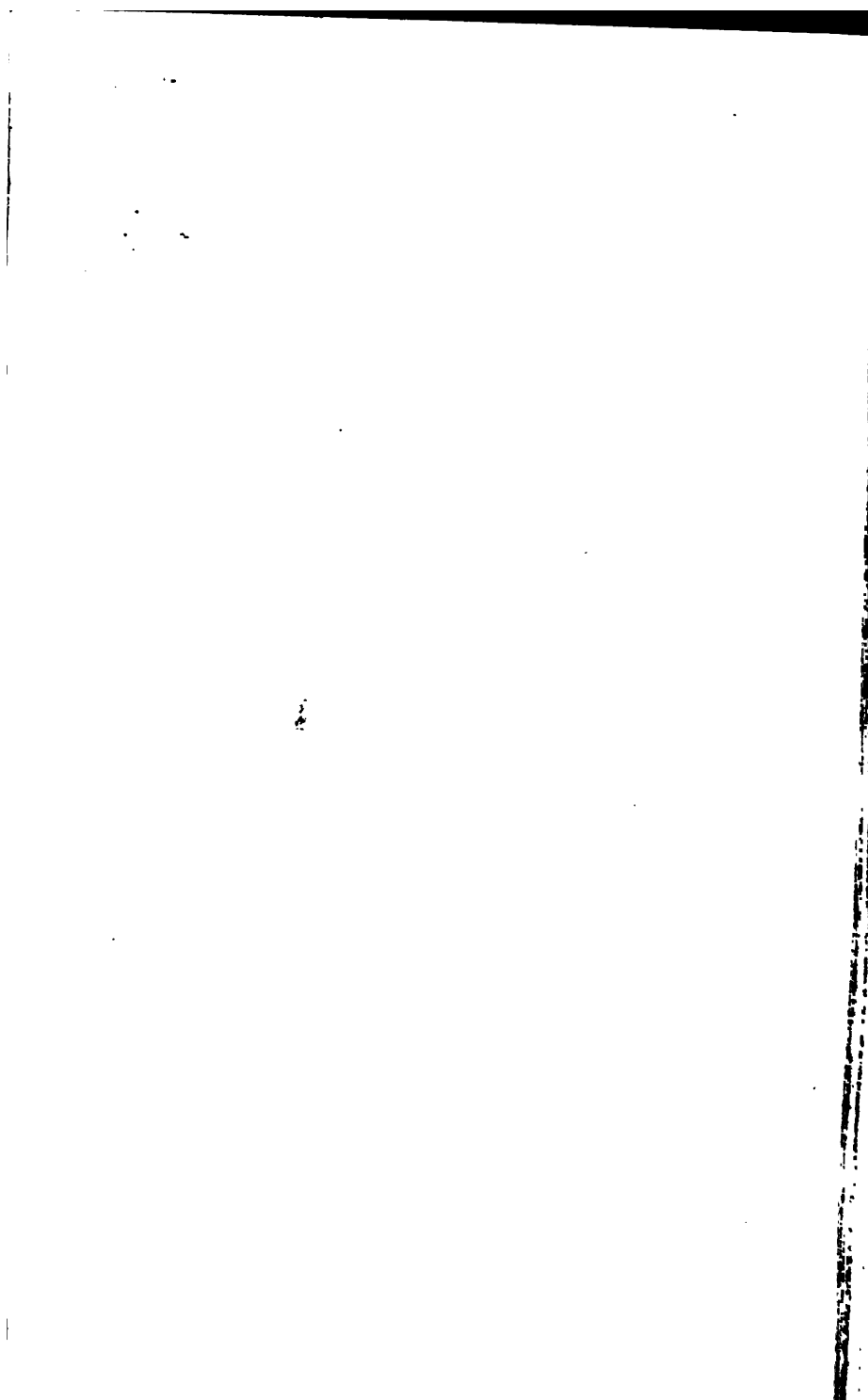
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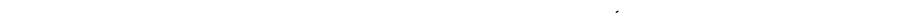


















H. Adlard sc.

very sincerely &c

C. Bayly

**P R E C E P T S**  
**FOR THE**  
**PRESERVATION**  
**OF**  
**HEALTH, LIFE, AND HAPPINESS,**  
**Medical and Moral.**

**BY**  
**CLEMENT CARLYON, M.D.,**  
LATE FELLOW OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

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**LONDON :**  
**WHITTAKER AND CO., AVE MARIA LANE.**  

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LONDON :

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TO  
WILLIAM COULSON, ESQ.

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MY DEAR SIR,

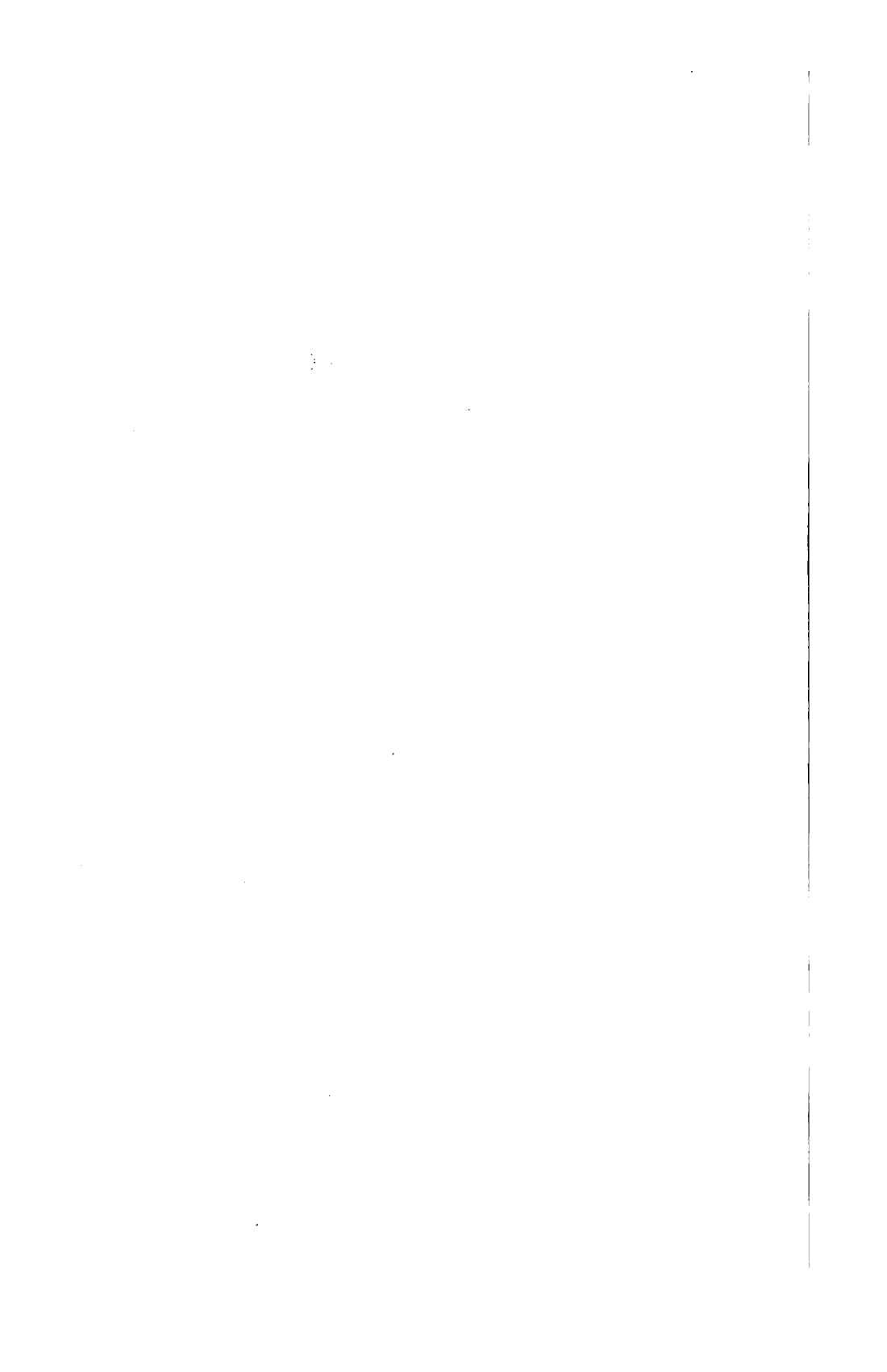
In dedicating this volume to you, I feel that I can give no stronger proof of my desire to blend the two professions, to which we respectively belong, in that bond of mutual co-operation which ought ever to connect them; and, in paying you this tribute of esteem and friendship, it is further gratifying to me to know that I am adding to the names of Davy and Gilbert that of another eminent Cornishman who, like them, was nurtured amidst the inspiring breezes of that lovely bay on which Penzance, and your beautiful seat, Keneggie, are situate.

That the evening of your honourable, successful, and useful life may be cheered by the same invigorating influence, is the hope of,

My dear Sir,

Your sincere friend,

CLEMENT CARLYON.



## PREFACE

---

MORE than twenty years have glided away since I published the first of my four volumes of "Early Years and Late Reflections." I cannot say that they have not been well received, for nothing can be more gratifying to me than the good opinions which have come from various and high quarters respecting them ; but many of the subjects, in which I felt the deepest interest, were less attractive to the general reader than the light and entertaining productions of those popular and talented writers who have been catering for the reading public for many years.

I have no great expectation that even the present volume will meet with a hearty reception in reading-clubs and circulating libraries, but I have made it as generally attractive as I could in order to give it a better chance of accomplishing my main object, which is the good of my fellow-creatures. Besides, as I said twenty years ago, so I may more fairly

say now, I have not written a formal book with any prescribed restrictions in regard to the subjects contained in it, or to their arrangement, but have rather followed the bent of my thoughts as they may have arisen from time to time; neither can I claim indulgence, on the plea of years, with the example of that fine old Venetian nobleman, Lewis Cornaro, brought anew before us; and reminded, as I am, that in England at the present day there are octogenarians, such as the noble Lords Lyndhurst and Brougham, who, disdaining to avail themselves of repose, however dignified, are still listened to by applauding senates with unabated attention, whilst their words of wisdom are scattered everywhere, through the unshackled columns of the newspapers of this free and happy country. Happy, thrice happy, may that country well be deemed where everything that is base and vile in our nature is met and kept in check by such superior force of reason and argument that I defy even the veriest cynic to show that, amidst the din and tumult of worldly passion, the still small voice of conscience was ever more distinctly discernible.

It is this that constitutes a nation's strength, and bids us be comforted amidst a world in arms.

Unless God keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain; but, as Lord Lyndhurst has lately

enforced with such extraordinary eloquence, it must not be expected that God will keep the city unless the watchman wake. Accordingly, in the volume which is now set before the public, looking humbly to the account which I must one day give, I have dealt with the human body as entitled to the utmost care, without losing sight of any fitting opportunity of admonishing all, and especially my professional brethren, that, however anxious we may be to keep in order this mortal tenement, it is of infinitely more concern so to build ourselves in our most holy faith that "when our earthly house of this tabernacle shall be dissolved, we may have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."



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OF ATTAINING A

LONG AND HEALTHFUL LIFE

*A New Edition of the Autobiography of LEWIS CORNARO, from the  
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## CHAPTER I.

### MEDICAL RANK AND RESPONSIBILITY.

WHEN I retired from the active duties of my profession, twenty years ago, the interest which I had been long accustomed to feel in the health of others by no means ceased. I was beginning to descend the slippery hill of life ; my day was, in fact, already far spent ; the night could not be very distant ; but I knew that the least circumscribed of the periods of life is the evening, and I therefore was desirous of turning it to as good an account as I could, and so to keep the rust off. Not knowing what a day may bring forth, I dared not entertain, with Goethe, the flattering hope that, because to-day is fine so will to-morrow be. In short, I determined to prefer the safe anchorage of the present to the shifting sands of the future. Goethe was a poet, and, humanly speaking, a great man. He was for many years the

brightest ornament of the elegant and hospitable little Court of Weimar, but he was an infidel. He had not force enough of mind and character to resist the fascinations of Voltaire and the Encyclopædists, and so became entangled in their meshes.

The following lines of his, to which I allude above,—

“Liegt dir Gestern klar und offen,  
Wirkst du Heute kräftig frei ;  
Kannst auch auf ein Morgen hoffen  
Das nicht menden glücklich sey,”—

are attached to a portrait of Goethe in the possession of an eminent surgeon—my friend Mr. Spry—who is living now at Truro. Goethe's autograph, of the date of March 27th, 1826, when Mr. Spry called on him at Weimar, is likewise attached to the portrait.

As the lines are intended for a peg on which to hang a moral, I will give them as faithfully as I can in English metre :—

The sun that shines so bright to-day,  
Shone yesterday as bright ;  
So canst thou hope to-morrow's ray  
Will not give less delight.

I am not carping illiberally with a great name. What I wish every one to know is,—that such was the intensity of German infidelity at the end of the last century, that sentiments with the tint of the rose upon them were often unsound. That fine old Roman gentleman, Horatius Flaccus, was more

Christian than the German Goethe—the former was drawing nearer to the sun; the latter receding from it—receding from that Holy Writ which, in the words of Solomon, says to every son and daughter of Adam, “Boast not thyself of to-morrow,”—*Prov.* xxvii. 1.—which is just what Horace says to Leuconoe, “Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.”—*Ode* xi. 8.

As I proceed with my proposed task, it will be seen how closely allied to Christian ethics were the words likewise of another Roman gentleman and unrivalled orator, “Cujus-vis-hominis est errare; nullius, nisi insipientis, in errore perseverare.”—*Philippic* xii. 2. To err is human; to persevere in error is the act of none but a madman.\*

Nothing, certainly, so conduces to a healthy old age as good habits in early life; and I have much pleasure in thinking that educated young men of the present day are more moral and religious than they were fifty or sixty years ago. They were then especially exposed to the dangers resulting from the excess of wine, on entering the army, or either of our

\* My friend Beneke, one of the Göttingen librarians, and a teacher of German, used to say that to translate German into Dutch was to turn a horse into an ass. Nevertheless, the ass may exhibit spirit. I have somewhere seen the above classical words of Cicero quaintly rendered—“Humanum est errare, sed in errore perseverare est diabolicum.” *Anglicè*—

“To err is human, but in evil  
To persevere’s the very devil.”



famous old universities; for the observation is, I believe, equally applicable to both. With respect to Cambridge, where I have lately been on a visit, I could not help remarking that a great improvement in the general appearance of the undergraduates has taken place. Boating has gained a victory over wine-drinking; and I hope that the manly habits which have dispensed with the seductions of intemperance will rise superior to the solicitations of the cigar. I do not know how the case is at present in Germany and America; whether tobacco continues to benumb the faculties of the students at their universities—cramping every athletic instinct, and provoking the censure of an occasional professor, who has the manliness to try to make his pupils see their folly.\*

In the present volume it will be my endeavour to weigh in the balance of my own experience such writings and suggestions of others as may have happened to fall under my notice. It will not be so much a medical treatise as a code of life adapted to all capacities and conditions. I shall accordingly avoid technical terms as far as is consistent with respect for my professional brethren; and when I add, that I have long considered Lewis Cornaro's "Sure and Certain Methods of attaining a Long and Healthful Life" as the best book of the kind that

\* See "Early Years and Late Reflections," vol. i. p. 40.

has ever been written, my object will be fully understood—

“To make men better, and to keep them so.”

It has sometimes been said, in disparagement of Cambridge as a school of medicine, that it could not bear comparison with Edinburgh or Glasgow; but the important fact has been overlooked that the course of study to which a Cambridge M.D. is subjected prior to graduation has never centred in the university, in which the wise precaution is taken of requiring not only a certain proficiency in learning, but also time to mature that proficiency.

At Edinburgh the degree of M.D. is, I believe, sometimes conferred on candidates under twenty-one years of age, whereas at Cambridge a much longer period of probationary study is exacted prior to the conferring of that degree. It must therefore be necessarily inferred, that the student of medicine will not rest content with Cambridge, but will seek the best information that is to be acquired elsewhere, either at home or abroad. There are at Oxford\* two Medical Travelling Fellowships, endowed by Dr. Radcliffe with an annual stipend of 300*l.*, for ten years; and at Cambridge two Travelling Scholarships, not confined to any particular profession, are conferred on Bachelors of Arts, but they are less amply endowed, and for three years only. Having enjoyed one of these, I resided for some time at Göttingen, where I had

\* See Note A.

the advantage of attending Professor Blumenbach's lectures. Afterwards I pursued my medical studies at Edinburgh, and lastly in London, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, at a time when Abernethy was in the prime of life. Still my gratitude and warmest affections were never alienated from my alma mater, to the honour of whose degrees I hoped, by separating myself awhile from her academic groves, to be the more entitled. My introduction, likewise, to anatomy was at Cambridge, where the anatomical chair was then filled by Sir Busick Harwood. His course of lectures was exceedingly interesting to persons entering upon the study of anatomy, and the only complaint was of its brevity. "*Ο βίος βραχύς, η δε τέχνη μακρή*,"\*—Life is short, art (that which gives practical security) long. Will fourscore years, and more, enable me to upset this dictum of Hippocrates? On the contrary, they serve but to confirm it. *Βραχύς* and *μακρή* are still the appropriate epithets. Still must we concede the truth of the whole of the first aphorism of the Choan sage, who proceeds to say, "*ο δε καιρος οξύς, η δε πειρα σφαλερή, η δε κρισις χαλεπή*,"—Opportunity is swift, experiment slippery, decision difficult; and he farther adds, "*δει δε ου μονον εωτον παρεχειν τα δεοντα ποιεωτα, αλλα, και τ' νοσεοντα, και τους παρεοντα, και τα εξωθεν*;" thus wisely leaving it on record that

\* ΙΠΠΟΚΡΑΤΟΥΣ ΑΦΟΡΙΣΜΩΝ Τμημα πρωτον.—Α.

not the physician only must be seen to do what is right, but that there are likewise reciprocal obligations on the part of the patient.

Connected with doctors of the present day, by links in a chain of 2,000 years, the father of medicine would now have more reason to be proud than ashamed of the lessons which he handed down to succeeding generations. If we compare his aphorisms with those deducible from a modern work of the highest authority, "The Principles and Practice of Physic," by Dr. Watson, how very many are the things in common! They both ascended the same difficult and laborious hill with the same objects in view; and looking about them at every step, and qualified by study to take advantage of the eminence respectively attained, they have both given to posterity the benefit of the stores gathered by them into their well-furnished garner.

The human microcosm is physically the same now as then; the intellectual vision is the same; and as, the higher the ascent, and the wider the horizon, the less distinct do objects become; so, the greatest proficients, in every age, will be those who are best acquainted with the labours of their predecessors, but who still seek to extend the safe and beaten track by the sure methods of cautious investigation and induction.

To any one who considers what it is that is required of a physician, the fact that there is no

difficulty in procuring the degree of M.D. at our Scotch Universities at the age of twenty-one, can scarcely fail of exciting surprise; and, however true it may be that students, at the end of their brief academic curricula, often pass very creditable examinations, and that in every department of the medical service there must be juniors as well as seniors, yet I very much question the propriety of allowing surgeons, especially assistant-surgeons in the army or navy, to use the title of M.D. It sanctions confusion of rank, and, by detracting from the honour of the superior degree, does public injury, inasmuch as it makes the prizes of ambition less alluring.

Opportunities of acquiring knowledge are now abundant; and to no profession does this more apply than to medicine; there are hospitals, and scientific institutions, and lectures, everywhere; and humanity never spoke with a louder voice. Still, the same lesson will ever be deducible from the beautiful lines of Dr. Hannes on the father of English medicine, Sydenham:—

*“Sic te scientem non faciunt libri  
Et dogma pulchrum; sed sapientia  
Enata rebus, mensque facti  
Experiens, animusque felix.*

*Ni pectus adsit consilii potens,  
Ni plena rugis experientia,  
Ususque naturam secutus,  
Quid faceret, moncant medentem.”*

" Ah no ! Nor books, nor dogmas fine  
 Can bring you to fair Wisdom's shrine;  
 But learning fraught with facts; a soul  
 Calm, and possessed of self-control.

The breast must be in council sage,  
 Wrinkles bespeak experienced age;  
 And Use, with Nature for a guide,  
 O'er the Physician's mind preside."

That Dr. Hannes was a fine old English physician, and well entitled to do Sydenham honour, cannot be doubted; neither will any one who knows the value of that almost instinctive sagacity which experience alone can give, under-rate its importance. Nevertheless, in every profession, old age will be found to bring with it decreasing vigour; moderate talents likewise must fall back in the ranks of eminence; and all that can be done by the best devised legislation is to take care that the public be supplied with well-educated men, and that their endeavours to merit confidence be not thwarted by the intrusion of ignorant empirics, or by premature admission to the highest rank in the profession. I am well aware how difficult it is to legislate against empiricism; but whatever measures may be in the contemplation of the legislature, I most sincerely hope that there will be nothing done to lower what I presume to call the dignity and excellence of the medical profession.

That eminently learned and successful physician, the late Dr. Parry, of Bath, after merely enumerating the various preliminary qualifications, which are re-

quired for success in the practice of physic, exclaims, "Who is sufficient for these things? Perfection is at a great distance from every mortal being. The experience of any individual is defective, and a great proportion of what we fancy we know must be taken on trust from others of every age and country. Hence arises the necessity of an acquaintance with the common language of ancient and modern science, Latin, and also with the most popular languages of modern Europe. Above all, it is essentially requisite that the physician should learn the art of reasoning; or that facility of distinguishing or rightly classing ideas which must necessarily flow from the habitual application of the mental faculties to various branches of science.

"If the science of medicine be thus important and difficult; one might reasonably expect that it would, on its own account, be honoured among mankind, and its interests essentially promoted."

I wish Dr. Parry's testimony to the facts of the case were in harmony with these most just requisitions; but he is, alas! constrained to say, after a professional practice of forty years, that there are difficulties environing the practice of medicine which must be submitted to as long as the human mind, too generally nurtured in prejudice and error, continues capricious, irresolute, intolerant of present inconvenience, prone to present gratification, and credulous to the extent of almost seeming grateful for

being duped. Examples of these difficulties crowd, he tells us, so forcibly and in such numbers on his memory, that "to enumerate only a small part of them would be to write the severest satire on the follies and vices of mankind." "There is," however, he asserts, "in every well-regulated mind a compensating elasticity bounding against oppression, a sense of accomplished duty, a proud consciousness of having conferred unrequited benefits, which sustain it amidst all the degradations of external forms and individual or national ingratitude, and which incite it, in spite of every obstacle, to persevere in one undeviating course to the end of its mortal career."\*

There is far too much truth in these recorded views of Dr. Parry. Still, speaking from my own experience, I have the pleasure of thinking that, exposed as the practice of medicine almost necessarily is to the annoyances of a capricious world, yet that no other profession derives so much heart-felt compensation from the conscientious exercise of its peculiar duties. There is no greater pleasure than that afforded by the consciousness of giving relief to suffering humanity; and I am bound, in justice to the generality of the recipients of that relief, to say that nothing can exceed the gratitude which patients recovered from the bed of sickness often evince towards their medical attendants.

\* Posthumous Med. Writings, vol. i. p. 5.



This consciousness will ever be the cherished reward of the genuine physician; and I deem it the highest compliment due to the most eminent medical men that they have not thirsted after titular distinctions. It is said of Harvey, who coveted no higher title than that of M.D., that he was in manners a perfect gentleman; mild and unassuming, but brave in maintaining what he knew to be right, and in correcting what he knew to be wrong. His life was a continued course of reading, reflection, observation, and experiment. His crown of glory is the discovery of the circulation of the blood, as that of Jenner is the discovery of vaccination. Of both these great discoverers it was asserted, in abatement of their claims, that others prepared the way for them; as if the orb of day itself had ever arisen upon the earth without some orient beams.

Harvey, in his old age, retired from the storms of life and the cavillings of ungrateful and ignorant opponents; but he persisted in investigating Nature; and his collected works show that he bore golden fruit to the last.

But it must not be supposed that Harvey was without honour in his own generation. He lived to see his great discovery all but universally acknowledged; he was physician to two kings—James the First and Charles the First, to the latter of whom he was indebted for his appointment to the wardenship

of Merton College, Oxford ; and although he shrunk from the duties of office and declined the proffered presidency of the College of Physicians, yet it was in the theatre of that college that his discovery of the circulation of the blood was first promulgated, and he was there ever recognised as "*Facile princeps.*"

I do not altogether blame such ornaments of their country, and of the age in which they lived, as Sir Humphry Davy or Sir Walter Scott, for consenting to be made baronets ; although it may be doubted whether the brightness of their fame was capable of being enhanced by any distinctions which senates and princes could confer ; neither would I remove a single stone from the magnificent column of the British aristocracy ; I only maintain the spirit of the maxim, "*Nobilitas sola est atque unica vertus,*" and that not only do science, and literature, and poetic eminence belong to this category, but that distinction in the healing art cannot be excluded from it when such men as Sydenham, and Harvey, and the two Hunters, and Jenner, were content to derive no adventitious lustre from extrinsic titles.

It must have been the perception of this great truth that led Dr. Hamey, one of the most munificent donors to the College of Physicians, to decline the repeated offer from Charles the Second of knighthood, lest he should contaminate his degree, "*Ne Doctoratus excellentiam contaminaret.*" He even declined the offer of a statue, which Harvey

did not; and it is worthy of remark that, in the Great Fire of London, when Harvey's new buildings, and nearly all the library and their valuable contents were destroyed, Harvey's statue, with an inscription setting forth his claims to immortality, was lost among them, as if to show that the durability of his fame rested not on monuments and inscriptions, but on the imperishable fact of one great discovery.

With records such as these before us, it is, I repeat, to be hoped that the great importance of perpetuating, in the higher orders of the medical profession, a rank commensurate with a learned education, and with the most varied and delicate responsibilities, will not fail of being recognised by the legislature.

Doctors of Divinity, Law, and Physic have hitherto been considered as enjoying superior rank to that of Esquire. According to Blackstone, Doctors of all the three faculties stand next in rank to Serjeants-at-Law; and that Doctors of Physic, although the lowest of the three, are not without honour in Westminster Hall, I had some years ago an opportunity of knowing; for, being subpoenaed as a witness to town, I was told by the assessor of the House of Commons, to whom I had been directed to apply, that, *as a Cambridge M.D.*, I was entitled to five guineas a-day, which was three guineas a-day more than others received. Whether an Edinburgh M.D. would have been equally privileged, I am unable to say; but knowing what eminent physicians have

emanated from the sister kingdoms, and understanding that graduates of other universities than those of Oxford and Cambridge will, in future, be admitted, after a strict examination, to the rank of Fellows of the London College of Physicians, I presume that, as such, they will be upon an equal footing with Oxford and Cambridge Doctors, which was not the case when they were only admitted to the rank of Licentiates.

These, at all events, are matters worth noticing; and I hope that I have not gone out of my way in endeavouring to show that the public, not less than the members themselves, are deeply interested in upholding the respectability of the medical profession. For myself, individually, it must be evident that I am arrived at a time of life when, if age does not claim respect, all other claims must be valueless.

## CHAP. II.

## OF THE NATURE AND DESTINY OF MAN.

MY respected friend and instructor, Mr. Abernethy, was never more at home, never more impressive, than when descanting on the wonderful display of Almighty intelligence in the different parts of the human frame; and I almost feel that there is an apology due to his memory for my making so much use, as I shall do in the present chapter, of Professor Blumenbach's admirable sketch of the progress of man, from the first perceptible movement of the nascent heart to the last throb of life.\*

"The heart's action is supposed to have been noticed as early as the fourth week; and ossification commences about the seventh or eighth, and advances, both before and after birth, with a rapidity proportioned to its nearness to the starting point—the "*punctum saliens*." The work of ossification proceeds from the clavicles to the ribs, the vertebræ, the larger cylindrical bones of the extremities, the lower jaw, and some of the other bones of the face;

\* Blumenbach's "*Physiological Institutions*."—Last Chapter.

thence to the delicate reticulations of the flat bones of the cranium,—the frontal, namely, and the occipital; and, finally, to those of the crown of the head.

“About the middle period of pregnancy life may be fairly considered as established; the secretion of fat and of bile is observable; and, as we get near the time of birth, the soft and delicate hair first appears, and then the little nails; the membrana pupillaris fades away, and the cartilaginous external ears become firmer and more elastic, and the sex is distinguishable. At the end of the tenth lunar month, when, with the birth of the child, the most important changes in its whole animal economy will have taken place, the down diffused over the face disappears, the skin no longer remains wrinkled, and the nates get more plump.

“By little and little the mental faculties begin to attract attention; the child sees, and takes notice, and remembers things; has his wants and his wishes; and, at a very early period, his dreams.

“The external senses, the ears, for instance, and the nostrils, become more and more perfect in their forms, as do likewise the supraorbital arches and the eyebrows. The bones of the skull get firmer and more compact; and, about the eighth month after birth, dentition commences. This is therefore naturally the season to think of weaning the infant; the teeth being appointed by nature to masticate food, not to give pain to the mother in nursing.

"Towards the end of the first year the little gentleman begins to use his feet, and claims that great prerogative of the human race, the privilege of standing erect.

"Weaned, and able to walk, he daily gets to be more independent; he is busy in acquiring his next great privilege, the power of speech, and is perpetually trying to give expression to ideas with which he has become familiarised. About the seventh year the first set of teeth, twenty in number, are gradually shed, and a permanent set, eventually consisting of thirty-two, take their place.

"During infancy the memory surpasses all other faculties of the mind; never afterwards is it so susceptible or tenacious of impressions.

"About the fifteenth year it usually happens that the imagination takes the lead; its reign opportunely coinciding with that glad period of advancing maturity when the bosom of the fair begins to expand, her eyes becoming brighter, and her lips of a deeper red, 'blushing deeper sweets;' whilst the down which had been gathering on the chin of the youth grows to a beard, and the tones of his voice get remarkably grave."

"Ah then! ye Fair!  
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts;  
And let th' aspiring youth beware of love—  
Of the smooth glance beware."

But I too must beware, and not forget that it is

Blumenbach, and not Thomson, with whom I am at present concerned.

“The exact period of puberty does not admit of being defined. It varies with differences of climate, as well as with the different temperaments of individuals; but, as a law of nature, it is earlier in the female than in the male. After puberty the further increase of the human stature is considered to cease; yet here again there is no certain prescribed limit; since it not only varies in different individuals and families, but is considerably influenced by climate.

“It is during manhood, which is both the longest and noblest epoch of life, that our nature is at its highest perfection; the bodily functions are most vigorous and regular; and that noblest prerogative of the mind, a mature judgment, is established.

“As we advance in years, there ensues a gradual decrement of the powers of life; until, at last, old age tells a tale of increasing dulness both of the external and internal senses, with a necessity for longer sleep, and a torpor of the whole animal economy. The hair becomes white and thin; the teeth gradually drop out; the neck is no longer able fully to support the head, nor the legs the body; the very bones, the pillars of the machine, waste perceptibly. And so, at length, we are brought to the extreme point of physiology, *Death* without disease; the *euthanasia* of old age; the goal of the physician; the first and last end of all medicine. Its



attendant phenomena are coldness of the extremities, dulness of the eyes, small, slow, and more and more frequently intermittent pulse; till the breath stopping, and again and again returning, the scene at length closes with a last and more forcible expiration.

"It is known that death has certainly taken place by the coldness and rigidity of the body, the flaccidity of the cornea, the rigidity of the back, and, above all, by a peculiar, cadaverous smell. When there is a concurrence of these symptoms, the complaint made by Pliny, that man is not to be trusted even in death, cannot be admitted.

"There is no period which can be said to be entitled, by its marked regularity and frequency, to be considered the natural term of advanced old age.

"What alone I have been able to collect," Professor Blumenbach says, "from the careful comparison of a vast many bills of mortality, is, that in Europe no inconsiderable number of old men reach their eighty-fourth year, whereas few get beyond it. And if, from the tenderness of infancy, the prevalence of intemperance in after life, the vehemence of disease, and the liability to fatal accidents, scarcely more than about 78 human beings in 1000 can be said to close their days in the manner above described, *i.e.* without disease; yet when we compare the life of man with that of all other mammalia known to us, it will be readily seen that, of all the complaints of the sophists

about the misery of human life, there is none more unjust than that which respects the shortness of it."

\* Professor Blumenbach himself lived to the age of eighty-eight, and retained his faculties to the last, and thus became one of the many striking instances which the scientific world affords of the compatibility of persevering mental occupation and exercise with protracted bodily health. I have been assured by a gentleman who heard him lecture a short time only before his death, that he continued to lecture with all the spirit and humour that had characterised his long career of usefulness. We have just seen his animated sketch of what he was fond of terming the human microcosm; and well may a being, so fearfully and wonderfully made, be thus denominated.

Having brought man from the cradle to the grave, and shown how precious is the charge confided to the members of the medical profession, it will scarcely be deemed irrelevant or out of place, if I here add that the most demented being in existence is an infidel physician; by which term I do not mean a mere Atheist, for Galen's conversion put a stop, ages ago, to medical Atheism; but a Christian infidel—a disbeliever in the divinity of our blessed Lord, and His redeeming love.

Beyond the pale of the Bible no greater men have

\* "This celebrated natural philosopher and professor, of Göttingen, died in that University a few days ago, aged eighty-eight."—*Standard*, February 3, 1840.

been known to exist than the philosophers of the golden age of Athens; but, whether led to the Being of a God by the contemplation of the wonderful fabric of the body, or the more wonderful faculties of the mind, still, all beyond the grave was dark and uncertain—"To be, or not to be?" And yet no believing Christian can doubt that the condition of modern sceptics is infinitely more deplorable than that of Socrates or Plato, inasmuch as light is come into the world, and they close their eyes to it. Coleridge has compared the Atheist to the owl who, "looking at the glorious sun in heaven, cries out, 'Where is it?'" But to what shall we compare the sceptic who does not in the Bible discern the Sun of Righteousness? If we only regard the marvellous results of creative power as they meet the outward eye, the Sun in heaven is the culminating point of natural but not of revealed religion; "man is born to die, as the sparks fly upwards;" dust and ashes have no communion with the glories of creation; to the dead Materialist the heavens no longer "declare the glory of God;" but to the dead in Christ, and to him only, there is no cessation of enjoyment—to him Time is nothing, Eternity every thing. And where, but in the Bible, is the eternal world made known to us? With respect to that world, the sun, shining in the material vault of heaven, may throw some light on the natural theologian's path, but it cannot solve the perplexing

enigma of the moral world, and explain how it so often happens that, in its corrupted currents, "offence's gilded hand does shove by justice." It is the Bible only that can tell him that there is a future and eternal world, in which dwelleth righteousness. But is the Sun of Righteousness so clearly exhibited in the Bible as the material orb in the firmament of heaven? Let us see what a learned bishop of our Church has said upon the subject. After showing, in the first place, the wonderful completion, up to the present time, of the prophecy of Noah respecting the future fortunes of his three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth, a prophecy of such immense extent and variety of meaning, verified nevertheless in every branch,—after showing that such completion can no otherwise have been brought about than by Almighty Providence—Bishop Horsley asks, "If such is the necessary inference with regard to a single prophecy, how much more does not the same reasoning apply to a multitude of such instances?" And then, by a happy force of illustration, he further demands how, if it were even possible to separate the prophecies of Scripture, so far as they concern secular events, from Providential agency, is the sceptic to dispose of the fact that, in so great a proportion of the prophecies dispersed throughout Holy Writ, some event of the Messiah's reign, or something characteristic of His time or person, makes one, and for the most part, the most obvious, of their various meanings—can this

have come to pass casually? With quite as much reason it might be supposed that the rays of the sun, reflected from a system of polished frames, and transmitted through a variety of refractive surfaces, collect at last in a burning point without the intervention of some scientific artist, to give the requisite polish and to secure their accurate conformation and arrangement, as to imagine that it hath happened without design and contrivance that the rays of prophetic light are concentrated in a single point to illuminate a single object.

The Bible, from the beginning to the end, is full of our Saviour. He is the Lamb of God, begotten before all worlds; very God of very God; yet so distinctly individualized, that the Christian is not allowed to wander in essence incomprehensible, but is brought to the knowledge of Jehovah as a tri-personal Being, of whom the first Person is "the Father," the second "the Son," and the third "the Holy Ghost." Each person is again and again made known to us as distinct from the other two, whilst all are "One God."

I am not willing to believe, neither is it consistent with my own experience, that medical men are more prone than others to scepticism; and I know that some of the brightest ornaments of our profession in modern times have been sound Christians. Still I cannot shut my eyes to the fact, that the cause of infidelity has too often been grievously served by

highly talented members of the profession, both of physic and surgery; but this is tender ground; and however much I may regret that materialism may have occasionally pervaded the writings of medical men, yet it is not from this quarter that danger is so much to be apprehended at the present day, as from that presumptuous philosophy which substitutes a spurious Christianity, emanating from the brain of man, for that which centres in Christ crucified, and which the Bible alone teaches. We must either believe, in accordance with the Bible, that as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive, or we are no Christians. It is altogether idle to talk of Christianity without Christ; or to talk of Christ otherwise than as the second Person of the eternal Trinity, who took our nature upon Him, that He might redeem us from all iniquity. Moreover, to suppose that the New Testament can, by any compromise whatever, be severed from the Old, is errant folly; no less folly than that of separating type from antitype—completion from prediction. It is Christ of whom all the Prophets speak; it is Christ who is prefigured in Melchisedek, King of Salem, and in every link of the Abrahamic covenant. It is He to whom those emphatic and comprehensive words apply, which are recorded by the inspired author of the Pentateuch, as addressed by God Himself to the woman after the Fall, "It shall bruise thy heel, and thou shalt bruise his head."

Knowing the import of these words, the Christian plants his foot on them as on a rock. He sees in them the essence no less than the foundation of his faith. They not only do not savour of human invention, but they defy it. They tell us what nothing short of Omniscience could tell us, and obscure as they at first appear, they become our polar star when we contemplate them through the medium of the Bible.

Now my heart's desire is that my medical brethren should be Christians in very deed, which they cannot be unless they are satisfied with the evidences of Christianity. God forbid that I should be desirous of introducing cant among us; but I do want to have something more redolent of faith and hope than mere Sociology—something which daily and hourly influences the heart, and regulates the conduct, and which rests exclusively on Christ crucified. Then, whether they go with Livingstone into the wilds of Africa, or enter at home, as medical men alone have the privilege of doing, into the palaces of the great or the cottages of the poor, they may rest assured that their influence will not be confined to the pill which they prescribe; but that they will often be the recipients of faltering thoughts and penitential admissions.

Here I ought perhaps to say, "*revenons a nos moutons*," but I must raise my voice once more against such doctrines as those of Professor B. Powell and the Sociologists, who think that they are Christians

because they know how to appreciate the beauty of Christian morality, and fancy they are doing Christ honour, when they dress their own idol in the garb of the Gospel, seemingly not aware that, in so doing, they totally ignore Christianity, which is not a system of morals dependent on logical subtlety or human development, but a revelation from God respecting his creature Man, made after His own image, but fallen from his first estate, and redeemed in the only way in which the Divine attribute of mercy could be reconciled with that of justice. Methinks it should suffice to set at rest for ever these speculations of mere reasoning philosophers, that what they tell us of the development of the world and its inhabitants is as much at variance with plain good sense as it is with the Mosaic account of the creation.

They close their eyes to facts, and present us instead with their own visionary notions.

They deride the venial prejudices of good men, who have been slow in recognizing the revelations of geology when apparently opposed to the inspired authority of the Pentateuch; but there are few learned men, either in or out of the Church, who are not now ready to admit that the days assigned to the general work of creation denote certain periods, of unknown duration, characterised by successive creations, yet in perfect consistency with that universal fiat of the Creator which made whatever from the



first existed in his Omnipresent mind subservient to the main object of fitting the world for the habitation of man. I defy the sceptic to show how it is possible for man to have come into the world in any state short of maturity. We are told to go back unnumbered ages to find the nascent monad, compared with which vague conception the fabled history of the nurture of Romulus and Rhemus is of easy digestion.

Whether we may ever be able to connect with greater precision the results of geological explorations with the different days of creation, as delineated in the Book of Genesis, it is unnecessary to conjecture. The requisite elements appear to be wanting. We do not know the conditions upon which the solution of the problem must depend. There is, as I have elsewhere shown, a manifest approximation to a concurrent testimony; and, for the sake of those who may still be faltering in their faith, I will let the late Professor Miller close this chapter for me. "Fossil geology, the creation of our own time, is allied in every part with the history and physiology of animal and vegetable life. . . . . Different ages of creation have been distinguished by different forms, both of animals and vegetables; and by the remains of these, under every variety of colour and of texture, the same formation can always be detected. . . . . Succeeding generations, each with myriads of existences, do not exhaust that

infinite Being in whom 'all fulness dwelleth.' Creations, each with myriads of existences, succeed each other, yet He never repeats Himself. The curtain drops at His command over one scene of existence full of wisdom and beauty; it rises again, and all is glorious, wise, and beautiful as before, and all is new. . . . . Is it nothing to be taught with a demonstrative evidence which the metaphysician cannot supply, that races are not eternal, that every family had its beginning, and that whole creations have come to an end?"

"Of old, O God, hast Thou laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the work of Thy hands.

"They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure; yea all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture Thou shalt change them, and they shall be changed.

"But Thou art the same, and Thy years have no end."—*Psalms* cii. 25, &c.

## CHAP. III.

GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS RESPECTING HEALTH  
AND DISEASE.

I SHALL now proceed to show that, however true it may be that the age of man is still, as in the days of Solomon, three score years and ten, the words, nevertheless, of the inspired penman are spoken generally, and are so far from presenting a barrier to the further prolongation of life, that they rather serve to admonish us to live so as to escape the general sentence. If a patriarch, before the flood, had pronounced man's age to have been three or four hundred years, it would not have been to the exclusion of the lengthened period of even nine hundred and sixty-nine years which Methuselah attained. And so, in modern history, we read that Thomas Parr died at the age of one hundred and fifty-two years, and that his body was dissected by Harvey, who found no signs in it of natural decay. We have here, therefore, an instance of longevity which holds out to aspirers after old age the possible prolongation of life to an indefinite extent. It was

Parr's misfortune to have been taken by the Earl of Arundell to the court of Charles the First, where he eat too plentifully, and paid nature an *untimely* debt in consequence.

"Non verum est, quod dicitur a quibusdam, mortem certum omnibus finem ac terminum esse constitutum; ut autem vel citius vel serius moriamur, singulorum hominum vel intemperantia vel negligentia contingit. Si autem illud verissimum est præfinitum esse vitæ finem, quem nemini liceat præterire, agnosceremus nihil sane est, quo homini prudentiam, temperantiam, pietatem triburemus."—*Cicero de Consolatione*.

"It is not true that death, as some have maintained, has its appointed time in every instance, since intemperance or negligence has a good deal to do with our dying sooner or later. Nay, if it were really quite certain that the end of life was so predetermined that no one could pass by it, we must acknowledge that prudence, temperance, and piety in man would go for nothing."

How Calvin would crack this nut with Cicero it is not for me to say.

My old friend, William Rawle,\* who lived to more than a hundred years, was as well as usual a short time before his death, and fell a victim to influenza, caught by exposure to a current of cold and damp

\* Early Years and Late Reflections, vol. ii. p. 209.

air a few days previously. There was no fault whatever in his diet and habits of life; but influenza, when it attacks the aged, is too apt to be more than a match for the strictest regimen.

There can be no better evidence of the desire, common to men, to prolong life, than the numberless treatises that have been written on the subject; and long experience and reflection have confirmed me in the opinion that the Autobiography of Lewis Cornaro comprises the pith and virtual spirit of them all. I therefore purpose to let him once more tell his own story; for, many as have been the editions of his *Life*, in Italian, French, and English, it is still rather a rare book, and, being likewise a small one, its republication in the following pages will scarcely be deemed out of place, or, I believe, unseasonable.

Cornaro was a Venetian nobleman who, having had force enough of mind to make his escape from the evils which the excesses of early life had brought upon him, lived beyond a hundred years, a bright example of the good effect of a temperate diet, on which he lays the greatest stress, without losing sight of such important auxiliaries as healthy air and exercise, and a well-regulated mind.

“ Not Galen’s skill, nor Æsculapian rules,  
The pride of learning, or the boast of schools,  
But temperance, exercise, and all the train  
Of sober virtues, chase disease and pain.”

He tells us that, on some occasion, when he had

received severe injury from an accident in travelling, his medical attendants were surprised at the unexampled rapidity of his recovery, which he fairly attributed to that healthy condition of the restorative powers of the system for which he was indebted to his habitual temperance.

On the other hand, none are so well aware as surgeons of the difficulties which ill-conditioned habits and tempers oppose to the success of their operations.

I have not forgotten the vexation which Mr. Abernethy once experienced in consequence of the ill success of an operation for aneurism on a lady of an irritable temperament of body and mind. There was no chloroform in those days; but, in the case in question, the operation had been well performed, and at first promised well, but untoward symptoms soon arose; poor Abernethy fretted, and could with difficulty keep his temper—taking walks into the country, in order to be calm and considerate—but all in vain; his patient died, and weight was added to the wrong scale respecting a particular operation, on which he justly prided himself, and which he had been the first to perform successfully.

Such will often be the fate of medical men. Voltaire spoke of them as unfortunate gentlemen who are every day required to perform a miracle—to reconcile, namely, health with intemperance; they have, in fact, the numberless casualties of the human frame to contend with; and a nervous temperament,

or a constitution disordered by an irregular course of life, will baffle the best devised curative intentions.

A case lately came to my knowledge where there was great contusion of one of the lower extremities; still no considerable danger was apprehended, but mortification eventually ensued, and the question, what was it that brought matters to this fatal termination, could only be answered by the reply that the patient's habit of body was against him. Nothing, in short, is said more commonly than that such or such a person would have no chance of living if a serious accident were to befall him. "What!" said an overfed patient to me when I told him that he must eat and drink less, "would you have me crawl through life like a mere worm?"

To such persons Cornaro's maxims seem old-womanish, and continue to be so regarded till the upshot of the matter is, that the man not only does not live out half his days, but drawls on, in a miserable state of existence, the poor mutilated worm of which he abhorred the thought.

Cornaro lived in the sixteenth century, and, speaking of the convivial habits of that period, he tells us: "We (Italians) are not contented with a plain bill of fare, but ransack the elements of earth, air, and water for all sorts of creatures to gratify our wanton and luxurious appetites. As if our tables were too narrow and short to hold our provisions, we heap them upon one another. And lastly, to create a

false appetite, we rack our cooks' inventions for new sauces and provocatives to make the superfluous morsels go down with the greater gust."

Is this applicable to England at the present time? It was so at the beginning of the last century, according to the editor of the edition of Cornaro's Life of which I have availed myself. But now, in the middle of the nineteenth, is it so? Not to the same extent; but, even now, how great is the number of persons who die yearly from the effects of intemperance! I here allude more particularly to persons well to do in the world. How many of my own late contemporaries have died, humanly speaking, sooner than they needed to have done! I do not recollect a single instance of a remarkably great eater, and I happen to have known many such, who lived to be old; but several lived long enough to reap the fruit of their excesses in the form of chronic and painfully complicated disease. I feel, therefore, bound in charity and honesty not to stifle my warning voice in the treacherous hush of "an improved tone of society."

Among the lower classes alcohol is the fell destroyer. Gin palaces in London and the stealthy Taps, as they are called, attached to inns in the country, seem to be for ever on the increase. As we advance upwards in society it is the cook that does most mischief. How often, in the course of my practice, have I found it necessary, in spite of Cor-



naro's or my own warnings, to fall back on the nauseous draught or less disgusting pill, in order to keep off some impending stroke, and after all to lament that "*naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.*" Even sensible persons, in other respects, not unfrequently persist in eating and drinking to excess—"coute qu'il coute." Abstinence, in fact, is seldom found to be an agreeable topic of conversation between the doctor and his patient.

I remember once, when I was beginning to lecture a patient in the middle class of society who was literally dying of repletion, that she burst into tears and upbraided me outright for my want of feeling: she was sure that she did not deserve to be told that she eat or drank too much, and so sobbed me out of my lecture.

There is, however, a wide margin in the physician's code of prescribing for cases of repletion. Abernethy was particularly shrewd in his mode of dealing with them—he could occasion smiles instead of tears, and used to boast of his success in the case of a wealthy farmer who had followed his advice. Falling in with him again after several years' absence, he was accosted by him with a smiling countenance, and heartily thanked for the great good he had done him. "Why, who are you?" said Abernethy. "Don't you know me?" replied the farmer—"I am so-and-so, only changed from a great sufferer to a healthy man, by following your advice."

A stiff glass of brandy and water is still in some families a favourite nightcap, not readily relinquished; but a friend, who did relinquish it at my recommendation, has often told me that the benefit he derived from doing so entitled me to I know not how much gratitude; and what renders this case more memorable is, that the gentleman to whom it applies had, for many years previously, been subject to attacks, at least annually, of gout, which have entirely ceased since the brandy and water have been given up. Now, it is well known that the gout is often made an excuse for indulging in a glass of brandy and water, sometimes in order to bring out a fit of the gout, and sometimes to correct a tendency to it; brandy and *good* old sherry being supposed to have no mysterious treacherous acid lurking in them. This matter was well understood by my experienced friend the late Dr. Parry, who had, I believe, more to do with the treatment of gouty patients than any other physician of his time. He told me that he was so far from advocating alcoholic stimulants that he considered it much safer, even for persons constitutionally predisposed to gout, to drink light French wines rather than any more stimulant beverages; but "*αριστον μεν υδωρ*," was a maxim which he exemplified in himself, for when I once said to him, jokingly, that my friend Dr. Glynn was inclined to hold Bath-doctors cheap, as mainly relying on the medicinal and invigorating quality of the water of their famous pump, he retorted

by saying that the water he usually recommended came from a much cooler spring.

The old adage, "after supper walk a mile," took its rise from the evils of repletion, of which the most serious was sudden death at night, in profound sleep. I very much question whether, in these cases, there is any awaking to die; and I believe that death most commonly occurs early in the night. The first effect of a stomach gorged with food is further distension, from fermentation aiding the digestive powers to dispose of the inconvenient load. It has likewise been ascertained that sleep accelerates the process of digestion, so that partly from over-distension of the stomach, and partly from the fresh accession of blood to the head, from which the pressure of the distended stomach makes its return more difficult, a vessel gives way, and immediate death ensues. Cases of apoplexy are sometimes happily averted when the tendency to them is manifested in the waking state. It is in such cases that the prompt aid of the lancet is so essentially necessary.

An elderly gentleman, a full liver, was seated at a whist table, when he was seen to be getting incoherent and bloated in the face; luckily one of the party was a surgeon, who at once bled him largely, and effectually relieved him. The rubber may have saved his life; for had he retired to rest at an early hour and fallen into a profound sleep, it might have been said of him the following morning that he was

found dead in bed, having gone to bed the preceding evening in apparently excellent health.

Whatever change for the better may have passed over the convivial aspect of society, it is certain that repletion, even now, has much to do with the ills of life. Sudden deaths in sleep may be comparatively rare; but there are still many who eat and drink to excess, and have horrid dreams and nightmares to admonish them. If it were not so, the attempt to bring Lewis Cornaro again into notice would be unnecessary.

Not long since, I fell in with an amusing little book, "Three weeks in Wet Sheets," by a citizen of Bristol. He gives an account of his visit to Malvern Wells, and of what he saw and himself underwent there. It was a complete *working* holyday, for he did as the rest did, and soaked, and douched, and drank water in abundance, till he got surprisingly well, and gave the wet sheets a good name; taking care at the same time to let it be seen that he was not altogether a dupe to the real merits of the case. But my present concern is not so much with the merits or demerits of the wet sheets, as with the author's meditations on scenes which made him take refuge in the Malvern water-cure.

"The world's mode of living (it is the citizen of Bristol who thus writes) is preposterous. Mixtures, and spices, and wines, are the ruin of half the stomachs in the world. Just see; you take, at a

dinner party, soup (say turtle), a glass or two of lime punch, perhaps; turbot and rich lobster sauce, with, it may be, an oyster paté, or a sweetbread, to amuse yourself with, while the host is cutting you a slice of the Southdown haunch; this, with jelly and kidney-beans, is set in a ferment with a couple of glasses of Champagne, to which a couple of glasses of hock or Sauterne, are added; a wing of a partridge or the back of a leveret, solaced with a little red hermitage, succeeds; then you at once sit at ease and chill your heated stomach with a piece of iced pudding, which you preposterously proceed to warm again with a glass of noyeau, or some other liqueur; if you are not disposed to coquet with a spoonful of jelly in addition, you are sure to try a bit of Stilton and a piquant salad, and a glass of port therewith. At dessert, port, sherry, and claret fill up the picture. This is about the routine of the majority of dinner parties. Now put all these things together in a bowl instead of the stomach, and contemplate the noxious, fermenting mess. Isn't it enough to kill an ostrich? Such a dinner is, in fact, a hospitable attempt on your life."

Let us next examine a no less competent witness, Mr. Thackeray. He goes beyond me in his defence of an occasional pipe of tobacco;\* but I join him heartily in his advocacy of rational hospitality versus

\* Early Years, vol. i. p. 39.

ostentatious display. "Why," he asks, "do we of the middle classes persist in giving costly entertainments? Everybody in London has the same dinner, and the same soup, saddle of mutton, boiled fowls and tongue, entrées, Champagne, and so forth. I own myself to being no better nor worse than my neighbours in this respect, and rush off to the confectioner's for sweets, &c.; hire sham butlers and attendants; have a fellow going round a table with still and dry Champagne, as if I knew his name, and it was my custom to drink those wines every day of my life. I am as bad as my neighbours; but why are we so bad, I ask? Why are we not more reasonable?"

Thackeray is not a man to do, or to describe, things by halves, so he introduces us to a city feast at which he is supposed to have been present—a feast given by the Worshipful Company of Bellows-menders, at their splendid hall in Marrow-pudding-lane.

Beginning with the question, "What student of history is there who does not remember the City dinner given to the Allied Sovereigns in 1814?" and informing us, that last year's papers had a bill of fare commencing with "four hundred tureens of turtle, each containing five pints," he proceeds, in a vein of facetious satire in which he is unrivalled, to describe the company, the taking of their respective places at table, the load of costly viands spread over its whole

surface, &c., &c. But, as Thackeray's Sketches are so generally read, I shall confine myself to his account of the doings of one only of the guests. "Grace having been said, the turtle began. Armies of waiters came rushing in with tureens of this broth of the City.

"There was a gentleman near us—a very lean old bellows-mender indeed—who had three platefuls. His hands trembled, and his plate quivered with excitement, as he asked for more again and again. He shook all over like the jelly in the dish opposite to him." "That old man," it is added, "is not destined to eat much more of the green fat of this life." The "Sketches and Travels in London," from which the preceding extract has been taken, bear the date of 1856, and I therefore suppose were considered by Thackeray as still characteristic of the City of London entertainments.

I do not know how I can further enrich this chapter on the subject of repletion better than by an appeal to the memoirs of another keen and witty, perhaps the keenest and wittiest, moralist of his day, the late Rev. Sydney Smith. "The longer I live, the more," he says, "I am convinced that the apothecary is of more importance than Seneca, and that half the unhappiness in the world proceeds from little stoppages, from a duct choked up, from food pressing in the wrong place, from a vexed duodenum, or an agitated pylorus. The deception practised upon

human creatures is curious and entertaining. My friend sups late; he eats some strong soup, then a lobster, then some tart, and he dilutes these excellent varieties with wine. The next day I call upon him. He is going to sell his house in London, and to retire into the country. He is alarmed for his eldest daughter's health. His expenses are hourly increasing, and nothing but a timely retreat can save him from ruin. All this is the lobster;\* and when over-excited nature has had time to manage this testaceous encumbrance, the daughter recovers, the finances are in good order, and every rural idea effectually eradicated from the mind. In the same manner, old friendships are destroyed by toasted cheese; and hard salted meat has led to suicide. Unpleasant feelings of the body produce correspondent sensations in the mind, and a great scene of wretchedness is sketched out by a morsel of indigestible and misguided food. Of such infinite consequence is it to happiness to study the body."

Fat people are not always great eaters, although a constitutional tendency to grow fat is commonly associated with a propensity to indulge in the luxuries of the table; but, however pleasurable such an association may be, great is the danger attending it; and the only safe course is to be content to eat and laugh less.

A fellow commoner of Pembroke, of my time, was

\* See Note B.



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was in Leicester ; but I need not go so far for an example of a fat butcher. One lately died at Truro, whose sides were so expanded in fat that it was painful to contemplate such an unwieldy living mass. The quantity of spirits which he was said to have been in the habit of drinking daily almost surpasses belief. His death was nearly sudden.

As a set-off against the above unhappy case, I may mention that I never saw the uses of adversity more decidedly evinced than in an innkeeper of Truro and his wife. The former had more than once been my patient, when labouring under delirium tremens ; and the latter had swilled herself out to such an enormous size that she could scarcely move about the house. But they failed in business, and were obliged to work, or go without the necessaries of life. He returned to gardening, which was his original vocation, and she recovered her locomotive powers, so as to be able to walk many miles to attend markets ; and both lived many years in the apparent enjoyment of good health.

We differ in nothing more than in the diversity of our bodily fabrics ; the same degree of abstinence which requires great self-control in one person, gives another no concern, so that the maxim, " One man's meat is another's man's poison " is sound, in respect of quantity as well as quality, if rightly apprehended ; and by none is it more required to be apprehended rightly than by the guardians of the health of others.

I knew a lady whose hands, and head, and, in some measure, her whole person, betrayed, by a characteristic tremulousness, the use of strong tea. She was the daughter of an old M.D., whose nerves were inaccessible to the assaults of tea or coffee, and who died, I believe, in the full persuasion that neither had the least tendency to interfere with sleep. Now, being myself very fond of green tea, I accepted, a few years since, the invitation of a lady to come and take a cup with her; and the first cup was so good, that I took a second, and, perhaps, a third; but the consequence was, that I not only found it difficult to get to sleep again, but suffered great disturbance of the whole nervous system for several days. I was formerly acquainted with some members of the Twining family, and I well recollect the good cup of tea that my friend Daniel Twining, who resided a short time with me as a Fellow of Pembroke, used to give us after evening chapel. His custom was to make the tea before going to chapel, and to put the tea-pot on the hob, there to remain till called for in about half-an-hour, when we had the very essence of the very best tea—not green; but still I fancied that I could tell a Twining any where by a something about him peculiar to a tea atmosphere.

My old and esteemed friend the late Dr. Clutterbuck, whose professional engagements were such as made it difficult for him to find time for his literary pursuits, told me that he was, for many years, in the

habit, when the family retired to rest, of taking a cup or two of strong tea, which enabled him to think and write for two or three hours undisturbedly, after which he went to bed, and slept soundly till the following morning. Happy is the man whose head admits of being so cleared and lit up by a cup of tea or coffee! Not many years ago I met Dr. Clutterbuck at a *soirée* of the College of Physicians. We were talking together, when a friend of Dr. C.'s, a brother doctor, asked him how he did, and, on his leaving us, I said, "Who is that gentleman? by his looks, he lives well." "No," was the reply; "he lives in the most abstemious way imaginable, in order to live at all." Now my friend himself eat and drank, not intemperately, but without stint, yet looked pale and the reverse of a free liver. In former days young men at Cambridge, who were candidates for honours, used not always to make a point of foregoing wine parties. A late eminent bishop, who was senior wrangler of his year, was, when an undergraduate, very far from a teetotaller. There were some who drank hard, and, in order to get their work up, read at night, drinking strong tea, with wet napkins bound round their heads. The Göttingen professors, at the period of my residence in that university, were said to begin the day with a cup of coffee and a plain biscuit—*ein Zwiebach*. They were afterwards engaged in lecturing, with the exception of an hour's walk on the ramparts, till one o'clock, the usual

dinner hour. Coffee again intervened, as well as lectures, till the work of the day ended, and supper and a social evening succeeded. This regimen seems to answer their purpose well; for unless their health, as I fear sometimes happens, is allowed to suffer from too much smoking, they usually live to be old. A gentleman lately told me that he had heard Blumenbach lecture most ably and amusingly when he was far beyond eighty years of age.

I have been told that Count Rumford invariably primed himself for a public meeting by previously taking a cup of coffee, for the preparation of which he has left in print particular directions, the purport of which is fully met by using "Platow's Patent Coffee-pot." It amounts to little more than this, that the coffee must be in full proportion to the quantity of water, and that its flavour and fragrance must not be boiled away.

Whether the Count's friend and, in some measure his élève, Sir H. Davy, drank coffee or tea to keep himself up to his work on those vigils when he was preparing, by intense mental exertion, for the following day's lecture, I am unable to say; but at a tête-à-tête breakfast with him at his rooms in the Royal Institution, I remember that he made very good tea, and that he told me that the best way of making it was to fill the pot at once with boiling water, instead of putting only a little in at first, as was usually done.

Doctor Johnson was such a lover of tea that stories are told of him which tend to show that he could drink tea for ever; his nerves were cables, and all the tea in China would have had no effect upon them. Neither do I think, if Dr. Johnson were alive at the present day, that he is exactly the person to whom it would be complimentary or prudent to dedicate a new edition of the *Life of Lewis Cornaro*. Even the diseases which brought his valuable life to a painful close afford evidence of his having been a very consistent member of the class of clubable men to which his partiality is well known. But it is not by picking a hole in Dr. Johnson's fair fame that I wish to draw attention to maxims of the Salernian School. "*Stomachus delectationis tristitiæque Princeps*," is an axiom of Aretæus, and there are some, I am persuaded, in whom the sense of taste is so exquisite that they may be said to be naturally epicures, just as the ear is infinitely more susceptible of the charms of music in some individuals than in others; and so of all the senses. There is, nevertheless, such a thing as temperance, in opposition to intemperance; and, however ready we may be to admit that there is more or less difficulty in keeping the happy mean, according to the different constitutions of individuals, there is weight in the French maxim which says—"Ce qu'on laisse d'alimens fait plus de bien que ce qu'on en prend"—"What you leave of your food does the greater good;" to which may be added as a

comment—"An excellent maxim if well understood." Another French maxim says—"Qui veut manger long temps, doit manger peu"—

"Would you wish to live long, let a little suffice,  
For the more a man eats the sooner he dies."

But maxims on dietetic points are not all of equally good tendency. Coleridge, in one of his amusing letters from Germany, tells us that a favourite maxim of the pastor with whom he lodged at Ratzeburg was—"Eat slowly and you will be able to eat the more."

An old ferryman at King Harry Passage, near Truro, was notoriously fond of a glass of brandy, and whenever I twitted him upon the subject, he was sure to reply in the words of an old misapplied maxim,—

"Would you wish to inherit your father's lands,  
You must wash your throat before your hands."

which he interpreted to mean—you must drink a glass of brandy the first thing of a morning.

If habit readily becomes second nature, it follows necessarily that too much care cannot be taken to guard against every tendency to degeneracy.—Facilis descensus Averni. A gentleman who was often in the habit of consulting me, and whose illnesses were all more or less connected with the vice of spirit-drinking, said to me—"Ah! Doctor, if you did but know what my sensations are before I take my first glass in the morning, you would pity me." I did



pity him from the bottom of my heart, and sometimes succeeded in keeping him from the bottle for months together; but he died at last of epilepsy—from spirit-drinking. Towards the latter end of his life he suffered dreadfully from “prurigo senilis,” the itching of the lower extremities being at times intolerable. He was old at sixty; and what made his case the more lamentable was the fact that he was a scholar and a gentleman. His common practice, weather admitting, was to take a walk between breakfast and dinner with a Horace or some other classic for his companion; and, touching at certain public houses which lay in his usual route, he took a glass of brandy at each, and managed to get back to his own house about dinner time. After dinner he usually repaired to the principal inn in Truro, where he sometimes played a rubber at whist, and always drank freely brandy and water till the day finally closed.

An eminent London physician was consulted in the above gentleman’s case, when his suffering from the itching of his lower extremities had gone to the utmost extent of human endurance; and it is interesting to compare his opinions in his letters to me, written more than thirty years ago, with Dr. Watson’s more recent views of the same distressing disease.

My London correspondent, in a letter of the date of April 20, 1824, says—“After the nearly fruitless trial of so many means, one cannot feel much confidence in any new suggestion. I feel inclined, how-

ever, to advise a trial of the nitro-muriatic acid, both internally and as an external application, upon the principle of counter-irritation," and he subjoins prescriptions accordingly.

Dr. Watson, after telling us that the torments which patients suffer under the severe forms of Prurigo, are scarcely describable,—that they scratch and tear themselves incessantly till the blood flows,—that their sleep is broken, and their lives rendered perfectly miserable—is obliged to admit that the various local applications which have been recommended are, in most cases, used in vain; and, after enumerating many of these, gives, in a note, the following extract from a letter which he had received, since the republication of his lectures in America, from Dr. Bowling, of Adairville, in Kentucky:—

"I have, in the last fifteen years, prescribed for a great number of cases of prurigo senilis, and I can say, with a most rigid adherence to truth, that I have not failed in a single instance to effect a permanent cure.

"I direct that the affected parts be sponged for a minute or so with good apple vinegar, and then be allowed time to dry. After this they are to be *smear'd over* with the citrine ointment (unguentum hydrargyri nitratis). The applications are to be made twice a-day. The cure is usually effected in a week. I have never known the constitutional effects of the mercury to be developed in this treatment,

save in a single instance, and then but very slightly."

I have so often seen such marvellously good effects from the application of the unguentum hydrargyri nitratis to diseased surfaces, that I should have recourse to the above recipe with great confidence; but by no means to the neglect, in the cases under consideration, of the precautionary measures which all experienced medical men advise. They all alike prohibit the use of rich sauces, hot condiments, pickles, and indigestible substances; they all, in the spirit of their admonitions, belong to the school of Lewis Cornaro.

What that old Venetian tells us is what the Bible tells us—"Cease to do evil; learn to do well." He shows us that a correct mode of living has the promise of this life as well as of that which is to come; for I defy any one to read Cornaro's autobiography attentively, and not see that this is the fair inference to be drawn from his example and precepts. He may not say, in the very words of St. Paul, that "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come;" nor tell us, in the language of One greater than St. Paul, "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out," but the whole intent and purpose of what he has recorded for our admonition is this, "That between bodily health and mental purity there is a close and indissoluble relation." It may not have

fallen to the lot of many to witness, so frequently as I happen to have done, cases where life has been rendered miserable by diseases consequent on unbridled indulgence of the animal lusts and passions; but all experienced professional medical men will bear testimony with me that nothing is more illustrative of the truth and excellence of Christ's holy religion than the misery which clings to a vicious course of life. In too many instances it is neither more nor less than a realisation of the fabled sufferings of Laocoon entwined with serpents. This is a point which I am quite ready to discuss with any one, either in or out of the profession, who is entitled to confidential intercourse with me; and I pledge myself to substantiate what I have been saying by cases which, it must be evident, are of too delicate a nature to admit of being published even under the veil of Latinity, and the concealment of individual names. But the time is fast approaching, if not already come, when the missionary will not think of dissociating body and soul in his intercourse with the heathen. And shall the heathen in other quarters of the world be allowed to fare better than multitudes with whom we are surrounded here, at home; shall we continue practically to disregard the lessons of our streets, and crowded alleys, from which the bright and cheering sun and living breeze are excluded, and not contrast them with those princely mansions where the inmates are reposing on beds of down,

whilst their own cottagers are often crowded together, parents and children of different sexes, in a space which prohibits every notion but that of the most revolting indecency?

It is to be hoped that the work so auspiciously begun by the consort of our good and gracious Queen, will, by force of public acclamation, be strenuously persisted in, so as to free London, at least, from the foul shame of suffering the very men who labour to sustain her pre-eminence to be huddled together in dormitories which will scarcely bear comparison with the dens and caverns of the earth. When we read of the immense masses of wealth accumulated in the hands of individuals, and think of the good that might be done for the labouring classes, *in respect of their habitations*, by the mere crumbs, speaking figuratively, that fall from these rich men's tables, can we help longing for the time to arrive when the tide of Christian charity shall flow, and not, as now, trickle, in this especial channel. It may be very well to distribute religious tracts and Bibles among the labouring classes, but comparatively little good can be effected whilst their dwellings are allowed to remain in so wretched a state. It is here that well-directed philanthropy will find its amplest reward; and let the ministers of religion, and medical men in particular, be more than ever earnest in their demand for help, till shoulders enough be put to the wheel to get it out

of the slough. Great difficulty, perhaps the greatest, arises from the fact that the dwellings of labourers, especially the lower orders of labourers, are very commonly owned by needy speculators, who think of nothing but their rents; but even this class of landlords lose by their miserable economy; for, where health fails, rents will necessarily be badly paid. Nevertheless, the details that are daily accumulating of the scenes of wretchedness which disgrace the purlieus of the richest city in the world, have this to cheer us—that they must eventually lead to the incalculable abatement of the evils now brought to light. I well remember how feelingly Mr. Abernethy used to allude to these matters in his lectures. “Is it surprising,” he used to exclaim, “that the father of a family thus miserably lodged, and exhausted by the labours of the day, should sometimes seek a momentary respite from a sickly wife and crying infants, in a neighbouring gin-shop?” Of no one more truly than of that kind-hearted and excellent man could it be said, “*Nihil humani alienum fuisse;*” and I feel that I can never do too much honour to his memory.

## CHAP. IV.

## TABLE-TALK.

WHEN I purposed to bring Cornaro's autobiography once more before the public, I wished to place the convivial habits of the present day in as favourable contrast as I could with those of Italy in his time, and of England a century ago. But it cannot be denied that aldermen and their friends are still apt to gormandize ; nor that egregious mistakes continue throughout the mass of society, on the subject of diet and regimen. Had I entertained any doubts of this, they must have been removed by "The Memoirs of Alexis Soyer," lately published, and by letters in "The Times," which, to help to while away the leisture of a parliamentary recess, condescended to countenance the present dining monomania, by allowing its columns to be occupied by letter-writers, some of whom emulate M. Soyer in his attempts to supersede Old England's roast beef and plum pudding by nobody knows what kickshaws, for these *artistes* have a vocabulary of their own ; whilst others, in total ignorance of the comfortable mode of living which prevails among the gentry and middle classes

generally, are eloquent in praise of salmon and turbot, and ribs of beef and saddles of mutton, and of the wine and sauces appropriate to such luxurious fare. They likewise tell the mammas of England how to educate their daughters, so as to enable them to conciliate the affections of their future husbands, by setting dinners before them and their friends which are quite as much at variance with the diet of temperate persons as the more refined cookery of M. Soyer, who, in justice to him be it said, possessed in a high degree the compensating talent of providing palatable fare likewise for starving multitudes, with equal regard to economy and wholesomeness. It would have been amusing, if disgust did not predominate, to see how "The Times" set the possessors of moderate incomes agog, to show how easily the palate might be gratified at the health's expense.

As an *artiste*, par excellence, Mr. Soyer is, nevertheless, as distant from Cornaro as any purveyor of a lord mayor's feast; and the best that can be said for dinners in high life at the present day, is that the company do not dine at all, according to the old acceptation of dining. The modern lunch takes the place of the dinner of olden times; and the present dinner, as far as half the company are concerned, is a less task on the digestive powers than the old supper used to be.

I can well remember what Cambridge suppers were fifty or sixty years ago, and my recollection embraces



heads of colleges, fellows, and undergraduates; and if we may consider the convivial habits of our universities as differing little from those of England generally, it will be found, *mutatis mutandis*, putting, that is, the modern lunch for the old dinner and the modern dinner for the old supper, that there is a great gain on the side of health. At suppers, formerly, eating and drinking went on till bed-time; whereas now the late dinner is succeeded by conversation in the drawing-room, and by various modes of elegant amusement. Formerly, after dinner, the gentlemen sat drinking wine, apart from the ladies, for many hours, and then often played at cards till supper time. But, taking all these things into consideration, and admitting that there are fewer gormands and sots in high life than formerly, and that the balance is much in favour of modern society, it is still true that the lives of thousands and tens of thousands are shortened and made miserable by excess. It is to these that Cornaro's counsels and example are calculated to be of service, and that my own admonitions are mainly addressed.

The bill of fare of the present Lord Mayor's dinner, in the Guildhall of the City of London (Nov. 9, 1858), did not escape my notice. Not fewer than a thousand guests were present, some of whom are said to have engorged at least three platefuls of turtle soup; but we may be sure that among the distinguished company there were many who were not

mere "Porci de grege Epicuri." Lord Derby, for instance, did not, it may be safely asserted, eat more turtle soup, if he ventured to eat any, than he would have done at his own or any private table, otherwise his lordship could not have made the brilliant speech which adorned the columns of "The Times" the following morning. There was another great statesman present at the table, the venerable Lord Brougham. He is said to have lately completed his eightieth year; and, remembering that his lordship was rising into notice at Edinburgh, at the beginning of the present century, when I spent a year there, and having never altogether lost sight of him, I am a living witness of his wonderful career.

I am able to trace him from the university to the bar, and from thence to the woolsack; and now I fall in with him, not personally but historically, at a Lord Mayor's dinner. Certainly Lord Brougham is a wonderful man, to be still able to scatter so profusely, as he is almost daily doing, the harvest of four score years over promiscuous multitudes, who partake, with unsatiated gratification, of the fruit of his lifelong labour and experience.

It is not a little singular that, of the two most intimate friends of my early life, Parry and Greenough, the former first made Lord Brougham known to me as a young man of extraordinary talents, with whom he became acquainted when a student at Edinburgh; whilst the latter, three or four years ago,

when I dined with him at his villa in the Regent's-park, could talk of nobody but Lord Brougham, to whom he had just before been paying a visit in the North. This was the last afternoon I ever spent with Greenough; who, in the autumn of the same year, went abroad on account of his health, and died at Naples.

But I must not so soon let Lord Brougham drop, whether my present topic, which is gastronomic, may suit his lordship or no. I have again and again heard him address assembled senates; and I once heard him address a very different assemblage; for, many years since, in times just preceding the Reform Bill, I had been visiting a patient in the neighbourhood of the far-famed borough of Tregoney, and, driving to the door of the principal inn, I found a great crowd of electors assembled, whom Lord Brougham\* was on the point of addressing, in behalf of his brother, who was a candidate for the representation of their ancient borough. I happened to come in the very nick of time. It was his lordship's parting address, full of confident hopes of success, which were verified in the event of the election; but his lordship was obliged to leave Tregoney before the close of the poll, to look after his own interests in Yorkshire. It is not to be supposed that an election dinner at Tregoney was

\* Then Mr. Brougham.

quite equivalent to a Lord Mayor's feast, and, judging from an anecdote which was told me by my friend, that excellent country surgeon, the late Mr. Jewel, who was present at the dinner table, the ceremonial was not of the strictest order. His lordship, not taking a fancy to the top-dish, suddenly rose from his seat and walked to the lower end of the table, and there helped himself to a slice of some joint that pleased him better, to the astonishment of the vice-president and all the company. The next dinner-table at which I hear of his lordship as a guest is in Switzerland, where a friend of mine met him. Madame de Staël was one of the company, and tried in vain, my friend told me, to bring him into conversation; for some reason or other he maintained a marked reserve. Talented ladies are not always favourites of talented gentlemen. Buonaparte is known to have disliked Madame de Staël excessively.

The above curious reminiscences nowise tarnish the lustre of a nobleman who, at the age of eighty, is still able to wield the fiercest passions, or to kindle the brightest aspirations of his fellow-men. Lord Brougham has the credit of keeping a very hospitable house; but I can venture to say, from the pleasure my friend Greenough received on the occasion of his visit to Brougham Hall, that, however good the dinners, the conversation did not turn on eating or drinking, but partook of the character which that

fine old Roman gentleman, Horace, commends, when he tells us,—

“Sermo oritur non de villis domibusve alienis,  
Sed quid sit natura boni? Summumque quod ejus?”

*Hor. Lib. ii. Serm. Sat. vi. 71.\**

In England, at a Lord Mayor's feast, the friend of Augustus would have demeaned himself as an English gentleman, and as the representative of the present Emperor of the French, the Duke of Malakoff, is stated to have done. Talking over these matters the other day, with an amusing gentleman who had seen the world, he told me, that he had once been present at a whitebait dinner at Blackwall, and that he had the honour of being seated opposite to that prince of fiddlers, Paganini, who was the lion of the party, and whose lank and gaunt appearance must be in the recollection of many; but his fiddling was nothing in comparison with his gormandizing. The dinner commenced, as these Blackwall dinners are expected to do, with a course of fish, comprising every delicacy that Billingsgate market can supply. Paganini partook of this so largely that it was thought the “chips of batter,” viz. the fried whitebait, which came next, would be thrown away upon him. No such thing. He soon emptied a heaped-up plateful, and, being asked whether he would like a little more, he said

\* See Coleridge's *Statesman's Manual*, p. 33. Gale & Fisher. 1816.

he should ; and even this did not suffice, for he positively asked for a "*Varry leetle more,*" and finished a third plateful. He appears by this time to have attracted the attention of the company, but greater still was their astonishment when it was seen that this tremendous cormorant found room for the *Pieces de resistance*, the joint, the capon and Bath chap, &c., and wound up at last with a *respectable* dabbling among the confectionery. Such, in fact, were the consuming powers of Paganini, that a company not unaccustomed to skirmishing among the phalanxes of a Blackwall dinner, were, at last, wrapt in amazement at his voracity, which surpassed all precedent.

To relieve me from the disgust of such a narrative, my friendly narrator's comment on it was, that as poetry, painting, and music were held to be closely associated, he supposed that Paganini, in learning our language, must have been enamoured of the poetry of Goldsmith, and have taken a leaf out of the book of the voracious Scot who, in Goldsmith's inimitable tale of "The Haunch of Venison," exclaims, after having filled himself with liver and bacon, and tripe from a "swingeing tureen," on hearing that a venison pasty was forthcoming,—

"What the de'il mon, a pasty?" re-echoed the Scot;  
 "Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that."

Pope and Garrick have likewise left memorable lines

illustrative of the gastronomic propensities of their day :—

“Search then the ruling passion ; there alone  
All are consistent . . . .  
A salmon’s belly, Helluo, was thy fate;  
The doctor call’d declares all help too late.  
‘Mercy!’ cries Helluo, ‘mercy on my soul !  
Is there no hope ? Alas ! then bring the jowl.’”

*Pope’s 1st Ep. to Lord Cobham.*

In his prologue to *Barbarossa*, 1755, Garrick, in the character of a country boy come to London to try his fortune, says,—

“First in the city I took up my station,  
And got a place with one o’ th’ corporation;  
A round big mon, he ate a plaguy deal;  
Zooks ! he’d have beat five ploughmen at a meal !  
But long with him I could not make abode,  
For, could you think’t ? he ate a great sea-toad !  
It came from Indies—’twas as big as me;  
He call’d it *belly-patch* and *cap-a-pie*;  
La ! how I stared ! I thought—who knows but I,  
For want of monsters, may be made a pie ?  
Rather than tarry here, for bribe or gain,  
I’ll back to whoame, and country fare again.”

I ought now to have done with the Gog and Magog monstrosities of past and modern centuries ; but London, however improved, is London still, and I find it difficult to know when to stop. *Fraser* and *Punch* alike allure me. There is an article in *Fraser* for January, 1859, on “Mushrooms,” which is no less amusing than edifying. An alderman is represented as being at a great loss to account for a load of uneasy sensations with which he was

oppressed. He had eaten nothing more than usual at the preceding day's dinner, which comprised every luxury that culinary art or nature could supply, till at length he recollected having tasted a grape, which he ought to have known always disagreed with him.

Details are given of the above alderman's voracity which are simply nauseating; but Punch, who laughs at folly as it flies, has driven the right nail with more humour, and aims at showing that, with all our aldermanic propensities, the general mode of living in England is far more conducive to health and strength than that of France. His *dramatis personæ* are two young Frenchmen, who, seated at a restaurateur's, contrast the refined French style of eating with that of the gross English. "Les Anglais! Mon Dieu! Comme ils mangent!" "Very true," says *Punch*, "and let us just see how the case stands between Monsieur and the Englishman. Mr. Bull would, in all probability, have gone the length of eating an egg and a piece of dry toast, or even a rasher of bacon, with a cup of tea, by way of breakfast; whereas the young gentlemen at the restaurateur's have had nothing in the world but a couple of fowls, with nice greasy sauce, a dish of cutlets, accompanied by mushrooms, olives, and cocks'-combs, a melon, a bowl of eggs beaten up with truffles, about a pint of currant juice and iced water, a large cray fish, or a lobster, a bottle of ordinary red wine, some salad, with plenty of oil, four peaches, two apri-



cots, a dish of potatoes, a le maitre d'hotel, two cups of coffee, and a dozen lumps of sugar ! How much more delicate and sensible is such a meal ! And yet, somehow or other, a Frenchman at the age of thirty is generally obliged to wear stays to preserve his figure, and he has no digestion to speak of."—*Punch*, Sept. 8, 1858.

It is, nevertheless, fair to add that the art of dressing vegetables is allowed to be better understood in France than with us ; but with respect to the lower classes, it will still be found that the plain boiled potato in England is far superior to the vegetable trash consumed in France. The annals of cholera of the two countries are strikingly corroborative of this fact. And, ascending higher in the scale of society, it may be fairly questioned whether they have in France any substitutes of equal excellence, for our bread sauce, and mashed turnips,—a dish so peculiarly English that the late Mr. Curwen, of Cumberland, when travelling on the continent, was unable to procure, by persuasion or recipe, some boiled mutton and mashed turnips, which, from being at the time a great invalid, he much desired. No continental *artiste* would meddle with anything so incongruous, and he would probably have found it equally difficult to have procured bread sauce to eat with a turkey or a pheasant. Both bread sauce and mashed turnips are, I confess, apt to be badly prepared, even in England, so badly that, many times when I have ordered either of these

mild and wholesome condiments for a delicate patient, I have found it necessary to give particular directions about the manner in which they were to be prepared. If man is, as he is said to be, naturally a cooking animal, a medical man should, par excellence, be so. This was painfully evinced in the earlier periods of the war in the Crimea, where wholesome food and competent cooks were alike unprovided; and sleep will not cover a man over like a blanket if the cravings of hunger be not first appeased.

Surely the Commissariat might, from the commencement, have managed so as to have had the farina of Indian corn, or of any of the cereals, in sufficient abundance to keep the army, not only from starving, but in good health and condition. In Norway and Sweden oatmeal stirred into boiling water supplies a daily nutritious meal to the native peasantry, as I have myself witnessed; and what the Bishop of New Zealand takes with him, as provision for himself and followers, in his journeyings through the unfrequented districts of his diocese, is meal of some sort, and cocoa, which are combined in the proportion of three parts of the former to one of the latter, with some saccharine addition. Of these, made into porridge with hot water, as much is allowed to each person twice a-day as suffices for health, strength, and comfort.

Fire and water were not as plenty in the Crimea as in New Zealand, but enough might, most days,

have been found of both to boil the kettles of the respective groups of soldiers, to whose farinaceous messes, under the unparalleled hardships they had to endure, a glass of brandy, or of some other unadulterated spirit, might have been very beneficially added.

Often in my travels I have been hard up for a dinner, and can therefore better understand what must be the condition of a company of soldiers in want of food. For men who are to fight the battles of their country not only nutritious food, but abundance of food is required ; and if I were asked what will give an appetite more than any other thing, I should say that it is sitting at a board surrounded with guests and only half meat enough to satisfy the cravings of their stomachs.

## CHAP. V.

## THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

MEDICAL men ought, above all others, to set good sanitary examples, and to practise what they preach; but so far is this from being always the case, that I have known many a professional victim to intemperance. Even that best of surgeons, Mr. Abernethy, used to say that he was himself a mere directing post, and I can bear witness to the heartiness of his hospitality. But the late Dr. George Fordyce, of whom I have formerly spoken, and whose writings and lectures are excellent, was notwithstanding a veritable "porcus;" for he fed in his sty, a box at Dolly's chop-house, daily at a stated hour, eating like a ravenous beast of the forest and drinking strong drinks—brandy, wine, and porter—proportionably. He died, as might be expected, prematurely and miserably; and his appearance at last was represented to me, by one of his pupils, as wretched in the extreme.

Among the "Collections from the unpublished Writings of the late Dr. Parry" there is a case of a Mr. C——, *a surgeon*, who, at the age of forty-

seven, died of gout in the stomach. He inherited a gouty constitution, and, for the last twelve years of his life, was subject twice a-year to attacks of gout, which confined him, at least five months annually, to his room. The account given of him is, that "He was a free liver, eating and drinking a great deal, fond of hot suppers, sitting up late, taking strong exercise on horseback in the way of his profession, and often hunting in the course of the same day. He was liable to indigestion; and for the last three years, whenever the gout left his hands and elbows, however slowly, though not when it receded from the lower extremities, he was affected with sickness and vomiting, which usually continued three or four days, with great debility, a weak and irregular pulse, and a disposition to syncope.

"During and after the attacks of the gout, he continued to drink daily from one pint to one and a half of Madeira, together with from one to two pints of home-brewed beer, of twelve bushels of malt to the hogshead."

At length the stomach gave way so alarmingly that Dr. Parry was called in; and he found him complaining of heartburn and pain in his stomach, with perpetually recurring sickness after whatever he swallowed; and so he continued for a few days, when subsultus tendinum, and finally general convulsions, closed the scene. "Jam satis est;" but I may just add that, "On to the very evening of the day

when Dr. Parry was called to the above wretched sufferer, he continued to take wine, usquebaugh, pineapple brandy, gout cordial, and other stimulants."\* No one wrote better prescriptions for the sick than my late friend, Dr. Collins, and no one paid less attention to diet. If I am asked how it can possibly happen that sensible men depart so widely from recognised principles, I can only confess—"that so it is." And is it not equally the case in religious concerns? I knew a gentleman whose course of life was most unprincipled, but who nevertheless regularly attended church, and whom I have heard say, in sober earnest, that it was impossible to read a particular chapter, which he mentioned, but which I have unfortunately forgotten, in one of St. Paul's Epistles, and remain an infidel.

But infidels have been converted; and there are patients, happily, who, when told what is right, strive to amend accordingly. Almost all Mr. Abernethy's so much-exaggerated eccentricities turned upon this point. A lean patient wanted to be made fat, or a fat patient to be made lean, and he would have his joke; but, instead of humouring them for the sake of their fees, he told them plainly that they could neither be relieved by pills nor potions, unless attention was paid to those rules of life upon which healthy existence depends.

\* Dr. Parry's Posthumous Med. Writings, vol. 1. p. 246.

It would be mere waste of time to add another to the innumerable tables of weights and measures already in the hands of invalids, to guide them in their diet. When common sense fails, recourse must still be had to some experienced doctor. But this by no means lessens the value of Cornaro's Autobiography. He thought, as I do, that it is well worth while to know how persons ordered their lives who have attained to ninety or a hundred years without pain or sorrow. "A word in season" and "A word to the wise," he hoped, might have their due weight. The venerable Dr. Fowler, with whom I am now in correspondence, is in his ninety-fourth year, and, except that his sight has failed so as to require an amanuensis, his health is good, and his mind bright and energetic. Mrs. Fowler, who is jogging on fast for fourscore years, is in the enjoyment of equally good health, works in the garden when the weather is fine, and is engaged for many hours daily in various offices of kindness to the poor and to all around her. They visit and receive dinner company at home, and are only careful to void excess. What most surprises me, who am but an indifferent sleeper, is that Dr. F. assures me that he often sleeps at night eight hours uninterruptedly. Both he and Mrs Fowler have accustomed themselves to degrees of cold which the generality of persons would not be able to endure. A window in their bedroom is kept open at night;

and to the doctor, in the former exercise of his profession,—

“Ever alike was time or tide,  
December’s snow, or July’s pride.”

However cold the weather, he faced it on horseback with impunity, day after day, for many a long year, over the bleak Wiltshire Downs; and he still maintains that, if the dress be warm, there need be no fear that the lungs will suffer. Such counsels will require discretion; but I quite agree with him in thinking that nothing contributes so much to exemption from pulmonary disease, and from all affections of the head and throat, as attention to the healthy condition of the skin. “Foremost in destructive power,” Mr. Simon says, “above plagues and epidemics of every description, comes that scourge of our island, consumption;” and if to phthisis, the diseases of other denominations connected with the chest and respiratory organs, be taken into consideration, there can be little doubt of the accuracy of the statement which raises the amount of deaths from such affections to one out of every four occurring in England.

Dr. Fowler is, we have seen, the strenuous advocate of a very liberal admission of the living breeze to our frames; he is equally favourable to the abundant use of cold water; and he has good right to speak well of both. May it not be said—so have many to speak well of the water-cure at Greiffenberg, Malvern, and



elsewhere? The cases are essentially different. The one is merely a question of degree, to be decided by common sense and discretion; the other a notable instance of the advantage which may be taken of the weakness, the follies, and the excesses of mankind, by adroit speculators in them.

There must be clever management to induce persons accustomed to free living to abstain from wine, and to dine, for months together, on mutton and potatoes, with treacle instead of butter on their bread at breakfast and tea; and, in the intervals, to be doused and soused with water, and even more severely treated than Mr. M. A. Titmarsh (Mr. Thackeray) describes himself to have been when under the discipline of a Turkish bath.\* If some require to be dealt with in this violent way, others, it may be hoped, will be better advised, and not go to water-curers to learn temperance and the discreet use of water and air. And since those who are best acquainted with the human frame in health and disease agree in saying that, in order to guard the important organs and channels of respiration from disease, the subsidiary functions of the skin must be well attended to, it will not be going out of my way if I endeavour to show how this may be accomplished safely and easily.

Many years ago I was told that the late Sir Astley Cooper had derived considerable benefit from the

\* Journey to Cairo.

external use of vinegar in neuralgic affections; and being a great sufferer from chronic sciatica, I set to work with a sponge moistened with vinegar. At first I confined it to the affected part, but, by degrees, I extended the vinegar friction to the whole surface of the body, and got completely well; but fearing, from past experience, that I might suffer a relapse, I resolved to continue to sponge myself all over with vinegar every morning, and have done so with incalculable benefit for more than twenty years. Mine was decidedly what is called neuralgic, in contradistinction to acute, inflammatory rheumatism. The attacks were usually brought on by any sudden jerk in getting over a hedge or crossing a river, especially if fatigued, or the weather happened to be close and damp. They completely crippled me, and often lasted for many weeks, and required bark and change of air for their removal; till at length vinegar, as I have said, came to my aid, and from the time when I first had recourse to it to the present I have been free from rheumatism.

I used chiefly to depend on the occasional use of a warm bath for keeping the skin clean and healthy; but soon after I had commenced using vinegar every morning, I adopted the plan of first cleansing the skin thoroughly from top to toe with a wet towel, and rubbing myself dry with a second towel prior to sponging every part of the surface of the body, except the head, with vinegar. And as this is a

matter of so much importance in the cure and prevention of neuralgic affections, and in fortifying the whole system, and particularly the respiratory organs, I shall describe the process minutely which has proved so successful.

Every morning, the first thing after putting on a warm dressing gown, I thoroughly swamp my head with a wet towel, and then, having rubbed the capital quite dry, I shave with cold water. Still keeping on the dressing gown, I next wash my feet and the lower half of my person with a wet towel; then rub these parts quite dry and sponge them with vinegar, which is wiped off with a dry towel, and the dress as far as the waist proceeds. The dressing gown, &c., are then removed, and the upper half of the body, with the exception of the head, is dealt with in precisely the same way as the lower had been; after which the work of the toilette is completed, and I feel refreshed to a degree which nothing can surpass. *Risum teneatis, amici?* Well! I can afford it; and I hope the time may come when you will say with me, "Let them laugh that win!"

I may mention that the whole process need not occupy more than half an hour, and, unless carelessly conducted, will make no mess whatever. Some may like the shower-bath better, but the system, even in the case of comparatively strong persons, is not at all times capable of reaction under so severe a shock. It is also a well known fact, that persons are apt to

suffer considerably from having to wait for their turn in sea bathing. Instead of entering the bath, as they ought to do, warm from their preceding walk, they get chilled, and have not strength enough left for beneficial reaction.

I have hinted above, that the proper treatment of rheumatism attended with active inflammation is very different from that of neuralgic affections. Early in my practice I attended a robust man who suffered agonies from inflammatory sciatica; but, unfortunately for my patient, I trusted to local applications and opiate-sudorifics, as I had been taught to do, and did not venture to use the lancet. I determined, however, when a similar case subsequently came under my care, to draw blood freely from the arm; and the abstraction of about a pint, from a sufficiently large orifice to admit of a full stream, produced instant relief, and gave me such confidence in the use of the lancet in similar cases, that I ventured to recommend it in that of a gentleman between seventy and eighty years old, who was suffering extremely from acute sciatica, with a firm pulse, and nothing to excite any dread of the consequences of venesection. To this, however, there was objection made, both by the patient and those around him; they all said that there was a constitutional intolerance of loss of blood in their family. This made me hesitate, and, contenting myself with recommending other measures for the time, I left the patient, who resided many

miles from Truro, under the care of his surgeon, and promised to repeat my visit after two days. I came accordingly, and, finding that there was little (if any) abatement of the pain, I gained the consent of all parties to the use of the lancet. The surgeon succeeded admirably, and the relief was immediate; but, having left the patient to take a turn with my colleague in the garden, we were soon alarmed by shrieks from the house, and, hastening back, found him lying on the floor, to all appearance lifeless. It was summer time, and we admitted all the air we could, loosened the dress, kept him in the recumbent posture, and applied vinegar freely to the nostrils; in fact, endeavoured to the utmost to resuscitate the vital spark; and, to our infinite delight, saw signs of returning respiration, which soon led to perfect revival; so perfect that, a few hours afterwards, our patient was well enough to sit at the dinner table with his family, and he had no further drawback whatever.

The fainting, no doubt, had been occasioned by the nerves giving way under the sympathising attentions and congratulations of those most dear to him; and, but for prompt measures, the patient's life, and his doctor's reputation, would, in all probability, have suffered irretrievable shipwreck. Such are the casualties to which even an experienced medical man is liable. A mistake occurred in the present instance, which may have been very fortunate; for on my

calling for vinegar, the strong aromatic vinegar was brought, and so freely used as to occasion no small inconvenience in applying the razor to the upper lip for several days.

It is impossible to say how long life may be thus suspended without extinction. A gentleman was thrown from his horse at no great distance from his own house, and lay, to all appearance, dead by the side of a public road ; persons gathered around him, and at last some men took the charge of him, and as their shortest way was over hedges, they lifted him over one or two, when they were most unexpectedly startled by some sign of life, which might never have been elicited if so rough a mode of conveyance had not been adopted. I was in attendance soon after, and found the powers of life faltering from severe concussion of the brain ; but on the following day reaction commenced, and indicated the use of the lancet, which was attended with complete success.

There is, of course, some limit to the suspension of the action of the heart and lungs, beyond which recovery is impossible ; but I lately read with astonishment, that a man was found lying on a lime kiln, to all appearance dead ; each foot was burnt to a coal, and yet this man, on being taken to a hospital, was brought to life, and lived a fortnight after both feet had been amputated. He had no recollection of having suffered any pain, so that the burning of his feet must have been subsequent to the agency of the

fatal gas upon his frame; which shows how completely the senses must have been in abeyance. I am, unfortunately, unable to refer to the periodical in which I saw the above statement, and I can give no explanation of it, but it must have attracted the attention of others as well as myself, and, as it appeared to rest on good authority, I hope to see it further noticed.\*

It is scarcely necessary to say, that such cases as the above are very distinct from that of Dr. Kitto, where the senses alone were laid asleep, the current of life continuing to flow.†

\* See Note D.

† See Note E.

## CHAP VI.

## MISCELLANEOUS PRINCIPLES.

"Only the good and temperate find  
Health, both of body and of mind."

IN the present chapter I mean to confine myself, as much as possible, to general principles, and to enter into details no further than is necessary to show their correctness. Do what we will, the contingencies of life are so many that "To-day" should be the watchword of every one; and, seeing that it is a recognised truth, that "All that a man hath will he give for his life," what can be more evident than that health is an object deserving the utmost attention of every rational being.

The celebrated Dr. Franklin, among numberless other politic and sanitary lessons, has left an essay on the "Art of procuring pleasant Dreams," thinking it well worth while, as so large a part of life is spent in sleep, to cultivate the art of dreaming pleasantly. With a view to this, he tells us, in the first place, that we must be careful to preserve our health by exercise and temperance. He does not define the precise measure of temperance, for that must neces-



sarily vary with the period of life, and the different constitution of individuals; he simply affirms that mankind in general eat about twice as much as nature requires. His shrewd remarks throw light on a prudential maxim of those days, "After dinner sit awhile, after supper walk a mile;" for it has been ascertained that repose hastens digestion; and a nap after dinner, which took place at an early hour, was supposed to invigorate the frame, and make it more equal to the further labours of the day; whereas heavy suppers lead to dangerous congestion. Dr. Franklin does not mince the matter; "it costs," he says, "such as indulge in them, a frightful dream, and an apoplexy, after which they sleep till doomsday, nothing being more common in the newspapers than instances of people who, after eating a hearty supper, are found dead in bed the following morning."

Happily, in the present day, we have less to fear on this score; and I likewise believe that his injunctions, to take care that our bedrooms be well ventilated, are less required now than they were a hundred years ago; but what Franklin calls the great mistake of sleeping in rooms exactly closed, and in beds surrounded by curtains, is still not unfrequently made, especially in farm-houses, in which I have scarcely ever found the air, on entering a bedroom, free from contamination; and, as if to add strangulation to suffocation, I have sometimes

found the patient's throat enveloped in a large neckcloth. I have again and again brought the dying to life by throwing open the window, drawing aside the curtains, divesting the bed and its occupant of unwholesome coverings, and so restoring nature to her own resources, which are superior to any art alone possesses. When the defective oxygenation has been such that the countenance, and even the whole person, have begun to assume a livid hue, the most vivifying benefit has arisen from sponging the skin with vinegar, which should never be omitted in such cases.

The invigorating effect of habitually sponging the skin with vinegar is said to have been recognised by the late Duke of Wellington, and probably aided in prolonging that great man's life. His bed was a mere couch, and the air of his room was pure air. If he latterly erred in any sanitary respect, it was from not guarding against excessive fatigue, and from too long abstinence from food, not from eating or drinking more than was required for healthy sustenance. It has been said of him, as of Buonaparte, that he could throw himself down and sleep at any time, and this may be fairly reckoned as one of the essentials of a great general, who must have sleep as other mortals, but must not be under subjection to it. It would be fruitless to attempt to lay down precise rules for going to bed and getting up, since, here again, so much must depend on the

age, the occupation, and the constitution of individuals. Every body knows that bed is one of the main resorts of laziness, and that early rising is a badge of industry; still something more definite may be predicated of it, and we have accordingly Lord Coke's well-known aphorism,—

*"Sex horas somno, totidem des legibus æquis,  
Quatuor orabis, des epulisque duas,  
Quod superest ultro, sacris largire Camœnis."*

Thus paraphrased by Sir William Jones :—

*"Seven hours to law; to soothing slumber seven;  
Ten to the world allot, and all to Heaven."*

And more closely rendered by Mr. Croker :—

*"Six hours to sleep devote, to law the same;  
Pray four, feast two; the rest the Muses claim."*

In the "Law Student's Manual," published by Richards & Co., in 1836, it is well laid down that "No person, really in earnest, reads less than six hours daily, properly spread throughout the day. The student should rise early—the grand secret for gaining time. We then recommend reading and some exercise before breakfast. This meal especially should be light; a heavy breakfast oppresses the brain as well as the stomach. His heartiest meal should be his dinner; his great time for study between breakfast and dinner; and he will find that he will have a very pleasant two hours in the evening with his books, either retracing his progress in the day, or possibly advancing farther. Let

Sunday be ever held sacred by the student." Jeremy Taylor considered three hours in the twenty-four enough to devote to sleep, and Richard Baxter four hours; but John Wesley found from the experience of a long life, fraught with unintermitted labour, such as very few have endured, that six hours sleep sufficed, and he arrived at this conclusion by rising earlier from day to day till he could ascertain the exact number of hours of uninterrupted sleep. Whether six hours out of the twenty-four, or, what is probably more in accordance with the average requirements of mankind, eight hours of sleep, be assumed as no unfair allowance, another question arises—At what hour are we to go to bed? The quaint old maxim still holds good,—

"Early to bed, and early to rise,  
Is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise."

Franklin, and Macnish, the talented author of a "Treatise on the Philosophy of Sleep," with others who have gone deeply into the subject, all agree that we cannot turn night into day with impunity; they all likewise insist on the advantage of a composed state of the mind preparatory to retiring to rest for the night. Macnish, in particular, advises literary men to cease their studies an hour or two before going to bed, and to devote that interval to music, to amusing conversation, or light reading; which rule, if steadily and regularly followed, would, he affirms, "save many nervous and depressing pangs

to the invalid, and keep many a fee out of the pockets of the learned doctors, who are now called in to supply the place of Morpheus." I must, however, here remark, that studying, like eating, admits of a large margin. My friend, the late Dr. Clutterbuck, was one of the hardest working men I have ever known. In addition to the severe professional labours which came upon him daily, he for many years edited a monthly magazine, which gave all the medical news of the day, with an excellent analysis of the principal medical publications; and when I asked him how he could possibly find time for all this, he told me, as I have mentioned, I believe, elsewhere, that at ten or eleven o'clock at night he took a cup or two of strong tea, and, thus exhilarated, was enabled to employ his pen for two or three hours, when he retired to bed and slept soundly. Vexing thoughts, and not the quiet exercise of our faculties, indispose us for a good night's rest. When I was preparing for the Senate-house examinations at Cambridge prior to my A.B. degree, having lost much time in the preceding three years, I had a great deal of lee-way to make up, and, in the beginning of the last Term, I first attempted to read soon after dinner; but this I found would not do: so, by the advice of my friend, Dr. Stockdale, I allotted two or three hours after dinner to college companionship, and in those days a pint of wine was considered a moderate allowance. At six or seven o'clock in the evening I

repaired to my reading-desk and my papers, and with nothing more than a cup of tea in the way of further refreshment, I read, for three months continuously, till about eleven at night, when I went to bed, and instead of being restless from over-excitement, slept soundly for six or eight hours. I was not even so fortunate as to solve a difficult problem in a dream, which Kempthorne told me he once did after having tried in vain when awake. All professors of the art of sleeping are loud in praise of ventilation; and the fatal catastrophe of the black-hole at Calcutta will be adduced as illustrative of the danger of the opposite state as long as the history of Asiatic horrors shall be held in remembrance.

Much fatigue of body is said to be as inimical to sleep as fatigue of mind; but this, too, is a dictum which admits of being qualified. I was never more fatigued than at the end of a day's walk in the Hanoverian Hartz with Coleridge and others, whose names have long since been recorded by me.\* If anything could have sustained us it would have been Coleridge's interesting conversation; but even this failed, and he and his fidus Achates, Chester, roosted at a miserable little wirthshaus by the road-side, the rest of us struggling on to Goslar, where we arrived too late for the supper-table, and were, therefore, sent to bed with nothing more substantial or stimulant than coffee and some German zwiebacks. Nothing

\* Early Years and Late Reflections, vol. i.

could surpass the soundness of our repose, and we awoke in the morning refreshed by sleep and coffee better than ever was giant by wine ; the fair inference from which is, that fatigue, at all events in early life, yields to the restoring influence of sleep when not disturbed by too heavy, or too stimulant, preceding repletion.

That was a memorable excursion when, in company with Coleridge, Charles and Frederick Parry, Greenough, Chester, and a son of Professor Blumenbach, we traversed on foot the whole district of the Hartz. Conversation seldom flagged ; and when tired with metaphysics, and we had admired to the utmost the sublime and beautiful scenery crowned by the Brocken, we had Professor Blumenbach's Lectures on Natural History and Physiology to fall back upon ; and it will not be out of place if I here introduce a practical illustration of one of that eminent Professor's lessons on the salubrity of fresh air and looseness of dress at night. On the first night of our tour it happened that we all, seven in number, had to sleep in the same room, bedded with straw only ; but admonished by Coleridge, on the authority of Blumenbach, we loosened our dress, kept the door and window open, and got through the night capitally—as we did on another occasion, when the same party, with the exception of young Blumenbach, were compelled to bivouack in a Hessian forest. When Coleridge left Göttingen on his return to

England, for I may as well complete the moral of my tale, Greenough and I accompanied him as far as Brunswick, and on our way we again visited the Brocken, and passed the night, I will not say slept, in the little inn on the summit of the mountain, where we were ensconced, in the one only dormitory for visitors, with numerous German students, from every pore of whose persons and dress tobacco exhaled its odours in an apartment which we were not at liberty to throw open to the mountain air. However, with the rising sun we rose and made our escape into the open sky; but not soon enough to prevent Greenough's alarming us by a serious attack of fever in the evening, which nothing could more effectually have cut short than the violent sweating which succeeded to the cold deposit of his shivering limbs between two enormous German feather-beds.

How sincerely do I regret that my reflections are not all equally cheering; for whilst I can boast of spending days and nights with men such as Coleridge and Sir Walter Scott, and of having enjoyed an early intimacy with Sir H. Davy, I am at the same time constrained to meditate on their premature departure. With half the discipline which enabled Cornaro to attain a healthy old age, I cannot but think that each of these great men might have been living at the present day. Yet it would be unpardonable to insinuate that either of them fell a victim to gross intemperance; they did but deal with their



health too extravagantly, and with too little regard to what was due to its preservation. To show to what a pitiable state a man may be brought by the inordinate use of opium, I may refer to the graphic sketch of a group of Frazerians, which appeared some years ago in "Fraser's Magazine," where the wreck of one of England's brightest sons is placed conspicuously, as if to admonish others to avoid the rock on which he foundered.

In the general way it must, I fear, be admitted that "*peu de gens savent être vieux.*" What then? Are we to follow the many, instead of taking example from the few? I know it has been said that Lewis Cornaro's Autobiography bears marks of exaggeration, and is but an individual instance where the argument needs a multitude.

But it is far from true, that instances of a happy old age are so infrequent, that we may almost despair of its attainment. Will any one deny that, in the present day, old age is well represented in England? Venerable names will occur to every reader; and, with reference to Lewis Cornaro, and my own adopted and recorded centenarian, John Rawle,\* I am prepared to maintain, that the well authenticated details of their respective lives are abundantly encouraging, and afford most gratifying evidence, that, even where the spring of life may have encountered a blight, a summer may succeed, when amendment and perse-

\* Early Years and Late Reflections, vol. iii.

vering temperance will produce fruit which will keep good to extreme old age.

I have already alluded more than once to the philosophic and venerable Dr. Fowler, of Salisbury ; he is now in his ninety-fourth year, and continues to enjoy good health, which he mainly attributes to his having habitually exposed himself to cold air, with frequent ablution, particularly of his head, with cold water. This plan has succeeded equally well with his amiable lady, who is in her seventy-seventh year *only*. Their mode of living is in accordance with that of Lewis Cornaro, in regard to air, exercise, and temperance, and altogether pleasingly demonstrates that the path of life may be strewn with flowers to the end, by due attention to their culture.

I think it especially worth remarking, that all the instances of longevity which have come to my knowledge, agree in showing that the quantity of food necessary for our support lessens as we advance in years ; and, however true it may be that some constitutions require to the last the stimulus of a glass or two of wine, yet there is no maxim against which a more strenuous protest should be made, than that which exalts wine to the dignity of ' *lac senile*.'

The benefit of free and pure air has been so fully set forth in preceding quotations from Franklin and Macknish, and confirmed, when in conjunction with warm clothing, by Dr. Fowler, that I recur to it only for the purpose of saying, that we should guard

against too long exposure to cold air, as well as against dressing too warmly. Great benefit has been derived from discontinuing to wear a flannel waistcoat at Midsummer; and if it was, as I have heard, the custom of Sir H. Davy to add shirt to shirt to keep himself warm in travelling, I can readily suppose that the hæmoptoe which he had latterly to guard against may have been promoted by their interference with the healthy functions of the skin. I remember, in a case of profound syncope, my having had to remove from a gentleman's throat cravat after cravat to a really suffocating amount; and I believe that I once saved a man's life who was spitting blood to an alarming extent, as he lay in a close chamber, in summer, with a flannel sack rather than waistcoat next the skin, by removing the sack, admitting fresh air into the room, and thus restoring the skin to a more natural condition. He got well immediately. These are the cases with which the sponging daily with vinegar agrees admirably.

The last time I had the pleasure of seeing Dr. Cookworthy, of Plymouth, with whom, in the course of my profession, I always felt it a privilege to come into consultation, I recollect his telling me that he had just before relieved an elderly patient from long dyspepsia by the simple expedient of getting troublesome teeth extracted, which interfered with mastication; and I know, from my own experience, that in old age it is far better to dispense with teeth.

altogether, than to bear with them after they have ceased to be serviceable. In giving this advice, I may add that the extraction of teeth is attended with but little pain, and no difficulty, if the precaution be taken, not of merely lancing the gum, but pressing onwards the forceps, closely applied to the tooth, till it embraces the neck of the tooth betwixt the crown and the roots. This done, the tooth will come out *with no injury to the socket*, and without danger of breaking the crown of the tooth, or leaving portions behind. If there should be a dread of suffering from the apparent roughness of forcing the forceps down to the neck of the tooth, this is a fair occasion for the use of chloroform.

Having trespassed a little on the province of the dentist, I must claim the privilege of "*nihil humani ab homine alienum*," and say a word or two about corns, which need not be, as they often are, unmitigated evils, nor cost so dearly as they often do, for their riddance. A lady, far from rich, told me that she consulted a corn-doctor, who set to work on those little points of thickened cuticle which are apt to be very troublesome, and which, in this lady's case, were thickly spread over the bottoms of her feet. Of these, seventeen were cleverly removed, and the grateful patient asked the operator what she had to pay him? "Seventeen guineas, Madam: my charge being a guinea for each corn;" and this I believe he, after a while, received; but a quarter part of the sum

sufficed, at the time, to empty the poor lady's purse. Now, it is a fact that, however great evils corns may be, they require nothing but defence from pressure for their cure. I do not mean the little hard points of cuticle at the bottom of the feet, for the removal of which Miss —— had to pay so extravagantly, and which any one can remove with a penknife after well soaking the feet in warm water, but real corns, the very torments of life in some cases. To cure these, they must be brought, by careful paring, as near as is safe, to the level of the adjoining skin, and be then surrounded with the soap plaister of the Pharmacopœias, *spread on soft and thick white leather*. No corn will survive this treatment if managed cleverly. Excrescences of various kinds, often extremely painful to the touch, may in like manner be relieved by this mode of protection from pressure.

There is one subject more, upon which I must again plead the cause of humanity for entering, and that is "the regulation of the bowels." The first great point is to insist upon the necessity of guarding against the exciting causes of their irregularity, the principal of which, especially as we advance in years, is too free indulgence in the luxuries of the table. We should neither eat nor drink so as to oppress the stomach or the brain. If the repletions are no more than the stomach can easily deal with, digestion and chyfication will proceed healthily, and the lower bowels will carry on the rest of the work equally well.

Whereas, if healthy digestion is prevented by the quantity or the quality of the contents of the stomach, it requires little knowledge of pathology to perceive that some less natural process, such as acetous fermentation, must be set up in order to comminute the imperfectly digested mass of food, and that even this may not suffice without the further aid of putrid decomposition, dans le bas ventre. But I must leave the details of the complicated disorders of the chylipoietic viscera to the discriminating physician, whose treatment of them will be governed by circumstances. There is, however, one condition of the bowels to which I wish to call attention, from its having been pronounced by the late Dr. Baillie as more intractable than I have found it to be. It is not cholera, but is so far allied to it that every abdominal secretion, particularly that of the liver, is vitiated, and the discharges resemble a mixture of clay and soap imperfectly dissolved in water. This morbid condition is, I believe, invariably induced by errors of diet. An elderly lady who was fond of high dishes, but whose greatest fault consisted in eating too abundantly unripe fruit and badly dressed vegetables, fell into precisely the state above described. It was relieved easily, but as no advice of mine could keep the patient from returning to unwholesome diet, her relapses afforded ample illustration of the curability as well as of the cause of the disease, and of its affinity with cholera, for it yielded to the same

mode of treatment which I have found invariably to succeed in ordinary cases of cholera, and choleraic diarrhœa.

The medicine I prescribe is nothing more than rhubarb and carbonate of soda, well triturated with sugar, in a draught of peppermint water. Ten grains of powdered rhubarb, and fifteen of carbonate of soda, may be considered a medium dose, to be repeated at bed-time for two or three nights in succession, when a few grains of the blue pill, or the well-known grey powder, may be substituted at bed-time.

Homœopathy claims great credit, and I believe not unfairly, for success in regulating the bowels. This, no doubt, is partly owing to the attention homœopathic doctors pay to the diet of their patients; and, with respect to their system generally, I am far from joining the clamour against them, which precludes them from the fair field of inquiry to which they are entitled. Their canon "*similia similibus curantur*" was recognised in medicine ages before Hahnemann proclaimed its paramount authority; but it never can be fair to say that he is, therefore, not entitled to the rank of a discoverer. His claim rests on having given the canon a status which it had not previously.

There are likewise numberless well authenticated cases of the success of infinitesimal doses of medicine, where grosser means were unavailing; and, in proof that the rationale of their action may be scientifically

explained, I would recommend an attentive perusal of a paper on the subject by Dr. Ryan, in the number for October, 1857, of the "Monthly Homœopathic Review," of which he is the editor. The disciples of Hahnemann maintain that the activity and absorbability of every substance, either in its medicinal or poisonous character, is increased indefinitely by its attenuation. This Dr. Ryan illustrates by the following facts:—

"*Hydrocyanic Acid* boils at  $80^{\circ}$ , a temperature much below that of the blood. The moment, therefore, that it enters the body attenuation proceeds with vast rapidity; and in its vaporous and minutely divided condition, it is at once absorbed, and its fatal force displayed.

"*Sulphuric Ether* boils at  $98^{\circ}$ , the temperature of the blood, hence the well known rapidity with which its stimulating power is exercised.

"*Metallic Mercury*, at a low temperature, is hard and solid, like lead; and in that state has no poisonous or medicinal action. At an ordinary temperature the metal is liquid, as in our climate. In this condition it begins to give evidence of its dangerous character, for even at the mean temperature of the atmosphere it begins to vaporize. At a higher temperature, however, it gives off so large an amount of vapour, that the atmosphere in which it is placed becomes dangerous to life.

"In 1810, the 'Triumph' man-of-war, and the



'Phipps' schooner, received on board several tons of quicksilver, saved from the wreck of a vessel near Cadiz. In consequence of the rotting of the materials in which it was packed, the mercury escaped, and the whole of the crews became more or less affected. In the space of three weeks two hundred men were salivated; two died; and all the animals, cats, dogs, sheep, fowls, nay, even the rats, mice, and cock-roaches, were destroyed."

To increase, then, the activity of matter, it must be reduced to a condition as much as possible like vapour or gas. "How," Dr. Ryan asks, "does the allopath account for the efficacy of waters such as those of Harrowgate, which contain so exceedingly minute a dose of sulphur; or as those of Tunbridge Wells, containing an equally minute dose of iron?"

Facts are stubborn things; and I am bound in honesty to say, that the well authenticated cases of cure by homœopathic doses leave no question of their efficacy, when judiciously employed. But is it reasonable to expect that the practice of physic will ever be confined to men of such unquestionable judgment and discernment that the public generally will be satisfied with invisible, intangible, and imponderable medicines? This cannot be supposed; and the best hope for the eventual prosperity of homœopathy consists in its working conjointly with allopathy. There is no reason why the allopath should shut his eyes to the ascertained good results

of infinitesimal doses, or the homœopath persist in the use of imponderable substances, which are naturally open to suspicion, in cases which admit of being cured in the ordinary way. Dato morbo, quæritur remedium. And admitting, and believing as I do, that there are diseases for which the remedy is only to be found in homœopathy, I can nevertheless say that, judging from my own experience, there are but few diseases which do not yield to ponderable doses of medicine; and no unprejudiced person will hesitate in preferring such appreciable means to others which elude the senses of sight and even of taste. It will readily be conceded to homœopathy, that the less the quantity of medicine exhibited the better, provided the object is attained. I have long known how much the benefit of a drug is enhanced by careful trituration; and this may, in some measure, account for the different results of the same prescription. These are hints to which, it is fair to add, homœopathy has given increased strength.

Every one knows the value of quinine as a specific in particular fevers. My first acquaintance was with Peruvian bark in substance, and I do not think that any of the chemical salts of quinine take the shine from the old mixture of the powder of bark, intimately triturated with magnesia; to which trituration I attribute much of its efficacy. As a medicine in influenza this form of exhibiting bark is inestimable. It does not offend the most delicate stomach, and will

sustain the strength, and promote the cure of the complaint, without aggravating the bronchial symptoms, or any neuralgic pains incidental to this perennial, and, in old age especially, so often fatal malady.

After what I have just stated, it will be seen that I do not extend to homœopathy an unqualified approbation; but what I strenuously urge is, that we do not turn our backs on homœopathy, as if its pretensions were all as visionary as its medicines are invisible. Homœopathy is entitled to a fair field, instead of backbiting and clamour. I believe that the fatality attendant on scarlet fever is far less fatal when it is treated homœopathically, than allopathically; and, whilst we are perpetually hearing of the havoc made in families by this relentless disease, even where there has been access to the best allopathic advice, I cannot sufficiently express my abhorrence of prejudices which interfere with the investigation of facts, upon which no less depends than the safety of the unnumbered interesting claimants of that protection which is so confidently said to be withheld from them.\*

On the other hand, let the disciples of Hahnemann be assured, that however well founded their confidence may be in their canon, "*similia similibus curantur*," and however true it may be, that infinitesimal doses are capable of achieving cures beyond the reach of ponderable medicines, yet that the latter are pre-

\* See Note F.

ferable in nine cases out of ten, for the plain reason that they are cognizable to the senses, and thereby removed from the suspicion which is inseparable from inappreciable quantities.

I am accordingly, as already stated, far from thinking that the subtle elements of homœopathy can be safely substituted, in general practice, for the medicines in common use; and, as regards diet, I never can approve of the sweeping prohibition of such refreshing and wholesome beverages as tea and coffee. To object to them on account of their disagreement with particular constitutions, or particular states of health, can never be wise. In health their tendency is to cheer every domestic circle, from the palace to the cottage; whilst the invalid is daily and hourly deriving the greatest imaginable comfort and benefit from them, and the philanthropist is straining every nerve to lessen, through their fascinations, the curse of alcoholic stimulants.

The complication of drugs in modern prescriptions is likewise greatly exaggerated. The medicines ordinarily prescribed are but few in number; and, in regard to the regulation of the bowels, a strong point in homœopathy, allopathy will not shrink from inquiry. With the exception of castor oil, which is common to all, the aperients in use are chiefly the compound rhubarb pill, the compound decoction of aloes, the extract of colocynth, and the compound scammony powder, with the occasional

addition of some mild mercurial, the effect of which on the secretions of the liver is quite marvellous. And if to these be added, as a supplement, the above much commended draught of rhubarb and soda, what further is required? Yes; we must still consign to calomel and the black draught the voluptuary and gourmand.

## CHAP. VII.

## SURGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

IF the present volume had been prepared for the press twenty years ago, when my friend the late lamented Dr. Hingston enjoined me to publish records of my professional experience, it would have wanted the weight which many years of further reflection have supplied. From that time to the present I have been rather a looker on, than actually engaged in the practice of a profession to which I have ever been proud to belong, and whose fair claims to the respect and gratitude of mankind it is my wish to promote to the utmost.

It is, therefore, not without considerable satisfaction that I am able to look back on the years that are past, and see such evidence of improvement both in physic and surgery. If I were to start anew at the present day with no higher claims on the confidence of my patients than I possessed some fifty years ago, I should find fees coming in very slowly, if at all, so much improved is medical and surgical education. It happened, however, luckily for me, that I entered as a pupil of St. Bartholomew's Hospital at a time when Mr. Abernethy, although

only an assistant surgeon, was nevertheless, as a lecturer, at the zenith of his useful career, and when Drs. Latham, Roberts, and Powel, the physicians of the hospital, were as ready as they were able to assist us in our studies. Mr. Abernethy, who lectured on anatomy, physiology, and the practice of surgery, was decidedly, of all the lecturers I have ever known, most entitled to the thanks of his pupils. He was the least selfish man imaginable, his main object ever seeming to be the good of others; and I cannot have a doubt that the impression which his practical lectures made on me, created an interest in the direction of his own profession which has continued to adhere to me, and has given me through life more of the attributes of a general practitioner than would otherwise have been the case; and which, in fact, was more consistent with country practice half a century ago than it would be at the present day, or would have been at any time, with the practice of a physician in a populous city.\* There are, however, some diseases which are almost equally in the province of the physician and the surgeon, from their connexion with the general health of the patient. Of these, the chief, perhaps, is carbuncle, to which I was accordingly glad to find that Dr. Watson had not failed to direct the close attention of his class.

I do not know that there is anything in the climate of Cornwall particularly favourable to the production

\* See Note I.

of boils and carbuncles, but it certainly has happened that I have met with these affections very frequently, and I have considered it fortunate for the sufferers that have fallen under my care that I was taught by Mr. Abernethy how to treat them. They are diseases which differ much in severity; but, even in their mildest forms, are very annoying.

The following description is taken from my notes of one of Mr. Abernethy's surgical lectures:—"Carbuncles principally attack full livers, and, therefore, are rare occurrences in hospitals. For the most part, they are situated behind, on the neck, back, and loins, and commence with merely a slight degree of stiffness and uneasiness of the part. Continuing to increase, they soon attract attention, and a great degree of redness of the skin, which is exquisitely painful to the touch, is found to be present, with considerable hardness to the extent, perhaps, of a shilling; after this, the constitution becomes affected with fever, the local disease increases to the size of a crown or more, and the skin becomes harder and thicker. Before this time a core will have been forming, which consists of sloughy cellular substance, and this, together often with putrid matter, is confined immediately under the thickened skin. If the disease is not soon checked, but suffered to proceed even for a week, the event may be fatal."

Before I proceed to the elucidation of the treatment of carbuncle, I am constrained to notice the



unaccountable discrepancy which there is in the practical directions of different surgeons; and as, in such cases, it cannot be said that the dead tell no tales, so it would be unfair to the living to withhold the truth from too great a respect to the charitable injunction "de mortuis nil nisi bonum."

I have now before me, "Lectures on the Theory and Practice of Surgery," by John Abernethy, F.R.S., &c.; and "Principles of Surgery, for the use of Chirurgical Students," by John Pearson, F.R.S., &c.

It is hardly possible for any two teachers to be more apart from each other than these gentlemen are in their manner of treating carbuncular affections.

"The local treatment of these diseases," (boils and carbuncles) Mr. Abernethy says, "must be directed with a view to soothe the disturbed actions, and in the event of their continuing to extend, and nature seeming by her own efforts unable to bring them to a crisis, *to make an opening adequate to remove the tension of the affected parts, and to afford a free outlet to sloughs and discharge.* In the boil we are seldom obliged to resort to such measures, for the disease is active in its nature, and in general speedily comes to a termination. But in carbuncle, where life may depend on bringing it to a crisis as soon as possible, an incision should be made through the whole extent of the thick and brawny skin; *and in extensive carbuncle it may be necessary to make two longitudinal cuts, or a crucial incision,* in order to

produce a proper relaxation of the diseased parts and exposure of the subjacent structure. I have never," Mr. A. adds, "seen the disease extend after this operation was effectually performed, except in cases where the health was irremediably bad; and then the patient seemed to fall a victim rather to constitutional affection than to the carbuncle." \*

Mr. Pearson, in his chapter on anthrax and carbuncle, *does not even allude to incision*. "However large" he says, "the surface may be that is occupied by this disease, it is generally destroyed and rendered totally unfit for performing its natural offices in the animal economy; laudable pus is never evacuated, and in general the affected part suffers complete sphacelation." He does, indeed, tell us that carbuncle is a disease very analogous to gangrene and sphacelus, and that the treatment appropriated to the latter is perfectly applicable to the former; and, in his chapter on sphacelus, among the external remedies that have been, he says, principally recommended, scarifications of the part are mentioned; but what he says is, on the whole, so irrelevant, so far from the mark, as to be quite unaccountable; and if I have been led to make a somewhat harsh comparison between Mr. Pearson's treatment of carbuncle, and that of Mr. Abernethy, it is to show how wide and perilous the difference may be between right and wrong, even in the minds of two such eminent

\* Lectures on Surgery, p. 75.

surgeons as Abernethy and Pearson; and when it is taken into consideration that Mr. Pearson's opinions are perpetuated in a work which was designed to be a text-book for the use of the students who honoured his "Chirurgical Lectures" with their attendance, I may well say of the more favoured pupils of Mr. Abernethy, "*O fortunatos nimium.*" Having, therefore, expressed my opinion so decidedly in favour of Mr. Abernethy's comparatively cheering views respecting carbuncle, as contrasted with the perilous counsels of Mr. Pearson, I am bound to show reason for my presumption, and adduce the following, as one among many cases in point.

I arrived late in the evening at the house of an elderly farmer in St. Steven's, distant twelve or thirteen miles from Truro, and about half as far from St. Austell. The patient was an old acquaintance, and I had nothing favourable to expect from my knowledge of his constitution. It was, therefore, not without considerable concern that I found him labouring under a most formidable carbuncle on the back, which already exhibited ineffectual ulcerations of the indurated skin, and other marks conclusive as to the subjacent mischief. What was to be done? The powers of life were succumbing, and delay was proportionally dangerous. The surgeon who had been in attendance was not appointed to meet me, as he should have been, and not liking to send to St. Austell to fetch him, with the chance of his being

unable to come immediately, I determined on doing as I would have had another do unto me; I determined on setting the imprisoned sloughs and ill-conditioned purulent matter free, and with a well tempered lancet, which I always carried with me, and the assistance possibly of my patient's razor,—a point upon which I cannot now so positively speak,—I cut through many inches of exquisitely painful skin, as thick and as hard, to use an expression of my friend Abernethy's, as tapping leather; and, severe as was the operation, gave prompt relief. So successful, in fact, was the result, that the surgeon, on the following day, found a patient, of whose life he had despaired, comparatively in a convalescent state, and who recovered rapidly.

Dr. Watson, in his sixty-fifth Lecture, says, "I was lately consulted by a lady, who told me she had, *on the rear of her person*, a painful boil. She thought any physician ought to be competent to prescribe for a boil without wanting to see it. But she seemed very ill, and her sister told me that the boil had lasted a fortnight, and was a very large one, so that I was obliged to press for an inspection; and I found a boil, sure enough, but of that gigantic and formidable species which we call carbuncle."\* Such an instructive incident must have been duly appreciated by his pupils;† and when I read it, it did not fail of

\* Principles and Practice of Physic, vol. ii. p. 375.

† See Note G.

bringing forcibly to my mind a somewhat similar and even more striking occurrence. I was called to see the wife of a farmer, in the neighbourhood of Truro, in consultation with a surgeon, the late Mr. Buckingham, and found her labouring under acute mania, which, according to the statement given me, had supervened on an attack of typhus fever. She raved incessantly, was with difficulty kept in bed, and, but for the following circumstance, would probably never have left it alive. She vehemently insisted upon it in her raving, that the devil had fixed his claw in her back; and, as she said this repeatedly, I suggested to Mr. Buckingham that we had better examine the back, and see whether the claw was there or no; and, on doing so, we found that what the poor maniac took for the devil's claw, was, in reality, a tremendous carbuncle. The knife was immediately had recourse to, the tapping leather was completely cut through to an extent of an inch or more, and, although there was some difficulty at first in protecting the wound, yet the greatest comfort to the poor distracted brain soon followed the operation, and, with the rapid recovery of the local disease, we had the greater gratification of witnessing the return of reason; and, after a very few weeks, the perfect restoration of health. Did the fever occasion the carbuncle, or the carbuncle the fever? *Cadit questio.*

I do not doubt that particular localities, inducing particular states of the health, dispose persons to the

diseases under consideration ; but their critical agency is remarkable, and tends to illustrate that mysterious "*vis medicatrix nature*" which can defy at times the most threatening incursions of disease. I must endeavour to unfold this more fully. I have elsewhere spoken of a gentleman whose health was injured by exposure to the miasmata arising from draining operations which he had superintended. He was attacked with a carbuncle high up in the back, and, in an advanced state of it, was about to proceed to Exeter, eighty miles distant, for advice, in a rumbling stage-coach which would have shaken him to death ; but fortunately the coach in which he meant to have gone was full, and I accidentally called on him soon after it had passed his gate. It was evident that there was something much amiss ; and on my friend's showing me the carbuncle, I congratulated him on his not having been able to get a place in the coach. A Truro surgeon was sent for, he underwent a severe operation, and very soon recovered, *pro hac vice* ; but he continued ailing from time to time, and was eventually cured by quinine, and removal from the miasma which had unquestionably been the original cause of his impaired general health. There cannot, I think, be a doubt that carbuncle is both itself a severe disease, and affords at the same time evidence of the *vis medicatrix* of which the physician is bound not to lose sight.

Another case, which I have likewise elsewhere

mentioned, was that of the superintendent of a tannery, who, as well as his wife, was long liable to carbuncular affections. On my lately renewing the subject with the latter, she told me that she had not been married a twelvemonth before her health, which was previously good, evinced a distressing tendency to boils, and that for many years she had never felt quite well.

I have lately seen it stated that an increased tendency to carbuncle at the present day is suspected to have originated in imported and tainted hides of animals. Dr. Watson, who seems to admit the fact of increased frequency, exercises, nevertheless, his usual caution in examining evidence. "The cause," he says, "of the vast increase of these disorders has not, I think, been ascertained. Professor Laycock, indeed, imputes it to their *contagious* properties—classing together boils, carbuncles, whitlow, and the charbon and pustule maligne of the French, which are less frequently seen in this country, under the common title of the *contagious furunculoid*. He suggests the question whether that disease may not have had an epizootic origin, and whether its present wider and wider diffusion may not be derived from the imported hair and hides of animals affected with a carbuncular distemper, which has been epidemic among cattle in the south of France, Italy, Germany, Poland, Hungary, and Russia. I am bound to tell you that, in my judgment, the alleged quality of

contagiousness with respect, at least, to two forms of disease with which we are most familiar here, the boil and the carbuncle, is 'not proven.' " \*

I am not aware that, in the field of my own practice and observation, there is any increase in the number of these cases; and I certainly do not know an instance where any one, not having a predisposition to carbuncle, has been affected as if by contagion. Still I think that the case of the tanner and his wife is in favour of Dr. Laycock's views, and that it claims our utmost care to avoid the dangerous tendency of putrid hides, whether those of diseased animals or not. Carbuncular diseases are, evidently, often in connection with constitutional predisposition: but they may likewise occur as idiopathic affections; and I have to this day on my own person the well-defined mark of a boil which occurred when I was a school-boy, in all other respects in good health. It is nevertheless clear that the diseases in question, as well as those congenerous affections, buboes, are often critical imposthumes; and I have been surprised at the throes of the constitution in their production when recovering from such malignant disorders as typhus fever and the small-pox. I can never forget the case of a gentleman, whose sufferings in confluent small-pox were such that he again and again implored his medical attendants to let him die. Boil succeeded boil, and the use of the knife was again and again

\* Watson's Principles, &c., of Physic, vol. ii. p. 948.



required, till at length the Augean stable appeared to have been thoroughly swept, and perfect recovery succeeded to a tardy convalescence. I may observe that the above gentleman had been vaccinated; and that he was nursed throughout his illness by a brother who scarcely ever left his bed-side, and to whom vaccination afforded entire protection. But I well know that at the early period of vaccination to which the above cases belong, Dr. Jenner's laws were fearfully neglected; and it is worthy of being recorded, that in the same family in which one brother, as I have stated, enjoyed perfect immunity, a third brother, supposed to have been successfully vaccinated, caught, long after manhood, the small-pox, owing to his having accidentally approached a person labouring under that disease on the platform of a railway station. He was attacked shortly afterwards, and survived but a few days. His death, as I learnt from his medical attendants, was somewhat sudden. The eruption did not proceed regularly, from defect apparently of constitutional power, and repeated epileptic fits supervened and soon closed the scene. That every thing was done that medical experience and skill could suggest, it is due to the eminent gentlemen who were in attendance not to question for a moment; but it happens singularly that Wesley in his "Primitive Physic" says, on the authority of Huxham, "If they," the pustules, "strike in, and convulsions follow, let a pint of cold water be drank :

this will stop the convulsions and drive out the pock." To this John Wesley subscribes, "probatum;" and I may add, "valeat quantum."

This is a digression from the subject of carbuncle, which I must bring to a conclusion.

There is some confusion among writers in the use of the terms furuncle, carbuncle, and anthrax; but they are so completely kindred inflammations, that Mr. Abernethy considers furuncle synonymous with boil, which is the commonest and least important of these maladies. And, in regard to anthrax, which Dr. Watson considers synonymous with carbuncle, and describes as a *gigantic boil*, and something more, Mr. Abernethy says, "The examples of anthrax which I have met with have occurred in the side of the neck and the axilla, where the disease appeared to begin in the absorbent glands. A large and very hard swelling was produced, and the skin acquired the thickness, induration, and dusky purplish hue of carbuncle. Great constitutional disturbance attended the progress of the disease, and the patients died before the occurrence of any crisis. It was, indeed, by subsequent examination only that I became assured of the nature of the malady, for I found the morbid parts to consist of sloughy substance intermixed with purulent matter."\* Mr. A. subsequently says, "I have no doubt that a plan of treatment similar to that recommended

\* Principles of Surgery, p. 74.

in carbuncle should be instituted in cases of anthrax."

Judging from my own knowledge of these cases, I cannot doubt that Mr. Abernethy is right. The thing of greatest importance is to make a free incision, *without unnecessary severity*, at the opportune season. If even the maturation may not have advanced so far as was expected, I have invariably found that the considerable bleeding occasioned by the incision has not retarded, but been favourable to the result.

Many years ago I was consulted in a case of a delicate and confidential nature, by a gentleman who had a large and discoloured bubo in the right groin, which, although of suspicious origin, I determined to lay open; and he met me accordingly, by appointment, at an inn, and there, as he reclined on a bed, I made a full incision through the tumour, and, notwithstanding an ample provision of towels, the blood flowed so profusely that there was a great mess, which, however, whilst it was a benefit ticket to the chambermaid, was but a momentary cause of embarrassment to my patient and myself, for the bleeding after a little while ceased, and the wound, which was treated and dressed, as well as I could manage, in conformity with the plan adapted to carbuncles, gave no trouble in the sequel, and was apparently critical in the removal of any preceding constitutional ailment.

The term "unnecessary severity," used above, principally applies to *crucial incisions*, to which, I am sorry to say, Mr. Abernethy directly, and Dr. Watson, with some limitation, have unfortunately given their sanction.

In unhealthy constitutions, and especially in advanced life, when the carbuncle is large and the incision necessarily long and severe, the additional infliction of a crucial incision greatly increases the demand upon the powers of life in the healing of the wound, after the subjacent sloughs and foul matter have been eliminated. The motive for making a crucial incision is to prevent the premature closing of the wound; but even a second incision, in the line of the first, is much to be preferred to so large a destruction of integument as that occasioned by a crucial incision; and to obviate any apprehension of the closure of the wound, I have invariably directed, whether the single incision may have been one or many inches in length, a stick of lunar caustic to be passed between the lips of the wound, along the whole line, and to a considerable depth. This may require to be repeated the following day, but the pain thereby inflicted is nothing in comparison with the benefit produced by the caustic; and with respect to the pain, which is certainly extreme in cutting through the skin, and likewise in passing the caustic, it must be evident that these are cases to which chloroform is

applicable. The operation is so short, that I cannot conceive that, in any degree of debility short of a prohibition to operate at all, there would be the least danger in the employment of chloroform, if it were not most grossly mismanaged. To prevent this as far as possible, I hope that in every town, and, of course, in every public hospital, there will be always some one near at hand to whom the application of the chloroform will be consigned. The extent to which use makes perfect is well illustrated in the greater or less perfection with which cupping is performed by different operators.

When relief has been afforded in cases of carbuncle by a judicious use of the knife, the constitutional powers rally easily, attention, of course, being paid to appropriate diet, and to Mr. Abernethy's shrewd injunction to attend to any obvious error in the functions of the system generally. But I have something further of importance to say about the treatment of the wound after the operation. I strongly recommend, instead of the usual poultices, that the whole discoloured surface should be anointed with clarified honey, than which there is nothing better, or with balsam of Peru, or with treacle, and that over this white-brown paper be laid, and the whole covered with a thick layer of cotton-wadding or medicated cotton, or some equivalent, which should be kept damp with warm or cold water in accordance with the feelings of the patient. When

the wound is examined the following day, and for some days, it may be necessary to re-apply the caustic, but it will soon be found that the whole concern is doing well, and that the patient may rejoice at the return to health, on comparatively easy terms.

And now that I have liberated my mind on the subject of carbuncle, I can take no better opportunity of speaking of the great advantages of substituting for poultices, and relaxing or refrigerant applications, in most cases of congestive inflammation, the above plan of dressing carbuncles, both before and after they may have been operated upon. And it may be further added that, with due attention at the same time to the general health, the apprehended mischief may, in this way, be more frequently averted, judging from what I have myself seen, than in any other. Whitloes, I know, may be most advantageously treated in the same manner; and I must not omit to add, that those mortifications of the lower extremities, to the soothing treatment of which Mr. Pott called attention a century ago, may be often kept in check, and even obviated in this way. In illustration of this, I will mention the following case. It is that of an elderly woman who, for many years, was in great request as a nurse to ladies in their confinements. She had in perfection all the good qualities of these valuable personages, and having had experience of them in my own family,

I wished to afford her all the relief in my power when it fell to her lot to require it. The toes of one of her feet gave unmistakeable evidence of approaching mortification, insomuch that the discolouration was progressively advancing over the left foot towards the ankle. Taking the treatment upon myself, I smeared the whole of the discoloured surface of the foot with clarified honey, and enveloped it in cotton wadding, giving directions to damp it or not, as was most comfortable to the patient. The good old nurse either reclined on her bed, or had her leg, when sitting up, supported in a horizontal position. By this treatment the darkened skin resumed its natural appearance, and it was hoped that it might have again been safe to use locomotion; but in this respect there was disappointment. We had to contend with three score years and ten, and with a disease which is known to be often implicated with minute arterial ossifications. Still there was decisive evidence of the efficacy of the adopted mode of treatment; and although the discolouration of the skin recurred again and again, yet it was as often checked by the same treatment, and life at last apparently yielded to a gradual decay, without much pain from the local affection.

If I now descend from the consideration of great to that of apparently small matters, I trust that the frequency of their occurrence will be allowed to

compensate their triviality. What delay and difficulty often occur in giving the finishing covering of skin to an ulcer! A small sore, surrounded with a hard edge, remains intractable; whereas, to make it skin over, all that is required after touching the edge, and perhaps, but more gently, the surface itself of the ulcer, with caustic, is to cover the sore with white-brown paper, and keep it in its place by a layer of damp linen. After a few similar dressings, at intervals of a day, the paper may be allowed to adhere, and will retain its position, sometimes for weeks, and then fall off, or be removed, leaving a perfectly sound skin underneath.

Abrasions of the skin, which are of such daily occurrence and which often give much trouble, are rendered harmless at once by covering them with layers of the same thin white-brown paper, which effectually supply the place of the cuticle till there is a natural reproduction. It has appeared to me that the adhesion of the paper is in some measure owing to its porosity, which admits of its being permeated by exudation from the skin, or, where the abrasion has extended to that likewise, from the subjacent areolar tissue. To this I could add "probatum" a hundred times over; and I cannot close the subject, trifling as it may to some appear, without stating that I have brought ulcers of some depth and standing into a state to admit of the eschar of paper, after a little previous management



with caustic.\* It will be seen, by the following case, with what great success the white-brown paper may be used some days after the occurrence of the abrasion. A gentleman, in consequence of a fall from his horse, had his knee sprained, with considerable abrasion of the cuticle, which was dressed with a plaister and poultices, and a quiet position of the limb enjoined. On the third day, I think, after the accident, I happened to call at the house where this gentleman was confined to his bed-room, and was shown the state of things. There was already a considerable tendency to maturation, and seeing a lingering case before me unless the treatment was altered, I first obtained permission of the surgeon in attendance, and then of the patient, to try whether it was not still practicable to arrest the formation of matter, and to clear the surface, so as to make it appear very much as it did after the accident. This was accordingly effected; the abraded parts were covered with the white-brown paper, and over this pledgets of fine linen, with strict injunction to guard against friction, so that the paper might not be displaced, and to moisten the linen occasionally, if the sense of heat required it. This plan succeeded completely; the paper adhered till the surface underneath was sound, and the confinement altogether was of fewer hours duration than it would otherwise have been of days. It must be allowed that there

\* See Note H.

is a wide difference between these cases to which I have presumed to call attention, and those formidable operations which require the sound judgment and experience of well-educated surgeons. Such will not charge me with trifling: on the contrary, they are of all others most likely to appreciate the importance of attention to seeming trifles, and not to underrate measures merely on account of their simplicity. I am accordingly sure that neither Dr. Watson, to whom we are so much indebted for a comprehensive body of practical information in every department of medicine, nor the eminent surgeon to whom I have had the pleasure of dedicating the present volume, will blame me for scattering among their learned writings a few hints, derived from long experience, which they can well afford to entertain with candour, and, I will hope, with something more.

At my time of life, and apart from the busy world, I hold discourse alike with the living and the dead; and, calling to mind the great advantage which I formerly derived from the various medical and surgical societies, whose "Transactions" have never ceased to illuminate the path of medical and surgical science, as well as from the labours of more voluminous writers, I wish more especially to discharge a debt of gratitude to the memory of the late Dr. Parr, as the author of a dictionary of equal labour with the Lectures of Dr. Watson. I now bring these two great purveyors of medical literature

together, on account of the interest which I have taken in their respective disquisitions on the subject of hæmorrhage, with reference more especially to that treacherous form of hæmorrhage—*purpura hæmorrhagica*.

At the end of Dr. Watson's fifteenth lecture on "Hæmorrhage and all its varieties and modes of treatment,"\* he observes, as it were incidentally, "The power of arresting internal hæmorrhage has also been confidently ascribed by different persons to nitre, given in large doses." Now, it so happens that in the course of my own experience of cases of hæmorrhage, my opinion has been much modified respecting nitre by the evidence of facts. Early in my professional practice I was struck with the confident way in which Dr. Parr spoke of it, as a refrigerant in fever, and a remedy, *instar omnium*, in hæmorrhages; and my confidence in his judgment and experience having been confirmed by the commendations I had heard bestowed upon him by an eminent Edinburgh professor, I determined to give nitre a fair trial; and I am constrained to say, that the result led to a qualified assent only to Dr. Parr's almost unqualified encomium. In epistaxis, in hæmoptysis, in incipient phthisis, in pleuritic affections, and in inflammation generally, it did not even supply the place of common demulcents, much less that of the active measures which are often neces-

\* Watson's Lectures, vol. i. p. 266.

sary in such cases ; but, convinced that Dr. Parr could not have been altogether mistaken, I at length discovered that its great value consisted in the benefit it afforded in every variety of passive hæmorrhage, whether originating in the obstructed venous circulation incidental to that *porta malorum*, the vena portæ, or in those impaired conditions of the blood which characterize scurvy, as defined by Cullen. He has placed scorbutus among the impetigines, and speaks of it as affecting persons "living on putrid and salted animal food, without recent vegetable substances," and as characterized "by universal debility, with fetid breath, loose, spongy, bleeding gums, and different coloured spots on the skin most commonly livid."

It was after Lord Anson's voyage round the world, and the publication of the admirable narrative of its eventful occurrences, that the character and causes of scurvy became known ; but we are indebted to Captain Cook more than to any other man for having led the way to the vast improvements which we recognise in its treatment at the present day. The precautions, in fact, which he enjoined, and the diet which he recommended, are entirely in accordance with modern usage ; yet scorbutus still exists, and my present object is to invite attention to it and to analogous diseases, in which nitre has been of the most essential service. In those distressing cases where blood is seen issuing from the gums, and

from almost every emunctory, and in the treatment of which quinine and the mineral acids have been chiefly employed, and where the system is depressed by the ordinary causes of a scorbutic condition, nitre really will be found "instar omnium." But passive hæmorrhage may be independent of scurvy. A gentleman was on the point of setting off on a journey when he was suddenly attacked with discharges from the bowels of the foulest description, and which, when I came to him, after an interval of some hours, were entirely melænic. There was nothing to account for such an occurrence, either in the gentleman's previous habits of life, or in any attendant circumstances; but I found him completely prostrated, his appetite gone, and the debility increasing with each frequently recurring discharge. It required no small confidence in the value of the medicine to propose nothing more invigorating than repeated doses of nitre in a wine-glassful of cold water, with cold barley-water as the sole sustenance; but my patient placed himself entirely in my hands, and the result was that the discharges gradually abated and improved, with no variation of the treatment, till at the end of about a week a little very carefully stewed spinage was ventured upon. This agreeing, a more nutritious diet was cautiously permitted, and in about three weeks, the nitre having been gradually discontinued, the liver resumed its natural functions, and the health was sufficiently re-established to admit of

a journey of some hundreds of miles being undertaken, with no inconvenience or return of disease whatever.

The following is likewise a case where I had little better than a loose analogy to guide me. A young lady was attacked with the usual symptoms of dysentery, and her friends were the more alarmed from a brother having died a few weeks previously from a similar affection. I found a very interesting patient labouring under a dysenteric affection, for which it was difficult to account; but the danger was imminent—the stomach loathed food, and small sanious discharges from the bowels recurred every half-hour, with a very quick and weak pulse. Seeing that active measures were out of the question, I determined to rely on nitre as my best auxiliary. I began with five grain doses in rather less than a wine-glassful of cold water every two or three hours, and confined the diet to cold barley-water, or some equally simple demulcent. This seemed to check the disease a little, but for some days the progress was so far from being satisfactory, that I was importuned by the surgeon who was in attendance with me, to change the medicine, but he could suggest nothing upon which I thought it safe to venture; and, as I had a most amiable patient to deal with, and confiding friends around her, I persisted in my plan, and, gradually decreasing the frequency of the dose as improvement advanced, after a fortnight or more of great suspense the appearance of blood in the

evacuations ceased, they became less and less frequent, and perfect health eventually succeeded to a rather slow convalescence. In each of these cases a very small quantity of the blue pill was, towards the end, taken at night. What makes the record of the last case more interesting is the fact, not known to me at the commencement of my attendance, that my patient had evidently caught the infection of malignant dysentery from her brother, who had fallen a victim to it, and who had previously been visiting in a neighbourhood where it was fatally prevalent.

I have occasionally given a scruple of nitre in a draught of camphor mixture in puerperal fevers, and in other febrile disorders where weakness was a predominant feature; but in purpura and all the varieties of passive hæmorrhage, the largest dose administered by me has been ten grains. Nitre in large doses is apt to affect the stomach injuriously. Destitute persons, and especially children, ill fed and living, as such usually do, in damp, unwholesome dwellings, often exhibit unmistakable evidence of purpura, by the livid spots chiefly seen on the lower extremities. In such cases, where, of course, the thing most to be desired is the removal of the exciting causes, no medicine, I believe, will be found so serviceable as small doses of nitre, which may be triturated with sugar and prescribed as a powder, to be taken in a wine-glassful of cold water thrice a day. Such doses in such cases may seem a cold comfort,

but they may serve till better are found. Scurvy, originating in unwholesome diet, is not confined to the poor. I knew a lady who, for some reason or other, ate the common culinary salt so abundantly that her whole frame exhibited unequivocal evidence of scurvy, the least pressure on any part of the skin occasioning a livid spot. Her cure necessarily depended on abandoning a bad habit, but the medicine most applicable to the case was nitre.

I could extend this chapter indefinitely, but it is time to turn my attention to other matters, after premising that whoever is desirous of being fully acquainted with the subject of scurvy, will do well to consult the articles on that disease and on hæmorrhage, in Dr. Parr's Medical Dictionary, the Lectures of Dr. Watson, and some valuable reports of the results of the experience of another eminent physician, Dr. Budd, during his attendance on the inmates of the hospital-ship, the Dreadnought.

Let me conclude with the gratifying fact, that it has been lately ascertained that, as far as the prophylactic aid of diet is concerned, there is nothing equal to the potato as an anti-scorbutic; and well may we be thankful that, to all human appearance, the terrible potato blight with which Providence, no doubt for a good purpose, was pleased to afflict us, is fast disappearing.



## CHAP. VIII.

## ON TETANUS.—SUPPLEMENTARY TO CHAP. VII.

Dr. Watson has given, in his Lectures, so complete a history of tetanus in all its varieties, together with the most approved modes of treatment, that little more can be said on this subject. He had, like myself, the advantages of being a pupil of Mr. Abernethy, and he has, in consequence, so anticipated me in his general views of this terrible disease, that I should scarcely have touched upon it at all if I had not repeatedly seen cases of traumatic tetanus, which were occasioned, as I doubted not, by too much exposure of the wounds in which they had originated. It was once my misfortune to witness, day after day, the case of a man whose hand had been shattered by the contents of a gun, and allowed to remain defended from the air by merely evaporating pledgets of linen. It was not my part to interfere, but I longed to have drawn the integuments as closely as possible together, and, after touching any portion which remained exposed, with lunar caustic, to have placed over this a layer of white-brown paper, and to have covered it with

cotton wadding smeared with clarified honey or balsam of Peru. Thus all air, at least, would have been excluded, and the temperature might have been regulated by moistening the cotton dressing to the degree most comfortable to the feelings of the patient. It would then have very soon been seen whether the wound was doing well, or whether the removal of the hand was required. What the curative powers of the system will accomplish when they have fair play, and confidence is thus far placed in them, is known, I am sorry to say, to comparatively few. In the present instance locked-jaw supervened, after the precious interval of many days had been thrown away, and general tetanus closed the scene.

I could mention several other cases where I was fully persuaded that tetanus had been produced by too great exposure of wounds to the air, but I shall presume no further than to call attention to the vast importance of supporting and protecting raw surfaces, not by suppurating plaisters or poultices, but by drawing them as closely as possible together; by the judicious use of the lunar caustic; by supplying the want of the natural covering of the skin by a layer of bibulous paper; and lastly, by covering the parts with cotton wadding smeared with the balsam of Peru or clarified honey. I can do no more than give these directions very generally, as it must be obvious that experience alone can lead to the modifications which particular cases may require.

It is only necessary to read what has been written by many eminent men on the subject of *traumatic tetanus* to come to the conclusion that it results from some injury done to a nerve or nerves, and that consequently the great and primary object is to treat the wound so as to tranquillize the disturbed propagators of the mischief. It is not like a case of poisoning where, absorption having once taken place, the local treatment is less important, but there is a continuous connection between the point of the nerve at the seat of the injury and the cranio-spinal axis. This is strikingly shown in a case quoted by Dr. Watson, which Dr. Murray has recorded in the eleventh volume of the *Medical Gazette*: "The patient was a young midshipman, who, having trodden on a rusty nail, which pierced the sole of the left foot, had kept watch the same night upon deck, the weather being very cold. The disease began the next day, and the symptoms ran high, and were those of severe or acute tetanus. Without loss of time the posterior tibial nerve was divided. The limb was previously cold, and, as the patient said, dead, and he had little power of moving it. He could not articulate distinctly on account of the closed state of his jaws. The nerve was cut through by one stroke of the scalpel, and he immediately opened his mouth, and his countenance assumed a strikingly improved appearance. He said he was already much better, and that his leg had come to

life again. Some stiffness of the jaws and neck remained for a day or two, but he soon recovered. Dr. Murray refers to another case mentioned by Baron Larey, in which division of the nerve had the same effect.\*

After a while, *traumatic* tetanus pervades the frame, and becomes identical with pure idiopathic tetanus; but the above case shows the importance of attending to the salient point of the mischief, as will be further illustrated by the following case which occurred in my own practice. I was called to a surgeon at St. Agnes, in whom were indicated all the symptoms of a fast approaching locked jaw. I inquired whether there was any wound in the case. None, he believed, of any consequence, for an injury done a short time before to his foot was well; but, upon examining it, I found an ill-looking scab, which I forthwith removed, and having brought the surface back into a raw state, I touched it all over with caustic. I then dressed the sore in the way I have so often described, namely, with white-brown paper, clarified honey, and cotton wadding; and merely desired that it might be meddled with no further than to regulate the temperature by moisture, if required. The relief was nearly as immediate as in the case of the divided nerve by a scalpel; for the jaw became gradually unlocked, and the wound, after a few dressings, healed completely. I will here

\* Watson's Lectures, vol. ii. p. 593.

again observe of how much importance it is in all cases of ulcers to bring them into such a state and size, as will admit of the retention of the paper, which, long before the wound would otherwise have been sound, will adhere till the skin is capable of supplying its place more naturally, but hardly more effectually.

I would have stopped here, but it happens that my attention was drawn, not many weeks since, to a fatal case of tetanus in the neighbourhood of Northwich, of which an account was given in a provincial newspaper. I am indebted to a very intelligent physician residing in that neighbourhood for the following particulars. "The sufferer," he says, "was a labouring man, twenty-three years old, who was accidentally wounded, on Wednesday, the 19th of January, in his foot by a dung-fork which his brother had thrown to him. He continued, however, to work, but on going home to dinner he found the wound very painful, and that it had bled considerably. His mother bathed it with warm water, and applied a poultice, and he rested the remainder of the day. The following morning he resumed his labour, only repeating the poultices at nights, and taking little notice of the accident for ten days. But on the evening of Saturday, January the 29th, he walked home with difficulty, and on Sunday he remained in bed, but could sit up and take food. On Monday deglutition became difficult, and on

Tuesday, when he was first visited by any medical man, the jaw was fixed, and severe tetanic spasms pervaded the whole frame. These were in some degree relieved by chloroform, but he died on the following morning, Wednesday, February the 2nd." Here, then, we have a fatal case of tetanus, originating in a wound of no great severity; and my belief is, that the diseased condition of the nerve, which transmitted the mischief to the spinal centre, would have been obviated by caustic, and that simple attention to the original wound, which would have excluded the air and regulated the temperature of the part, rest being at the same time enjoined p. r. n. But the gentleman to whom I am indebted for the preceding particulars further informs me that the wound, when he examined it on the day preceding the decease of the patient, was a small, moist, and dirty-looking punctured wound, exactly such as might be expected from the prong of a fork; and the question which arises is this—had the period gone by when any treatment whatever of the wound would have arrested the fatal termination of the disease? I believe it had; but, with the opinions I entertain, I should probably, even at the eleventh hour, have tried what caustic, and the protecting mode of dressing the foul and ulcerated surface of the wound would have effected. At all events, if the wound had been attended to in the way I have suggested, when the first approach of tetanic spasm was indicated, I

am persuaded that there would have been no fatal tetanus. To what extent the tetanic condition may be propagated throughout the nervous texture from the point of a wounded nerve, so as to become irremediable, must remain an open question.

The distinction is very important between the condition of the system affected through diseased nervous agency, as in tetanus, and that which is the result of the absorption of poison, as in hydrophobia. In the latter case, the local mischief must be dealt with instantly, or the opportunity of protecting the system will be gone; and we have to look for specific remedies to counteract specific poisons. This is a subject of deep importance, but too wide for me to cope with. In Dr. Watson's Lecture on Hydrophobia, a case is given of a coachman, the back of whose hand had been struck ten weeks previously by the teeth of a terrier dog; but, as both the patient and his fellow-servants declared, there was no wound made, no blood drawn, no breach or lifting of the skin; but merely an indentation, showing where the dog's teeth had pressed. Such may have been the fact; but the probability is, that the cuticle had been imperceptibly perforated. I have mentioned in a chapter on vaccination, that the lymph is never surer of success than when it has been inserted so carefully beneath the cuticle as not only not to draw blood, but so as scarcely to allow the point of insertion to be visible.

In conclusion, I would observe that there is this analogy only between diseases originating in disordered nerves, such as tetanus, and those dependent on the absorption of poison, such as hydrophobia; that, in either case, the hope of affording relief, in the present state of our knowledge, is chiefly dependent on our treatment of what I have called the salient point of the disease. The above mentioned coachman's case was closely watched by Dr. Watson, and his details are most interesting, beginning with the fact that the patient had been in the habit of sponging his head and body every morning with cold water, and regretted having refrained from doing so on the morning when he first had some feeling of spasm about the throat. May not so praiseworthy a habit have enabled the system to resist the actual incursion of disease for so long a period as ten weeks?



## CHAP. IX.

## CHLOROFORM.

SPEAKING professionally, the two great discoveries which have been made during my life are vaccination and chloroform. The latter is not of equally high importance with the former, but it falls in with my present train of thought and correspondence to mention it first.

A strong impression early received is not easily obliterated. When a pupil at St. Bartholomew's Hospital I witnessed an operation for the stone, which was performed in the operating room before the students, not by Sir Charles Blicke, nor Sir James Earle, nor by Abernethy, who was at that time assistant-surgeon only, but by ————. The unhappy subject of the operation was a boy about thirteen or fourteen years old, and the agony he endured for at least three-quarters of an hour was horrible. I have never seen it equalled *but in the case of a soldier undergoing corporal punishment*. I never fainted, as pupils sometimes do, when attending severe operations, but, in the present case, I left the operating-room, walked to my lodgings,

which were nearly a mile off, and, on my return to the hospital, found the poor boy still on the table. At last the stone was extracted, but not before peritonæal inflammation had given the little patient the assurance that, after a little more suffering, he would be released from any further pains to which flesh is heir. He died the following day. During the fearfully protracted stages of the operation, "Dear mammy, oh! my dear mammy," were the words, intermingled with shrieks, which chiefly fell from him; and such will ever be the case in early life—a mother's compassionate arms are ever the wished-for harbour of refuge.

After the preceding true and nowise exaggerated relation, is it possible to imagine a greater boon to suffering humanity than chloroform, in cases where the necessity for important operations is ascertained by the judgment of an experienced surgeon? "Oh! but," exclaims the faltering Pyrrhonist, "would you seek relief from pain at the risk of life?" Most assuredly, in some instances, I would, taking every precaution to make the risk the least possible; but it has been fully ascertained that the mortality is very considerably less since the introduction of chloroform. Mr. World, one of the most eminent administrators of chloroform in London, assured me that he had succeeded in two thousand cases, and that his experience of the perfect safety of its employment, when cautiously dealt with, was calculated to relieve

the most timid from the apprehension of danger from its use. Instead, therefore, of referring to adverse cases which have come before the public, and which for the most part admit of ready solution, I shall discharge a more agreeable task in expressing our obligation to Dr. Watson for the unhesitating testimony he has borne to the merits of chloroform in his great work on "The Principles and Practice of Physic." I must quote what he says on the subject. "The pain of various painful diseases admits of relief, in various degrees, from the resources of medicine. The pain, more dreadful and more dreaded, and so long exacted, in the capital operations of surgery, as the inevitable price of future ease, or as the instant ransom of life, has happily found, in our times, its specific antidote. By the mere breathing, for a few minutes, of an invisible vapour, the corporal sensibility is laid asleep, and the knife, the gorget, or the cautery executes at leisure, and unfelt, the terrible but salutary work. To 'charm ache with air' is no longer the poet's mock. Half a century ago was this blessed invention suggested by Sir Humphry Davy, but his hint fell profitless upon our negligent ears, and the glory and the triumph of the discovery (for in such things to proclaim and publicly to apply is practically to discover) was reserved for our brethren beyond the Atlantic. The safety as well as the efficacy of the application of the vapour of æther, of chloroform, and (perhaps I may

add) of amylene, has now been ascertained by abundant experience. And if we consider what it has done, and what it promises—the vast amount of torturing pain which already has been spared to thousands of our race, and which countless generations yet unborn may thus escape, and not the bodily anguish only, but the mental terrors of its prospect, and the agitating recollections of its endurance, and, still further, the improved chance of ultimate well doing, which the avoidance of so severe a shock to the nervous system is believed to confer—we shall scarcely deem the proposal extravagant, which has been made by one of our hospital physicians, that, for so merciful a boon to suffering humanity, public thanksgiving should be humbly offered up to heaven in our churches.”\*

It would be difficult to produce higher testimony than the preceding; but to Dr. Watson's I shall add that of one of the most eminent London surgeons of the present day, to whom this volume is dedicated. My friend, Mr. Coulson, in a letter which I lately received from him, says, “The benefits conferred by chloroform are twofold; they affect the comfort and safety of the patient, and they add greatly to the remediate powers of the surgeon. Not only is the patient relieved from the mental agony of apprehension, and the physical martyrdom of severe and often

\* Watson on the Principles and Practice of Physic, vol. i. p. 121. Fourth edition.

protracted pain, but from the consequent serious, and sometimes fatal shock sustained by the nervous system. Whilst the unembarrassed operator is enabled to proceed with the greater deliberation and nicety, from knowing that his patient is free from pain, and from the perfect stillness and repose of the parts, which give to his operation the accuracy and precision of an anatomical demonstration. In short, it is certain that chloroform has already effected a great saving of life, both directly and indirectly. The statistics of our hospitals abundantly show the former, where the number of instances in point give security to the inferences drawn from conspicuous facts. And in its indirect tendency, how many are there who now willingly submit to operations in painful diseases, not perhaps affecting the duration of life, who would never have permitted their performance unless previously assured of exemption from severe suffering. Still more yield an immediate assent, who formerly would have put the operation off to the last moment, and have thereby compromised the chance of success." "The *Lancet*," Mr. Coulson says, "in commenting upon the adverse cases which have appeared in print, has called attention to the fact that, in every one of them, the chloroform was administered loosely on a handkerchief,—a practice justly open to the severest reprehension. To prevent the repetition of such cases the remedy is caution, on the part of the surgeon, not to undertake an important operation

unattended by an experienced exhibitor of chloroform; and, on the part of the patient, not to allow life to be endangered through any consideration of additional expense." It is well known that use makes perfect. There was, in my time, a cupper at St. Bartholomew's, who not only was sure of being able to draw off the quantity of blood required, but who did so with the least imaginable discomfort to the patient; whereas it has often happened that the benefit of this simple operation has been lost by the bungling manner in which it has been performed. So, in this matter of chloroform, which is of such supreme importance, the least that the public have a right to expect is that, in all public hospitals, the administration of chloroform should not only be confided to some experienced individual, but be administered with strict attention to the injunctions of the most scientific guardians of so great a boon to humanity.

It would be foreign to my purpose to specify the vast variety of cases, from infancy to old age, to which the use of chloroform is applicable; and, as the only rational objection to its general adoption is the risk incurred, I will sum up the argument in Mr. Coulson's authoritative words. "It is," he writes, "greatly to be regretted that an agent of such inestimable value should ever be misused. I have often seen most inexperienced persons employed in administering it; persons who had obviously a very

imperfect appreciation of the duties and responsibilities which they had assumed. The late Mr. Snow, in his valuable work on chloroform, has shown that five per cent. of chloroform may safely be mixed in the atmosphere and inspired, and that insensibility may thus be produced with certainty and with security. Accordingly, by the aid of his apparatus, the proportion of chloroform may be carefully regulated; but when the chloroform is poured on lint, or on a handkerchief, and so applied to the mouth and nostrils of the patient, it is impossible to fix the proportions. At one moment nearly pure chloroform is inhaled, and then, the handkerchief being removed, nearly pure air; or an atmosphere of chloroform may be created round the patient so strong that the assistants are often affected, and, if suddenly it be desired to withdraw from its influence, there is no possibility of doing so."\*

With the above facts impressed upon his mind, we cannot wonder that Mr. Coulson has resolved never to go into the country to perform an important operation without taking an experienced administrator of chloroform with him.

Even the contemplation of the heart-rending sufferings of the wounded patients, crowded together in the hospitals of the Crimea, is mitigated by the well authenticated statements that the severest operations were performed under the protection of

\* See Note K.

chloroform, so as to spare the nerves of the next in turn by the absence of the horrible shrieks which would otherwise have shaken and appalled them. Strange, indeed, must be the perverse vacillation of that individual's mind who, even supposing the fatal casualties to be a hundred times as numerous as they have been represented, would not yield to such advocacy as that derived from the annals of military hospitals at a seat of war such as the Crimea!

I will not attempt to press any further the above overwhelming testimonies in favour of chloroform.



## CHAP. X.

## VACCINATION.

THE subject of vaccination, like that of chloroform, has been so completely and clearly set before the public in Dr. Watson's voluminous "Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Physic," that there remains little more to be said; and my excuse for allotting even a short chapter to it is the fact that, notwithstanding all that has been written and done, the small pox still extensively exists, and affords abundant evidence of what must have been the frightful state of things from the time when it made its first appearance in Europe to that of its mitigation by inoculation. People lived perpetually in the presence, as it were, of impending death, fraught with unmitigated horrors. Evelyn's interesting memoirs present us at almost every page with instances. I can even myself remember when in every church and every theatre might be seen no inconsiderable number of individuals disfigured by the small pox; and when gaps were suddenly made in families which admitted of no reparation. There were no periods of entire cessation, for variolous

inoculation perpetuated infection, and thus the snake could only be scotched, and not destroyed; whereas, vaccination was not only palliative, but, from its freedom from any contagious principle, bid fair to exterminate the variolous pestilence: and it is of importance, therefore, to inquire what are the lets and hindrances which retard so desirable a consummation. Dr. Watson rightly says, "that the matter should be steadily contemplated in all its lights, and with all its shadows, in order that the unspeakable blessing conferred upon mankind by the researches of Dr. Jenner may be fairly set forth and adequately appreciated. The vaccine virus produces a slight disorder, which is attended with no risk, and which (unluckily I may say) is not communicable except by direct engrafting. It not only does not disseminate a dangerous and deadly poison, but, if rightly used, it affords the means of eradicating from a well-regulated community the most loathsome pestilence which the world has ever known. Where vaccination is, the contagion of small pox need never come." . . . . . "It is much to be regretted that the vaunted liberty of this country has hitherto rendered it almost impossible to enforce by law a practice which would be so conducive to the public weal. A so-called *compulsory Act* was indeed passed in 1853, *but as no public officer of any kind was appointed whose duty it should be to warn or to proceed against offenders, the Act has become nearly*

*a dead letter.*"\* Dr. Watson's facts are so numerous, and his elucidations and remarks so sensible, that it would be injustice to him to refer to any other authority or to extenuate it by further quotations. I shall therefore confine myself to the enquiry whether, without infringing the liberty of the subject, the preventive powers of vaccination might not have been better vindicated. I have been an attentive observer of what has been doing from the beginning, and I am constrained to say that, in innumerable instances, insufficient attention has been paid to a strict observance of the few simple laws which Dr. Jenner enjoined as indispensable conditions of secure vaccination. Where the neglect has been greatest, the small pox has proportionately prevailed. The great defect has been the want of due inspection. Rules and regulations are comparatively unavailing where there is no one appointed to see that they are strictly attended to. The expense of such inspection would have been trifling in comparison with the good that must have resulted from it. A correspondence which I once had with the National Vaccine Commissioners will set this in a clearer light. On the 9th September, 1840, I received the following letter from Mr. Gwatkin, the Chairman of the Truro Board of Guardians, of which I am an *ex officio* member,—

"My dear Sir,—Next Wednesday is our day of general

\* Watson's Lectures, vol. ii. p. 878.

business, and the subject of the Poor Law Commissioners' letter on the late Act to extend the practice of vaccination is to be discussed. I hope you will be able to attend, as I do not think we can do what we ought to do on the occasion without your kind assistance."

I attended accordingly, and in compliance with the request of the board I wrote the following letter to the Poor Law Commissioners, Somerset House :—

" Truro, September 21, 1840.

" Gentlemen,—Having been requested by the Board of Guardians of the Truro Union to draw up such a Report as may enable them to carry out the ' Act for the Extension of Vaccination ' more effectually, I must beg you to excuse my first addressing you on the subject, as I have some difficulty in regard to one or two particulars.

" It appears by the instructions that, according to the Act, the gentleman who contracts is himself to decide upon the successful cases. Does not this leave the door open to great insecurity? Dr. Jenner's rules are few, but they require strict attention and accurate discrimination. Are these likely to belong to the usual class of contractors? The Act, moreover, seems to contemplate the performance of gratuitous vaccination, everywhere, throughout the year. Now, in districts where the population is scattered, or not numerous, it will be found impracticable to keep up a continuous series of vaccinations for any long time, and the consequence will be, that the operation must frequently be performed with dry lymph, which, however carefully procured or preserved, *is very*

*inferior to fresh.* Besides, where the stream of vaccination is often interrupted, there is great temptation to use lymph that is not trustworthy. To obviate this difficulty, it has been my frequent advice to surgeons, particularly when residing in country districts, to confine vaccination to a limited number of weeks, at set periods. By so doing, they can carry on the work continuously, from week to week, and from arm to arm, till all in their neighbourhood are vaccinated. In this way, too, the attention of the lower orders is roused periodically; otherwise it is sure to become languid. With these views, my advice to our Board of Guardians, if I have your sanction, will be to contract for the performance of vaccination at particular stations, for a certain number of weeks continuously,\* *with the full and stipulated understanding that in case the small pox should at any time appear the business of vaccination should immediately be general.*

“Above all, I would suggest the appointment of one or more inspectors, in every union, to decide what are successful vaccinations, visiting the stations where vaccination is in progress weekly, on the eighth day, and having an eye likewise to the vaccination of paupers in the union, with the attendant advantage of an unavoidable inspection of the whole medical aspect of the union-house.”

\* By thus keeping vaccination going, in one or other of the appointed stations, the children of persons in better circumstances might be sure of recent lymph, of the best quality, immediately from the arm of a selected child, whose mother, for a trifling present, would be happy to bring it to the house where it was required.

To the above letter I received the following answer.—

“Poor Law Commission Office, Somerset House,  
“1st October, 1840.

“Sir,—The Poor Law Commissioners acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 21st ultimo, and desire to express their warm thanks for your suggestions relative to the arrangements proposed to be made by the Board of Guardians of the Truro Union, for giving effect to the provisions of the Extension of Vaccination Act.

*“With regard to the appointment of Inspectors, the Commissioners do not perceive sufficient authority in the Act either for their appointment or for their remuneration.*

“With reference, however, to your observations respecting the importance of vaccinating from week to week and from arm to arm as far as possible, the Commissioners think them deserving of great attention; and they have already, in varied instances, suggested modifications of the days of attendance prepared by Boards of Guardians in the contracts under the Vaccination Extension Act, so as to secure to a considerable extent the continuity of vaccination.

“The Commissioners would be prepared to sanction the arrangement which you have proposed in your letter in reference to the Truro Union, so far as respects the fixing different periods of vaccination for different districts of the Union.

“They do not feel justified, however, in leaving the inhabitants of a district for so long as forty-six weeks out

of the fifty-two without ready means of obtaining vaccination ; they think, however, that when they are informed of the districts agreed on according to your suggestion, the Commissioners could prepare some modifications in the arrangement which would meet your views, and avoid this long interval of non-vaccination.

“ Signed, by order of the Board,

“ W. G. LUMLEY,

*Assistant Secretary.*”

After the receipt of the foregoing letter, I lost no time in recommending the Truro Board of Guardians to adopt the plan of separating the Union into districts, so as to secure continuous vaccination from week to week and from arm to arm. The apprehension expressed by the Commissioners that there would be danger in sanctioning such long intervals as I suggested, is perfectly got over by stipulating, that, in case of any sudden incursion of small pox, recurrence should immediately be had to vaccination, and every unprotected individual be vaccinated as quickly as possible. According to the present regulations of Government, all births are to be registered and all children vaccinated within three or four months after birth : so early a period having been adopted in consequence of the ascertained fact, that the mortality from small pox has been greater the nearer the approach to infancy. The Registrar-General even states, that no less than one fourth, *i.e.*,

25 per cent. of the whole mortality from small pox in England and Wales happens in infants less than one year old, and as much as 11 per cent. within the age of four months. The fact, therefore, must be fully admitted, that the sooner after birth—*i.e.*, after the first six or eight weeks—vaccination takes place the better. Nevertheless, in all but populous districts it must be evident that cases for vaccination will be occasional, and sometimes far between, and consequently that continuous vaccination, by which alone lymph that may be depended upon can be insured, will be out of the question unless the district system be adopted. Mr. Marson, who is quoted by Dr. Watson as high authority, says: "Lymph for use is in its best state on the seventh day of the progress of the vesicle it is taken from—the day week from the vaccination. It should be taken when the vesicles are plump, and just before the formation of the areola. Under no circumstances should it be taken for use later than twenty-four hours after the areola has begun to form."\* Upon this rule Mr. Marson lays great stress. "A serious error in vaccinating," he likewise says, "is the use of blunt lancets."—"The lymph should be introduced by a puncture of a valvular shape from above downwards, so that the lymph at each puncture may gravitate into the wound." I may here observe, that, instead of making the gravitation of the lymph a matter of importance, the

\* Watson's Lectures, ii. 876.



endeavour of the operator should be to introduce the lancet immediately under the cuticle, which, if the lancet is sharp and clean, may be effected without any blood appearing; and when this is effected, I have found success so certain, that I consider the perfection of the operation to consist in the puncture being almost imperceptible. The number of punctures recommended by Mr. Marson is five, from half to three-fourths of an inch apart. But these are details with which I am not immediately concerned. My object is nothing less than the complete extinction of the pestilence, which, as I stated to the Commissioners many years ago, can only be effected by the appointment of Inspectors of a superior order, to see that the intentions of Government be not frustrated by insecure vaccination; and that, as far as possible, the operation be performed from arm to arm. It will be their duty likewise to take care that the Parochial Registrars do not neglect to bring every child requiring gratuitous vaccination to the notice of the Union Surgeon.

The whole mechanism required to exterminate effectually the scotched snake is the simplest imaginable, and the expense to the nation a mere nothing in comparison with the benefit which must accrue from the total extinction of the small pox.

To ensure adequate inspection superior medical men, whether Physicians or Surgeons, must be appointed in all the Unions of the kingdom, with a

remuneration from Government of not less than three guineas a week. On them must devolve the duty of attesting all cases ; and this will require their attendance weekly at the vaccinating stations, and, if necessary, elsewhere. They must likewise be in communication with the rural and town police, in order to gain the earliest intelligence of any case of small pox, that the subject of it may be instantly secluded, so as to insure complete isolation ; and, if alarm should arise, it would, of course, be the duty of Inspectors to recommend re-vaccination in doubtful cases, with the usual remuneration for each successful case where the subjects are of the lower classes. Such remuneration should not be less than two shillings for each case, with the payment of which the respective Unions may fairly be chargeable. But what I maintain is, that strict inspection, with the consequent attention to the few sadly neglected rules of Dr. Jenner, would, *in a very few years*, effectually drive the small pox out of the land ; and as this is a consummation devoutly to be wished, I once more endeavour to gain the assent of the Commissioners and of the Legislature to a plan which, inexpensive and simple as it is, must, if carried out fairly and in good earnest, lead, as an almost necessary consequence, to the complete expulsion of a pestilence which, however great a blessing vaccination may be, is still lurking among us, and often exciting not unreasonable alarm.

Before I conclude this chapter, I may mention that,

at an early period of vaccination, the late Mr. Abernethy expressed some apprehension that it might after a while require to be renewed from time to time by recourse to its original source in the cow. This apprehension arose from his having occasionally met with a vesicle in which the lymph, instead of being distributed in several distinct cells, was concentrated in one, and might be fully discharged by a single puncture. Such vesicles I have since met with occasionally; and from one such I took lymph, and immediately inserted it in the arm of a remarkably healthy child. The vesicles which were the result were as perfect as they could be, having the lymph distributed in distinct cells, and fulfilling all the conditions of a successful vaccination. It is, therefore, probable that Mr. Abernethy's apprehension was groundless, whilst it showed, nevertheless, his great attention to the subject of vaccination, of which he was a most strenuous advocate.

It may be well for me, likewise, to mention a circumstance with which I happen to be acquainted, respecting variolous inoculation. It sometimes happens that the small-pox finds its way into a ship or some other place, where no vaccine lymph can be procured, in which case recourse must be had to inoculation with variolous matter as the sole expedient; and it is, I believe, generally admitted that the disease is usually less severe when the matter is taken at an early stage; but what I wish

to make known is the practice of an old and eminent surgeon, the late Mr. Luxmoore, of Okehampton, who was in the habit of diluting the matter taken from the small pox pustule with at least an equal quantity of water. This method with him succeeded admirably.\*

I have lately compared the last Compulsory Vaccination Act, 16 & 17 Vic. c. 100, with the result in the Truro district, where I fully believe that the officers, from the superintendent-registrar downwards, are desirous of discharging their respective duties, *but the failure is complete*; for the plain reason that there is no concurrent procedure among the parties from the want of an inspector of a superior order.

When the appointment of such an officer was

\* In early life I knew Mr. Luxmoore, the gentleman above alluded to, well. He was a man of superior understanding, and in personal appearance bore a handsome resemblance to Dr. Johnson, whom he likewise somewhat resembled in manner. He informed me that, up to the age of forty, he had been a water drinker, but that, about that period of his life, happening to be very much exposed to the contagion of typhus fever and to great fatigue, he took refuge in port wine, and found it agree with him so well that he seldom afterwards drank less than a pint daily. This he certainly need not have done, but he liked it, and was sociably and hospitably disposed. At the further end of his garden there ran a river, into which he plunged early every morning, whatever might be the weather, and a more cold and watery grave to look at than the particular pit into which he plunged there could not be. This habit he continued for a great number of years, and he was little, if at all, short of eighty when he died; but I do not think it unlikely that he may have persevered in his cold bath too long, for I understood that inflammation of the kidneys put a period to his existence, and not the mere wear and tear of his frame.

represented by me, some years ago, as indispensable, the difficulty was raised of want of power to remunerate him. The fact is, that *he must be paid by the State and not by a local rate*, and, for so responsible an office, not less than three guineas weekly would be adequate remuneration.

At present the proceedings are just what those of a ship would be without a captain having authority to carry out the necessary discipline. Whereas, an intelligent superintendent of a poor law district would take care that the objects of the Legislature should not be unnecessarily obstructed.

Every birth is required by law to be inserted on the registrar's list, and it should be noted at the time of registration whether the individual so registered is qualified, from situation in life, for gratuitous vaccination or not, as with such alone the appointed gratuitous vaccinators would be concerned. With respect to the community at large, all that need be required is, that every surgeon should, under pain of a heavy penalty for omission, send to the registrar of his district the name of each child vaccinated by him and the result, so that, at the end of every year, the registrar's list might show the name of each child vaccinated, and inquiry be instituted relative to the omissions.

With respect to the gratuitous vaccinations, it would be impossible to obtain the benefit of inspection unless each union be divided into a convenient number of districts, *in one only of which gratuitous*

*vaccination must go on at a time*; so that the inspector will be able to see what is doing, and certify, and regulate, as circumstances may require.

Each gratuitous vaccinator will have his own list of children born in his particular district, and it will be seen at the end of the year, by inspecting the respective lists, what children have been vaccinated, and what not; and the reason of the exceptions should be scrutinized.

With a good inspector the objects of the Legislature may be accomplished, but not otherwise.

It may be safely left to the chairman of the union to appoint the inspector, so as to avoid canvassing; and the inspector so appointed should be allowed himself to appoint a deputy to supply his place on emergencies, as is the case with respect to coroners, the payment of such deputy to devolve on the inspector, who will make his own terms. I will conclude by saying, once more, that an intelligent and experienced inspector, co-operating and making his arrangements with the registrars and gratuitous vaccinators will, in no long time, bring the small pox to extinction, and *that without such inspection* it is morally impossible to give effect to the present, or any other compulsory Act of the Legislature.

It was very gratifying to me to find that the justice of this opinion, which I have long confidently maintained, is so strikingly confirmed by Dr. Watson in his Lecture on Vaccination.



SURE AND CERTAIN METHODS  
OF ATTAINING A  
LONG AND HEALTHFUL LIFE:  
WITH MEANS OF CORRECTING  
A BAD CONSTITUTION, &c.

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WRITTEN ORIGINALLY IN ITALIAN,  
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A Noble Venetian,  
AND MADE ENGLISH.

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## PREFACE

### TO THE PRESENT EDITION.

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I HAVE always thought that Lewis Cornaro's Autobiography comprises, in spirit, all that can be said respecting "The Methods of attaining a Long and Healthful Life," as well as of the value of its attainment.

Sir John Sinclair, in his "Code of Health and Longevity," has gone into details which are so infinite in variety, as to become perplexing; and he has done Cornaro injustice in saying, that, "on the whole, too much stress has been laid on the doctrines of Cornaro," apparently misled by some remarks of Feyjoo, that "God did not create Lewis Cornaro to be a rule for all mankind in what they were to eat and drink."\* I know little more of Feyjoo than that he was a Spanish Benedictine Friar. The beauty and excellence of Cornaro's Code consist in the good sense and liberality of its entire tenour: he tells us what good he derived from a particular diet, but he guards especially against the imputation of

\* "Code of Health and Longevity," 5th edit., p. 164, Note.

wishing to restrict others to the same measure with himself. I have, therefore, thought it well to let Cornaro again speak for himself, believing that a Treatise can scarcely come too often before the public of which Addison long ago said, that " It is written with such a spirit of Cheerfulness, Religion, and good Sense, as are the natural Concomitants of Temperance and Sobriety; the Mixture of the old Man in it, is rather a Recommendation than a Discredit."

THE  
 SURE WAY OF ATTAINING  
 A  
 LONG AND HEALTHFUL LIFE.

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CHAPTER I.

OF A SOBER AND REGULAR LIFE.

NOTHING is more certain, than that Custom becomes a second Nature, and has a great Influence upon our Bodies. Nay, it has too often more Power over the Mind, than Reason itself. The honestest Man alive, in keeping Company with Libertines, by degrees forgets the Maxims of Probity, which he had imbibed from the very Breast, and gives himself the Loose in those Vices which he sees practised. If he be so happy as to relinquish that bad Company, and to meet with better, Virtue will triumph in its Turn : and he insensibly resumes the Wisdom which he had abandoned. In a word, all the Alterations which we perceive in the Temper, Carriage, and Manners of most Men, have scarce any other Foundation, but the Force and Prevalency of Custom.

I have observed, that it is Custom which has given

Rise to Two very dangerous Evils within a little Time in *Italy*; the first I reckon to be Flattery and Ceremonies; and the second, Intemperance both in Eating and Drinking.

The first of these banishes out of human Conversation, all Plain-dealing, Frankness and Sincerity: And against the latter I declare open War, as being the most destructive of *Health*, and the greatest Enemy it has.

'Tis an Unhappiness into which the Men of this Age are fallen, that Variety of Dishes is *A-la-mode*, and become so far preferable to Frugality. And yet the one is the Product of Temperance; whilst Pride, and an unrestrained Appetite, is the Parent of the other. Notwithstanding the difference of their Origin, yet Prodigality is at present stiled Magnificence, Generosity and Grandeur, and is commonly esteemed of in the World; whilst Frugality passes for Avarice, and Sordidness of Spirit in the Eyes of most Men. Here is a visible Error, which Custom and Habit have establish'd.

This Error has so far seduced us, that it has prevailed upon us to renounce a frugal Way of Living, tho' taught us by Nature, even from the first Age of the World, as being that which would prolong our Days; and has cast us into those Excesses, which serve only to abridge the Number of them. We become Old, before we have been able to taste the Pleasure of being Young; and the Time which ought to be the Summer of our Lives, is often the Beginning of their Winter. We soon perceive our Strength to fail, and Weakness to come on apace, and decline, even before we come to Perfection. On the contrary, Sobriety maintains us in the natural State wherein

we ought to be : Our Youth is lasting, and our Manhood attended with a Vigor that does not begin to decay, till after a great many Years.

O Unhappy *Italy* ! Dost Thou not perceive that Gluttony and Excess robs thee every Year of more Inhabitants than Pestilence, War and Famine could have destroyed ? Thy true Plagues are the frequent Feastings, which are so extravagant that no Tables can be made large enough to hold that Number of Dishes which Prodigality lays upon them, but they are forced to be heaped upon one another in Pyramids. What Madness, what Fury is this ? Regulate this Disorder, if not for God's Sake, yet for thy own. I am sure there is no Sin, that displeases him more, nor any Voluptuousness that can be more pernicious to thyself. Endeavour then to heal thyself of this, as being one of those Epidemical Distempers, from which thou mayest be preserved by wholesome Food, and by the Precautions that may prevent them. It is very easy to avoid the Evils which an Excess in Eating or Drinking may bring upon us ; nor is it any hard Matter to find out a Sovereign Remedy against Repletion, since Nature itself has taught us it. Let us only give it what it requires, and not over-charge it ; for a small Matter suffices Nature. The Rules of Temperance are derived from those of Right Reason. Let us accustom ourselves to eat only to support Life ; what is more than necessary for our Nourishment, sows the Seeds of Sickness and Death ; it is a Pleasure, for which we must pay very dear, and which can neither be innocent, nor excusable, since it may be so prejudicial to us.

How many have I seen cut off, in the flower of their Days, by the unhappy Custom of High-feeding ? How

many excellent Friends has Gluttony deprived me of, who might have been still an Ornament to the World, an Honour to their Country, and have occasioned me as much Satisfaction in enjoying them, as now I have Sorrow in losing them?

'T is to put a stop to this spreading Contagion, that I have undertaken to shew in this small Tract, that the Number and Variety of Dishes is a fatal Abuse, which ought to be corrected, by living soberly, as did the Patriarchs of Old. Several young Persons, who for their good Qualities, merit my Esteem, having lost their Fathers sooner than they could have expected, have expressed a great Desire of being acquainted with my manner of Living. I could not but think their Curiosity very reasonable, since nothing is more reasonable, than to wish for long Life. The more we advance in Years, the larger will our Experience be; and if Nature, which aims only at our Good, advises us to grow Old, and concurs with us in that Design, it is because she is sensible that the Body being weakened by Time, which destroys all Things, the Mind, when disengaged from the Snares of Voluptuousness, is more at Leisure to make use of its Reason, and to taste the Sweets of Virtue. Hereupon I was willing to satisfy those Persons, and at the same Time to do some Service to the Publick, by declaring what were the Motives that induced me to renounce Intemperance, and live a sober Life; by shewing the Method I observe, and what Benefit I find thereby; and lastly, by demonstrating, that nothing can be more beneficial to a Man, than to observe a Regimen, that it is practicable, and very necessary to be followed.

I say then, that the Weakness of my Constitution, which was considerably increased by my Way of Living, cast me into so deplorable a Condition, that I was forced to bid a final Adieu to all Feastings, to which I had all my Life-long a violent Inclination. I was so often engaged in Excesses of this Kind, that my tender Constitution could not hold up under the Fatigues of them. I fell into\* several Distempers, such as Pains of the Stomach, the Cholick, and the Gout. I had a lingering Fever, and an intolerable Thirst continually hanging upon me. This made me despair of any Cure, and though I was then not above 35 or 40 Years old, yet I had no hopes of finding any other End of my Distempers, but what should end my Life too.

The best Physicians in *Italy* made use of all their Skill for my Recovery, but without Success. At last when they quite despair'd of me, they told me they knew only of one Remedy that could cure me, if I had Resolution enough to undertake and continue it; to wit, a sober and regular Life, which they exhorted me to live the remainder of my Days, assuring me, that if Intemperance had brought so many Distempers, it was only Temperance that could free me from them.

I relish'd this Proposal; and perceived, that notwithstanding the miserable Condition to which my Intemperance had reduced me, yet I was not so incurable, but the contrary might recover, or at least ease me. And I was the more easily persuaded to it, because I knew several Persons of a great Age, and a bad Constitution,

\* See Note L.



who only prolonged their Lives by observing a Regimen ; whilst, on the other hand, I knew others who were born with a wonderful Constitution, and yet broke it by their Debaucheries. It seemed very natural to me, that a different Way of living and acting produces different Effects ; since Art may conduce to correct, perfect, weaken or destroy Nature, according to the good or bad Use that is made of it.

The Physicians beginning to find me tractable, added to what they had before told me, that I must either chuse a Regimen, or Death ; that I could not live, if I did not follow their Advice ; and that if I deferr'd much longer taking my Resolutions accordingly, it would be too late to do it. This was home : I was loth to die so soon, and I could not tell how to bear the Thoughts of it ; besides, I was convinc'd of their Experience and Ability. In short, being morally certain, that my best Way was to believe them, I resolv'd upon putting into Practice this Course of Life, how austere soever it seem'd to me.

I intreated my Physicians to inform me exactly, after what manner I ought to govern myself ? To this they reply'd, That I must always manage myself as a sick Person ; eat nothing but what was good, and that in a small Quantity.

They had a long Time before prescribed the same Thing to me ; but, till then, I made a Jest of it. When I was cloyed with the Diet they ordered me, I did eat of all those Meats which they had forbidden ; and perceiving myself hot and dry, I drank Wine in Abundance. However, I do not boast of this my Conduct : I was one of those imprudent Patients, who not being able to

resolve upon doing whatever is prescribed them for their Health, mind nothing else but deceiving their Physicians, though they prove the greatest Cheats to themselves at last.

As soon as I resolv'd to believe my Physicians, and thought that it was a Disgrace not to have Courage enough to be wise ; I accustomed myself so much to live soberly, that I contracted a Habit of so doing, without any Trouble or Violence offered to myself. In a little Time \* I found Relief ; and (which may seem to some incredible) at the Year's End, I found myself not only on the mending Hand, but I was perfectly cured of all my Distempers.

When I saw I was recovered, and began to taste the Sweets of this Sort of Resurrection, I made Abundance of Reflections upon the Usefulness of a regular Life : I admired the Efficacy of it ; and perceived, that if it had been so powerful as to cure me, it would be capable enough of preserving me from those Distempers to which I had been always subject.

The Experience I had thereof removing all farther scruple, I began to Study what Food was proper for me. I was minded to try, whether what pleased my Taste, were beneficial, or prejudicial to my Health, and whether the Proverb were true, which says, *That what delights the Palate, cannot but be good for the Heart?* I found it to be false ; and that it only serves as an Excuse to the Sensualists, who are for indulging themselves in whatever might please their Appetites.

\* See Note II.

Formerly I could not drink my Wine with Ice ; I loved heady Wines, Melons, all sorts of raw Fruits, Salads, salt Meats, high Sauces, and baked Meats, notwithstanding they were prejudicial to me. Hereupon I made no Account of the Proverb ; and being convinced of its Falsity, I made choice of such Wines and Meats as agreed with my Constitution : I proportion'd the Quantity thereof according to the Strength of my Stomach. I declined all Diet that did not agree with me ; and made it a Law to myself, to lay a Restraint upon my Appetite ; so that I always rose from Table, with a Stomach to eat more if I pleased. In a word, I entirely renounced Intemperance, and made a Vow to continue the Remainder of my Life under the same Regimen that I had observ'd : A happy Resolution this, the keeping whereof has freed me from all my Infirmities, which without it were incurable ! I never before lived a Year together, without falling once at least into some violent Distemper ; but this never happened to me afterwards : On the contrary, I have been always healthful, ever since I have been temperate.

The Nourishment which I take, being in Quality and Quantity just enough to suffice Nature, breeds no such corrupt Humours, as spoil the best Constitutions. 'Tis true, indeed, that besides this Precaution, I made use of many others. For instance, I took care to keep myself from Heats and Colds, I abstained from all violent Exercises, as also from ill Hours and Women. I no longer lived in Places where was an unwholesome Air, and took special Care to avoid the being exposed to violent Winds, or to the excessive Heat of the Sun. All

these Cautions may seem morally impossible to those Men, who, in their Transactions in the World, follow no other Guides but their own Passions; and yet they are not hard to be practis'd, when a Man can be so just to himself, as to prefer the Preservation of his Health to all the Pleasures of Sense, and necessary Hurry of Business.

I likewise found it advantageous to me, not to abandon myself to Melancholy, by banishing out of my Mind whatever might occasion it: I made use of all the Powers of my Reason, to restrain the Force of those Passions, whose Violence does often break the Constitution of the strongest Bodies. 'Tis true, indeed, that I was not always so much a Philosopher, nor yet so cautious, but that sometimes I fell into those Disorders that I would have avoided; but this rarely happen'd: And the Guard I kept over my Appetite, which ought chiefly to be minded, prevented all the pernicious Consequences, which might have arisen from my petty Irregularities.

This is certain, that the Passions have less Influence, and cause less Disorder, in a Body that is regular in its Diet, than in another which gives the loose to the Cravings of an inordinate Appetite. *Galen* made this Observation before me; and I might produce several Authorities to support this Opinion, but I will go only upon mine own Experience. It was impossible for me sometimes to abstain from the Extremes of Hot and Cold, and to get an entire Mastery over all the Occasions of Trouble which had cross'd my whole Life; but yet these Emotions made no Alteration in the State of my Health: And I met with a great many Instances of

Persons, who sunk under a less Weight, both of Body and Mind.

There was in our Family a considerable Suit of Law depending against some Persons, whose Might overcame our Right. One of my Brothers, and some of my Relations, who having never smarted for their Debauches, were the more free to indulge them, could not conquer that Concern which the Loss of this Suit of Law wrought in them, and perfectly died of Grief. I was as sensible as they were of the Injustice that was done us, but I did not die for it ; and I attribute their Loss, and my Welfare, to the Difference in our Way of living. I was made amends for that Disgrace, by the Comfort I had of not sinking under it ; and now make no manner of Doubt, but that the Passions are less violent in a Man that lives soberly, than in one that does not.

At seventy Years of Age, I had another Experiment of the Usefulness of my Regimen. A Business of an extraordinary Consequence drawing me into the Country, my Coach Horses went faster than I would have them ; being lash'd with the Whip, got a-head, and ran away with me. I was overthrown, and dragg'd a long way before they could stay the Horses. They took me out of the Coach, with my Head broken, a Leg and an Arm out of Joint, and, in a word, in a very lamentable Condition. As soon as they had brought me home again, they sent for the Physicians, who did not expect I could live three Days to an End : However, they resolv'd upon letting of me blood, to prevent the coming of a Fever, which usually happens in such Cases. I was so confident, that the regular Life which I had led, had prevented the contract-

ing of any ill Humours which I might be afraid of, that I oppos'd their Prescription.\* I order'd them to dress my Head, to set my Leg and my Arm, to rub me with some specifick Oils, proper for Bruises; and, without any other Remedies, I was soon cur'd, to the great Astonishment of the Physicians, and of all those who knew me. From hence I infer, that a regular Life is an excellent Preservative against all natural Evils, and that Intemperance produces quite contrary Effects.

About Five Years ago, I was over-persuaded to do a Thing, which had like to have cost me dear. My Relations, whom I love, and who have a real Tenderness for me; my Friends, with whom I was willing to comply in any Thing that was reasonable; lastly, my Physicians, who were looked upon as the Oracles of Health, did all agree, that I eat too little; that the Nourishment I took, was not sufficient for one of my Years; that I ought not only to support Nature, but likewise to increase the Vigor of it, by eating a little more than I did. It was in vain for me to represent to them, that Nature is content with a Little; that this Little having preserved me so long in Health, Custom was become a Second Nature to me: That it was more reasonable, since Natural Heat abates in proportion as one grows older, that I should likewise abridge my Allowance in Diet.

To add the greater Force to my Opinion, I mentioned to them the Proverb which saith, *He that eats little, eats much*; that is, if a Man is willing to live long in the Enjoyment of his Food, let him live sparingly. I likewise

\* See Note III.

told them, that what one leaves at a Meal does more good, than what one has already eaten. But all this could not prevail upon them; and being wearied with their Importunities, I was forced to submit. Having therefore before been used to take Twelve Ounces, in Bread, Soups, Yolks of Eggs, and Meat, I increas'd it to Fourteen Ounces a Day; and drinking about Fourteen Ounces of Wine, I added Two Ounces more and made it Sixteen.

This Augmentation of Diet\* was so prejudicial to me, that as brisk as I was, I began to be sad, and out of Humour; every thing offended me, and upon the least Occasion I broke out into a Passion, so that a Dog (as they say) would not live with me. At Twelve Days End, I was taken with a violent Fit of the Cholick, and that followed by a continual Fever, which tormented me Five and Thirty Days together, and for the first Fifteen Days put me into such an Agony, that it was impossible for me to take a quarter of an Hour's Sleep at a Time. There was no Occasion to ask my Friends whether they despair'd of my Life, and whether they repented of the Advice they had given me; for they several times believed that I was a dying Man, just giving up the Ghost. However, I recovered, tho' I was Seventy Eight Years of Age, and tho' we had a harder Winter than is usual in our Climate.

Nothing freed me from this Danger, but the Regimen which I had so long observed. It had prevented me from contracting those ill Humours, with which they are troubled in their old Age, who are not so wise as to take care of themselves whilst they are Young. I did not per-

\* See Note IV.

ceive in me the old Leaven of those Humours, and having nothing to struggle with, but the new ones, which were occasioned by this small Addition to my Diet, I opposed and conquered my Indisposition, notwithstanding its Force.

From this Sickness, and my Recovery from it, we may discern, what an Influence a Regimen has over us, which preserved me from Death; and what a Power Repletion has, which in so few Days brought me to the last Extremity. 'Tis probable, that Order being necessary for the Conservation of the Universe, and our bodily Life being nothing else but a Harmony and perfect Agreement between the Elementary Qualities of which our Bodies are composed, we cannot live long in a disorderly Course of Life, of which nothing but Corruption can possibly come.

Order indeed is so exceeding beneficial,\* that it cannot be too strictly observed in every Thing. It is by the Means of this that we arrive to the Perfection of Arts, and an easy Accomplishment in the Sciences. It renders Armies victorious, keeps up the Civil Polity of Cities, and Concord in Families: It renders whole Nations flourishing; in a word, it is the Support and Preserver both of the Civil and Natural Life, and the best Remedy that can be applied to all Evils, whether publick or private.

When a disinterested Physician† waits upon a Patient, let him remember to recommend to him his Diet, and especially a Regimen therein, in order to his Recovery. This is certain, that if all Men would live regularly and

\* See Note V.

† See Note VI.



frugally, there would be so few Sick Persons, that there would hardly be any Occasion for Remedies ; every one would become his own *Physician*, and would be convinced that he never met with a better. It would be to little Purpose to study the Constitution of other Men ; every one, if he would but apply himself to it, would always be better acquainted with his own, than with that of another ; every one would be capable of making those Experiments for himself, which another could not do for him, and would be the best Judge of the Strength of his own Stomach, and of the Food which is agreeable thereto ; for, in one word, it is next to impossible to know exactly the Constitution of another, the Constitutions of Men being as different from one another, as their Complexion. Who now, for Instance, would imagine that old Wine should be hurtful, and new Wine wholesome to me ? That Things which are looked upon to be naught by Nature, should refresh and strengthen me ? What *Physician* could have observed in me those Effects, so uncommon in most Bodies, and so contrary to the Notions of Mankind, when I myself was at no small Pains in discovering the Causes thereof, after abundance of Tryals, which prove the Difference of Mens Constitutions ?

Since no Man, therefore,\* can have a better Physician than himself, nor a more Sovereign Antidote than a Regimen, every one ought to follow my Example ; that is, to study his own Constitution, and to regulate his Life according to the Rules of right Reason.

I own, indeed, that a Physician may be sometimes

\* See Note VII.

necessary ; since there are some Distempers which all human Prudence cannot provide against. There happen some unavoidable Accidents, which seize us after such a Manner, as to deprive our Judgment of the Liberty it ought to have to be a Comfort to us. It is Foolishness then wholly to rely upon Nature, it must have a supply, and recourse must be had to some one or other for it.

If the Presence of a *Friend* who comes to visit a sick *Person*, and to testify the Concern he has for his Illness, be a Comfort and Refreshment to him, there is greater Reason to believe, that the Visit of a Physician must needs be more agreeable, being a Friend upon whose Advice and Care we may depend for a speedy Recovery of our Health ; but for the maintaining of that Health, there needs no other Support but a sober and regular Life. It is a Specifick and Natural Medicine, which preserves the Man, how tender soever his Constitution be, and prolongs his Life to above a Hundred Years, spares him the Pain of a violent Death, sends him quietly out of the World, when the Radical Moisture is quite spent, and which, in short, has all the Properties that are fancied to be in *Aurum Potabile*, and the *Elixir* which a great many Persons have sought after in vain.

But, alas ! most Men suffer themselves to be seduced by the Charms of a voluptuous Life.\* They have not Courage enough to deny their Appetites ; and being overpersuaded by their Prejudices so far, as to think they cannot prevent the Gratification of them, without abridging too much of their Pleasures, they form Systems

\* See Note VIII.

whereby to persuade themselves, that it is more eligible to live Ten Years less, than to be upon the Restraint, and deprived of whatever may gratify the Cravings of their Appetites.

Alas ! They know not the Value of Ten Years healthful Life in an Age, when a Man may enjoy the full use of his Reason, and make an Advantage of all his Experiences : In an Age wherein a Man may appear to be truly such by his Wisdom and Conduct ; lastly, in a Time wherein he is in a Condition of reaping the Fruits of his Studies and Labours.

To instance only in the Sciences ; it is certain, that the best Books which we have extant, were composed in those last Ten Years which the Intemperate despise ; and that Men's Minds growing to Perfection, proportionably as their Bodies grow old, Arts and Sciences would have lost a great deal of their Perfection, if all the Great Men who were Professors of that, had lived Ten Years shorter than they did. For my Part, I think it proper to keep the fatal Day of my Death as far off as I can. If this had not been my Resolution, I should not have finished several Pieces, which will be both pleasing and instructing to those who come after me.

The Sensualists farther object, that it is impossible to live a regular Life. To this I reply ; that *Galen*, who was so great a Man, made Choice of it, and advised others to do the same, as being the best Course they could take. *Plato*, *Cicero*, *Isocrates*, and a great many Famous Men of past Ages embraced it ; and in our Time, Pope *Paul Farneze*, Cardinal *Bembo*, and Two of our Doges, *Lando* and *Dorato*, have practised it, and thereby

arrived to an extreme old Age. I might instance in others of a meaner Extract; but, having followed this Rule myself, I think I cannot produce a more convincing Proof of its being practicable, and that the greatest Trouble to be met with therein, is the first resolving and entering upon such a Course of Life.

You will tell me that *Plato*, as sober a Man as he was, yet affirmed, That a Man devoted to the Administration of the Government in publick Affairs, can hardly lead an exact and regular Life,\* being often obliged in the Service of the State, to be exposed to the Badness of Weather, to the Fatigues of Travelling, and to eat whatever he can meet with. This cannot be denied; but then I maintain, That these Things will never hasten a Man's Death, provided he that is in this Post accustoms himself to a frugal Way of Living. There is no Man, in what Condition soever he is, but may prevent his over eating; and cure himself of those Distempers that are caused by Repletion. They who have the charge of publick Affairs committed to their Trust, are more obliged to it than any others: Where there is no Glory to be got for their Country, they ought not to sacrifice themselves: They should preserve themselves to serve it; and if they pursue my Method, it is certain they would ward off the Distempers which Heat and Cold, and Fatigues might bring upon them; or should they be disturbed with them it would be but very lightly.

It may likewise be objected, That if one who is Well, is dieted like one that is Sick, he will be at a Loss about

\* See Note IX.

the Choice of his Diet, when any Distemper comes upon him. To this I say, That Nature, which preserves all Beings as far as possible, teaches us how we ought to govern our selves in such a Case. It begins by depriving us altogether of our Appetites, that we can eat little or nothing at all. At that Time, whether the Sick Person has been Sober or Intemperate, no other Food ought to be made Use of, but such as is proper for the Condition wherein he is; such as Broth, Jellies, Cordials, Barley-Water, &c. When his Recovery will permit him to make Use of a more solid Nourishment, he must take less than he was used to before his Sickness, and notwithstanding the Eagerness of his Appetite, he must take Care of his Stomach, till he has a perfect Cure. Should he do otherwise he would overburden Nature, and infallibly relapse into the Danger from whence he escaped. But notwithstanding this, I dare aver, That he who leads a sober and regular Life, will hardly ever be Sick; or if he is, it will be but seldom, and for a short Time. This Way of Living preserves us from those Humours which Occasion our Infirmities, and by Consequence heals us of all those Distempers which they engender. The Defect of the Cause does physically prevent the Production of the Effect; and the Effect cannot be dangerous and violent, when the Cause itself is but slight and weak.

Since then Sobriety lays a Restraint upon our Passions, preserves our Health, and is both Wholesome and Beneficial to us, ought it not to be followed and embraced by all Men? Self-love, if well understood, advises us to it: It is neither impossible nor difficult; and the Method I take, ought to discourage nobody from undertaking it.

For I do not pretend to persuade every-body to eat as little as I do, or to debar themselves from the Use of a great many Things from which I refrain. I eat but little, because my Stomach is nice, and I abstain from certain Dishes because they are prejudicial to me. They who are not offended by them, are not obliged to refrain from them, but are allowed the Use of them; only they ought to abstain from eating too much, even of that which agrees with them, because it would be prejudicial to them, since an over-charged Stomach cannot so easily digest it. In short, he that is offended at nothing, has no Occasion of enquiring into the Quality of his Diet, he ought only to be cautious of the Quantity thereof.

It signifies nothing to tell me, That there are several who deny themselves nothing, do yet live as long without Infirmities, as they who are Sober. This is but rare, uncertain, hazardous, and in a Manner miraculous. The Instances of this Nature, do not at all justify the Conduct of those Persons, who reckon it an extraordinary Happiness, and are commonly the Betrayers of their good Constitution. It is more certain, that an infirm old Man will live longer by observing a strict Regimen, than a young, vigorous, and healthful Man will, that gives the Loose to his Appetite.

However, this is certain, That a good Constitution, with the Support of a regular Life, will carry a Man farther than a weak one, though managed with an equal degree of Care. God and Nature may form Bodies so strong and robust, as to be Proof against all that is contrary to us; as I have observed at *Venice*, the Procurator, *Thomas Materini*, and at *Padua* the Chevalier *Antonio*

*Capo di Vacca*; but among a Thousand one shall hardly meet with the like. All others who are for a long and healthful Life, who would die without an Agony, and only by a pure Dissolution, who would, lastly, enjoy the Advantages of a happy old Age, will never come to what they aim at, without Sobriety.

It is Temperance alone which supports our Constitution, without any Alteration; it creates nothing but sweet and wholesome Humours, which sending up no Vapours to the Brain, leave the Mind the perfect Use of the Organs, and are no Hindrance from raising its Contemplation from the Wonders of the World, to the Consideration of the Power of its Creator. A Man can be never the better for those Reflections, when his Head is full of the Vapours of Wine and Meat. But when once these Fumes are gone, his Understanding is clear, he observes and discerns a Thousand agreeable Things, which he would not have known or comprehended in another State. He can then discern the falsity of those Pleasures, which Voluptuousness promises, the real Goods with which Virtue loads us, and the Unhappiness of those whom a fatal Delusion renders Slaves to their Passions.

The Three most dangerous, are, the Pleasure of the Taste, the hunting after Honours, and the Possession of Riches: These Desires increase with the Age of old Men; who having always led a disorderly Life, have suffered their Lusts to take Root in their Youth and Manhood. A wise Man does not stay so long before he corrects them; he declares betimes a War against his Passions, of which he does not obtain the Mastery till after several Struggles; and then Virtue in its Turn

triumphs, and crowns the Man with the Blessings of Heaven, and the Esteem of all the World.

Is he ready to pay the Tribute that is due to Nature? Full of Acknowledgments for the Favours already received from God, he throws himself into the Arms of his future Mercy. He is not afraid of those Everlasting Punishments, which they deserve, who by their Intemperance offer Violence to their own Lives. He dies without complaining, because he was not to live for ever; and his Reason sweetens the Bitterness of this Fatality. In a word, he leaves the World generously, when in a long Tract of happy Years he has had Time enough to enjoy his Virtue and Reputation; and considers, that not One in a Thousand, who have lived otherwise than he has done, has arrived to such an Age.

He is comforted the more, upon considering, that this Separation will not be violent, painful or feverish. His End is calm, and he expires like a Lamp when the Oil is spent, no Delirium, no Convulsions attending him: And so he passes from this corruptible Life, to that whose Eternal Happiness is the Reward of the Virtuous.

O happy, blessed, and regular Life! How worthy art thou of our Esteem; and how dost thou deserve to be preferr'd before thy contrary? We need only reflect upon the different Effects of both, to be sensible of the Advantages that attend thee; tho' thy Name alone is sufficient to attract that Esteem which thou deservest.

Having thus given the Reasons, which made me abandon an intemperate, and take up with a sober Life, as also the Method I observed in it, and the Benefit which I reap'd from it, and the Advantage which others may receive



from the Practice thereof; I shall now direct my Discourse to those, who suppose it to be no Benefit to grow old; because they fancy, that when a Man is past Seventy, his Life is nothing but Weakness, Infirmary, and Misery. In the first place, I can assure them, that they are mightily mistaken; and that I find myself, as old as I am, (which is much beyond what they speak of) to be in the most pleasant and delightful Stage of Life.

To prove that I have Reason for what I say, they need only enquire how I spend my Time, what are my usual Pleasures and Business; and to hear the Testimony of all those that know me. They unanimously testify, that the Life I lead, is not a dead and languishing Life, but as happy a one as can be wish'd for in this World.

They will tell you, that I am still so strong at Four-score and three, as to mount a Horse without any Help: That I can not only ascend a flight of Stairs without any Concern, but likewise a Hill all on Foot: That I am always merry, always pleas'd, always in Humour; maintaining a happy Peace in my own Mind, the Sweetness and Serenity whereof appear at all Times in my Countenance.

Besides, they know that 'tis in my Power to pass away the Time very pleasantly; having nothing to hinder me from tasting all the Pleasures of an agreeable Society, with several Persons of Parts and Worth. When I am willing to be alone, I read good Books, and sometimes fall to writing;\* seeking always an Occasion of being useful to the Publick, and doing Service to private Persons, as far as possible. I do all this without the least Trouble; and in such Times as I set apart for these Employments.

\* See Note X.

I dwell in a House, which besides its being situated in the pleasantest Part of *Padua*, may be looked upon as the most convenient and most agreeable Mansion in that City. I there make me Apartments proper for the Winter and Summer, which serve as a Shelter to defend me from the extreme Heat of the one, and the rigid Coldness of the other. I walk out in my Gardens, along my Canals and Walks; where I always meet with some little Thing or other to do, which, at the same Time, employs and diverts me.

I spend the Months of *April, May, September, and October*, at my Country-House, which is the finest Situation imaginable: The Air of it is good, the Avenues neat, the Gardens magnificent, the Waters clear and plentiful; and this Seat may well pass for an enchanted Palace. When I am there, I sometimes divert myself with a Sport that agrees most with my Age; *viz.*, in going out with a Setting-Dog, or with Terriers.

Sometimes I take a Walk to my *Villa*, all whose Streets terminate at a large Square; in the Midst of which is a pretty neat Church, and large enough for the Bigness of the Parish.

Through this *Villa* runs a Rivulet; and the Country about is enriched with fruitful and well cultivated Fields; having at present a considerable Number of Inhabitants. This was not so, anciently: It was a marshy Place, and the Air so bad, that it was more proper for Frogs and Toads, than for Men to dwell in. I thought it advisable to drain the Marsh-Lands;\* so that being dry, the Air became more wholesome. Several Families have settled

\* See Note XI.

there, and rendred the Place very populous ; where, I may say, that I have dedicated to the Lord a Church, Altars, and Hearts to worship him : which Reflection is a great Comfort to me, as often as I make it.

Sometimes I pay a Visit to my Friends of the Neighbouring Towns, who procure me an Acquaintance with the ingenious Men of the Place. I discourse with them about Architecture, Painting, Sculpture, Mathematicks, and Agriculture ; Sciences for which I had all my Life long a great Fondness, and the rather, because they were very much in Esteem in my Time.

I saw with Curiosity the new Pieces of Workmanship ; and it was a new Pleasure to me, to take a second View of those which I had already seen ; and I am always learning something that I am pleased to know.

I visit Publick Buildings, Palaces, Gardens, Antiquities, Squares, Churches, and Fortifications ; passing by no Place that may gratify my Curiosity, or give me any new Light into Things.

That which charmed me most in the little Journeys I took, was the various Prospects of Places through which I went : The Plains, the Hills, the Rivulets, the Castles and the Villages, were as so many Objects that offered themselves with Pleasure to my Sight, and afforded a delightful View.

In short, the Pleasures I take, are not imperfect upon the account of the Weakness of my Organs : I see and hear as well as ever I did in my Life : All my Senses are as free and as perfect as ever ; especially my Taste,\*

\* See Note XII.

which is better with that little which I eat at present, than when I was a Slave to my Appetite.

Changing of beds is no Hindrance to my Repose : I sleep very soundly ; and if I dream, my Dreams are pleasant.\*

It is with a great deal of Satisfaction, that I see the End of a Work of such Importance to this State, (*viz.*, the drainage,) which has rendered so many Places fertile, that before were uncultivated and useless ; a Thing I never expected to have seen compleated, considering how many States are loth to begin, and weary of carrying on, Undertakings of so vast a Charge, and so difficult to be performed. I was upon the Places for Two Months together, with the Commissaries that had the oversight of these Works ; and this, during the greatest Heat of Summer ; and yet, Thanks to my Regimen, the only Preserver of my Health, neither the unwholesome Air of the Fens, nor the Fatigue, did me any Injury.

Such as these are the Employments and Diversions of my Old Age ; which is, blessed be God, free from those Disturbances of Mind, and Infirmities of Body, under which so many poor Rheumatick and crazy old Men, as well as miserable young Men, labour.

If in discoursing on such a serious Subject as this, it be allowable to speak of Trifles, I might tell you that at the Age of Fourscore and Three a sober Life had preserved me in that Sprightliness of Thought, and Gaiety of Humour, as to be able to compose a Play for the Use of the Stage, which was diverting, without shocking the

\* See Note XIII.

Audience. Comedy is usually the Product of Youth as Tragedy is of old Age. The latter, by the Gravity of its Composure, suiting to riper Years, whilst the former, by its Facetiousness, is more agreeable to those that are young. If Antiquity has so far commended and admired a *Greek Poet*,\* for having, in the Seventy Third Year of his Age, composed a Tragedy, which is a grave and serious Poem, why should I be less admired, and happy in having composed a Comedy, which is diverting, at my Age? For this I am sure of, that though that Author was Ten Years younger than I am, yet he had not more Health, nor a brisker Genius.

To conclude, as an Addition to my Happiness, I see myself as it were immortalized, and born again by the great Number of my Descendants. I meet with not only Two or Three when I come Home, but Eleven Grand-Children, the eldest of which is Eighteen, and the youngest Two Years old, all born of the same Father, and the same Mother; all healthful, of good Parts, and of promising Hopes. I take a delight in playing with the Youngsters; Children between Three and Five Years of Age, being generally very merry and diverting Company. Those who are older, entertain me better: I often make them sing and play upon Musical Instruments, and sometimes I join in Consort with them.

Call you this an infirm and crazy old Age, as they pretend, who say, that a Man is but half alive after he is Seventy? They may believe me if they please, but in Reality I would not change my Age and Life, for the most

\* Sophocles.

flourishing Youth, which lays no restraint upon its Senses, being sure that it is subject to a great many Distempers, which may occasion Death.

I remember all the Follies that I was guilty of in my young Days, and am perfectly sensible of the Danger and Imprudence of them. I know with what Violence young Persons are carried away by their Passions, and how much they presume upon their Strength, but would think they had taken a sure Lease of their Life; they expose it rashly, as if it were chargeable to them, and they run headlong into whatsoever their Concupiscence prompts them to. They must gratify their Appetites, whatever it cost them, without perceiving that they feed those ill Humours which will render their Lives miserable, and hasten the Hour of their Death.

Of these Two, the one is cruel, the other dreadful and insupportable by all sensual Men, especially young People, who suppose they have a better Title to Life than others; and Libertines, who are not so blind as to flatter themselves, that God will permit their Sin to go unpunished.

As for my part, blessed be God, I find myself freed from those just Fears which cannot but alarm them, whenever they are capable of Reflections. For, in the first place, I am certain that I shall not fall sick, since I take care, by a regular Diet, to ward off Infirmities. And then, Secondly, the Time of my Death approaching, teaches me to submit quietly to that which is inevitable, and from which no Man could ever secure himself. It is folly to be afraid of that which cannot be avoided; but I hope, whenever the Time comes, the Merits of Jesus Christ will be available to me; though I am sensible that

I must die, yet I am persuaded it will be a long Time e're I shall, since this Dissolution cannot happen, but by the Consumption of the radical Moisture, which is exhausted by Age.

The regular Life which I lead, has left Death this only Way of destroying me.\* The Humours of my Body can do me more Injury, than the Elementary Qualities which prevailed in my Nature ever since my Birth. I am not so stupid as not to perceive, that having had a Beginning, I must of Necessity have an End ; but since we must die, doubtless that Death is attended with less Terror, which happens by the natural Dissolution of the Parts of which we are composed. Nature herself having tied the Bands of our Life, can likewise untye them again, without the least Pain, and can stay longer before it executes that Office, than Sickneses generally do, which with Violence break the Bands of our Life asunder, and which can't happen to us, but by foreign Causes ; since nothing is more contrary to Nature, than that which tends to our Destruction.

When a Man draws near his End, he perceives his Strength to abate by Degrees : The Organs, and all the Faculties grow weak ; he can no longer walk, and can hardly speak : His Judgment and Memory fail him : He becomes blind, deaf, and bowed together ; in fine, his whole Frame is worn out. Blessed be God, I am not as yet in that Condition. On the contrary, I promise myself, that my Soul finds itself so well in my Body, where she meets with nothing but Peace, Unity and Concord, (spite of all

\* See Note XIV.

the different Qualities of the Humours which compose us, and the various Inclinations that are produced by the Senses) that she will be under no Temptation to wish a speedy Separation, and that it will be a long Time before she can be brought to a Resolution.

To conclude, I am assured that I shall still live several Years in Health, and that I shall long enjoy the Pleasure of being in the World, which is certainly very comfortable, when a Man knows how to make a right Use of it. I hope to reap a greater Satisfaction from hence in the other Life, and I shall lie under Obligations to the Virtues of the Regimen, to which I am indebted for the Victory I have obtained over my Passions. Nor is there any Man but may hope for the same Happiness, if he would live as I have done.

A sober Life therefore being so necessary, its Name so commendable, the Enjoyment of it so beneficial, nothing remains after what has been said, but to conjure all Men, as they love themselves, to make the best of Life, and lay in a Stock of that which being the most precious of all, deserves to be sought after, if we have it not, and to be preserved if we have it.

It is this Divine Sobriety, which is always pleasing to God, and always the Friend of Nature ; she is the Daughter of Reason, the Sister of all other Virtues, the Companion of Temperance ; always chearful, always modest, always wise and regular in her Operations. She is the Root of Health, of Industry, and of whatever becomes a great Soul to be employed about. She has the Laws of God and Nature, both to justify and enforce her. When she reigns, Repletion, Disorders, evil Habits, superfluous Hu-



mours, Fevers, Aches, and the fears of Death, do not disrelish or embitter our Pleasures.

The Happiness of it should invite us, the Comeliness of it should allure us to embrace it. She offers to us the Duration of our mortal Being: She is the faithful Guardian of the Life of Man, whether he be Rich or Poor, Young or Old, of what Sex soever. She teaches the Rich not to abuse his Wealth, the Poor to bear patiently the Inconveniencies of his State: She teaches the Man Wisdom, the Woman Chastity; old Men the Secret of putting off their Death, and young Men the Means of enjoying a long Life. She files the Rust off of our Senses, renders the Body vigorous, the Mind clear, the Soul lovely; gives us a happy Memory, free Motions, and just Actions. It is by it that the Mind being disengaged from Matter enjoys a larger Freedom, and the Blood runs smoothly in our Veins, without meeting with any Obstruction in its Circulation. It is lastly by it, that all the Powers, both of Soul and Body, are kept up in perfect Union, which nothing but the contrary Vice can disturb.

O sacred and healthful Sobriety! The powerful Support of our Nature, the true Physick of Body and Mind. How ought Men to praise thee, and acknowledge thy Benefits, since thou furnishest them with the Means of attaining Heaven, and of preserving Life and Health here upon Earth?

But not designing to enlarge any farther in Commendation of this Virtue, I shall conclude, keeping within the Bounds of Sobriety on this Subject: not because I have said enough of it, but that I may say more of it another Time.

## CHAP. II.

## THE METHOD OF CORRECTING A BAD CONSTITUTION.

SEVERAL persons, whose weak Constitutions require great Care in the Management of them, having been well satisfied with what I have written concerning Sobriety, the Experience which they have had of the Usefulness of my Counsels, and the Acknowledgments which they have made thereof; encourage me to take up my Pen again, that I may convince those, who meet with no Inconvenience from Intemperance, that they are in the wrong in relying so much on the Strength of their Constitution.

Let it be ever so well composed yet it holds not good but to such an Age. These Persons seldom arrive to Sixty, but they decay all of a sudden, and perceive themselves loaded with a Complication of Distempers. Some are Gouty, Dropsical, and Rheumatical: Others are subject to Cholicks, the Stone and Piles; lastly, to abundance of Distempers, which would never have happened to them, if they had been so wise as to have taken Care of themselves in their Youth. If they die infirm at Fourscore Years of Age, they might have lived in Health to an Hundred, and so have run out the Term of Life, which Nature has left open to all Men.

It is to be supposed that this Common Parent wishes that all her Children might live at least a Century; and since some among them have lived to a longer Date, why

should not others have a Right of expecting the same Advantage?

I do not disagree, but that we are subject to the Stars which were predominant at our Birth. Their good or bad Aspects, enfeeble or strengthen the Springs of our Life; but Man being endued with Judgment and Reason, ought to repair by his prudent Conduct, the harm which his Planet may have done him; he may prolong his Days by the Means of a sober Life, to as long a Period, as if he had been born very Strong and Lusty. Prudence prevents and corrects the Malignity of the Planets; they give us certain Inclinations, they carry us out to certain Passions; but they lay no Violence upon us, we may resist them, and in this Sense a wise Man is above the Stars.

I was born very Cholerick and Hasty; I flew out into a Passion for the least Trifle; I huffed all Mankind, and was so intolerable, that a great many Persons of Repute avoided my Company. I apprehended the Injury which I did myself; I knew that Anger is a real Frenzy: that it disturbs our Judgment, that it transports us beyond ourselves, and that the Difference between a passionate and a mad Man, is only this, that the latter has lost his Reason for ever, and the former only deprived of it by Fits. A sober Life cured me of this Frenzy; by its Assistance I became so moderate, and so much a Master of my Passion, that no body could perceive that it was born with me.

A Man may likewise with Reason, and a regular Life, correct a bad Constitution; and notwithstanding the Tenderness thereof, may live a long Time in good Health. I should never have seen Forty Years, had I followed all

my Inclinations, and yet I am in the Eighty Sixth Year of my Age. If the long and dangerous Distempers which I had in my Youth, had not consumed a great deal of the radical Moisture, the loss of which is irreparable, I might have promised myself to have lived a compleat Century. But without flattering myself, I find it to be a great Matter to have arrived to Forty Six Years more than I ever expected, and that in my old Age my Constitution is still so good, that not only my Teeth, my Voice, my Memory, and my Heart, are in as good a Condition, as ever they were in the briskest Days of my Youth; but likewise my Judgement has lost nothing of its Clearness and Force.

I am of the Opinion, that this proceeds from the Abridgment I make of my Food, proportionably to my growing into Years. Experience, which tells us, that Infants have a greater Appetite, and are more often hungry, than grown Men, ought likewise to teach us, that in old Age we have less need of Nourishment, than in the Beginning of our Life. A Man who is very old, can hardly eat, because he can scarce digest what he eats; a little serves his Turn, and the Yolk of an Egg is a good Meal to him. I shall be satisfied therewith to the end of my Days, hoping, by this Conduct, neither to die with Violence, nor with Pain, not questioning but that they who would imitate me, will meet with as easy an Exit, since we are all of the same *Species*, and made up of the same Materials.

Since nothing then is more advantageous for a Man upon Earth, than to live long; he is obliged to preserve his Health as far as possible, and this he cannot do without Sobriety. It is true, indeed, that there are several who

eat and drink plentifully, and yet live to an Hundred Years of Age. It is by their Example that others flatter themselves with the hopes of attaining to the same Age, without any Occasion of laying a Restraint upon themselves. But they are in the wrong upon these Two Accounts : First, because there is hardly one in a Thousand, that has so strong a Constitution. Secondly, because such Men do generally end their Lives by such Distempers, as put them into great Agonies by dying, which would never happen to those that have the same Government of themselves that I have. A Man runs the Risk of not attaining to Fifty Years of Age, for not daring to undertake a regular Course of Life ; which is no impossible Thing, since 'tis what I, and several others have practised, and do practise. And a Man becomes insensibly a Murderer of himself ; because he cannot be persuaded, that notwithstanding the false Charms of a voluptuous Life, a wise Man ought not to look upon it as any Hardship, to put in Practise what his Reason advises him.

Reason, if we hearken to it, will tell us, that a good Regimen is necessary for the prolonging of our Days ; and that it consists in Two Things ; First, in taking care of the Quality ; and, Secondly, of the Quantity ; so as to eat and drink nothing that offends the Stomach, nor any more than what we can easily digest. Our Experience ought to be our Guide in these Two Principles, when we are arrived to Forty, Fifty or Threescore Years of Age. He who puts in practice that Knowledge which he has of what is good for him, and goes on in a frugal Way of Living, keeps the Humours in a just Temperature, and prevents them from being altered ; though he suffer Heat and Cold,

tho' he be fatigued, though his Sleep be broke ; provided there be no Excess in any of them. This being so ; what an Obligation does a Man lie under of living soberly ? And ought he not to free himself from the Fears of sinking under the least Intemperance of the Air, and under the least Fatigue which makes us sick upon every slight Occasion ?

'Tis true, indeed, the most sober may sometimes be indisposed, when they are unavoidably oblig'd to transgress the Rules which they have been used to observe : But then, they are certain, that their Indisposition will not last above Two or Three Days at most ; nor can they fall into a Fever. Weariness and Faintness are easily remedied by Rest and good Diet. The Malignancy of the Stars cannot put the malignant Humours in a Ferment, in Bodies which have them not : Tho' Distempers which proceed from Intemperance, have an internal Cause, and may be dangerous ; those which are derived from the Influences of the Planets, affect us only externally, and cannot produce any great Disorders.

There are some who feed high, and maintain, whatsoever they eat is so little a Disturbance to them, that they cannot perceive in what Part of their Body their Stomach lies ; But I aver, that they do not speak as they think ; nor is it natural. It is impossible, that any created Being should be of so perfect a Composition, as that neither Heat or Cold, Dry nor Moist, should have any Influence over it ; and that the Variety of Food which they make use of, of different Qualities, should be equally agreeable to them. Those Men cannot but acknowledge, that they are sometimes out of Order : If it is not owing to a sensible

Indigestion, yet they are troubled with Head-achs, want of Sleep, and Fevers ; of which they are cured by a Diet, and taking such Medicines as are proper for Evacuation. It is therefore certain, that their Distempers proceed from Repletion, or from their having eat or drank something which did not agree with their Stomachs.

Most old People excuse their high Feeding, by saying, that it is necessary for them to eat a great deal, to keep up their natural Heat, which diminishes proportionably as they grow in Years ; and to create an Appetite, it is requisite to find out proper Sauces, and to eat whatever they have a Fancy for ; and that without thus humouring their Palates, they should be soon in their Graves. To this I reply, That Nature, for the Preservation of a Man in Years, has so composed him, that he may live with a little Food ; that his Stomach cannot digest a great Quantity ; and that he has no need of being afraid of dying for want of eating, since when he is sick, he is forced to have recourse to a regular Sort of Diet, which is the first and main Thing prescribed him by his Physicians. Lastly, That if this Remedy is of such Efficacy, as to snatch us out of the Arms of Death, it is a Mistake to suppose, that a Man may not, by eating a little more than he does when he is sick, live a long Time without ever being sick.

Others had rather be disturb'd Twice or Thrice a Year with the Gout, the *Sciatica*, and other Epidemical Distempers, than to be always put to the Torment and Mortification of laying a Restraint upon their Appetites ; being sure, that when they are indisposed, a regular Diet will be an infallible Remedy and Cure. But let them be

informed by me, that as they grow up in Years, their natural Heat abates: That a regular Diet, despised as a Precaution, and only look'd upon as Physick, cannot always have the same Effect nor Force to draw off the Crudities, and repair the Disorders, which are caused by Repletion; and lastly, that they run the Hazard of being cheated, by their Hope and their Intemperance.

Others say, that it is more eligible to feed high, and enjoy themselves, tho' a Man lives the less while. It is no surprizing Matter, that Fools and Madmen should condemn and despise Life; the World would be no Loser, whenever they go out of it: But it is a considerable Loss, when wise, virtuous and holy Men drop into the Grave. If one of them were a Bishop, he might have been an Archbishop, in growing older: If he were in some considerable Post in the State, he might have arrived to the highest; If he were learned, or excelled in any Art, he would have been more excellent, and done more Honour to his Country and himself.

Others there are, who perceiving themselves to grow old, tho' their Stomach becomes less capable of digesting well every Day than other, yet will not, upon that Account, abate any Thing of their Diet. They only abridge themselves in the number of their Meals; and because they find Two or Three times a Day is troublesome, they think their Health is sufficiently provided for, by making only one Meal; that so the Time between one Repast and another, may (as they say) facilitate the Digestion of those Aliments, which they might have taken at twice: For this Reason they eat at this one Meal so much, that their Stomach is overcharged, and out of Order, and converts



the Superfluities of its Nourishment into bad Humours, which engender Diseases and Death. I never knew a Man that lived long by this Conduct. These Men would doubtless have prolonged their Days, had they abridged the Quantity of their ordinary Food, proportionably as they grew in Years, and had they eaten a great deal less, and a little oftner.

Some again are of Opinion, That Sobriety may indeed preserve a Man in Health, but does not prolong his Life ; to this we say, That there have been Persons in past Ages, who have prolonged their Lives by this Means ; and some there are at present, who still do : It shortens our Days, as the Infirmities contracted by Repletion do. A Man of an ordinary Reach may perceive, that, if he desires to live long, it is better to be well than sick ; and that, consequently, Temperance contributes more to a long Life, than an excessive Feeding.

Whatsoever the Sensualists may say, Temperance is of infinite Benefit to Mankind : To it he owes his Preservation : It banishes from his Mind the dismal Apprehension of dying : It is by its Means that he becomes wise, and arrives to an Age, wherein Reason and Experience furnish him with Assistance, to free himself from the Tyranny of his Passions, which have lorded it over him for almost the whole Course of his Life. O sacred and beneficent Temperance ! How much am I obliged to thee, for seeing the Time which has so many Charms, when one follows thy Maxims, and observes those Rules which thou dost prescribe ? When I deny'd my Senses nothing, I did not taste such pure and refined Pleasures as I now enjoy. They were then so troublesome, and mixed with Pains, that even

in the Height of those Enjoyments, the Bitterness exceeded the Sweetness of them.

O happy State of Life ! which, besides other Blessings with which thou favourest an old Man, dost preserve his Stomach in so perfect a Tone, as to make him relish a piece of dry Bread, better than the Voluptuous do all their dainty Morsels, and best season'd Dishes. The Appetite which thou givest us for Bread, is just and reasonable ; since it is the most proper Food for Mankind, when attended with a Desire of Eating. A sober Life is never without such an Appetite. So that by eating a little, my Stomach is often craving after the Manna ; which I sometimes relish with so much Pleasure, that I should think I trespass upon the Duty of Temperance, did I not know that one must eat it to support Life ; and that one cannot make use of a plainer, and a more natural Diet.

My Spirits are not injured by what I eat ; they are only revived and supported by it. I always find my self in an even Temper, always chearful ; and more so after, than before Meals. I use myself, presently upon rising from the Table, to write or study, and never find, that this Application of Mind, after eating, is prejudicial to me : For I am equally capable at all Times of doing it, and never perceive myself drowzy, as a great many People do. The Reason of this is, because the little I eat is not sufficient to send up the Fumes from the Stomach to the Head, which fill the Brain, and render it incapable of performing its Functions.

What I eat, is as follows ; viz. Bread, Soup, new-laid Eggs, Veal, Kid, Mutton, Patridges, Pullets, and Pigeons. Among the Sea-fish, I chuse *Goldenis*, and of the River-

fish, the Pike. All these Aliments are proper for old Men; who, if they be *wise for themselves*, would be contented with these, and seek for no other.

A poor old Man, who has not wherewith to purchase all these, should be satisfied with Bread, Broth and Eggs; and there is no Man, how poor soever he be, that can stand in want of this Food, unless they be downright Beggars, reduced to live upon Alms, of whom I do not pretend to say any Thing. The Reason of their being so miserable in their old Age, is because they were idle and lazy when they were young; it were better for them to die than to live, for they are a Burthen to the World. But this we say, that another Man in low Circumstances, who has only Bread, Broth and Eggs, ought not to eat much of them at a Time, but so to regulate himself, with respect to the Quantity of his Diet, as that he may not die but by a mere Dissolution. For it is not to be supposed that a Stab, or the like, is the only violent Death; Fevers, and a great many other Distempers, of which one dies in Bed, are to be counted as such, being caused by those Humours, against which Nature would not struggle, if they were natural.

What Difference then is there, between a sober and an intemperate Life? The one shortens, the other prolongs our Days, and makes us enjoy a perfect Health. How many of my Relations and Friends has Intemperance carried off, who would have been still alive, had they followed my Counsel? But it has not been able to destroy me, as it has so many others; and because I had the Power of resisting its Charms, I am still in the Land of the Living, and am arrived to a good old Age.

If I had not abandoned thee, thou infamous Source of Corruption, I should never have had the Pleasure of seeing Eleven of my Grand-Children, all of them witty and promising ; nor beheld the Ornaments which I have made to my Houses and Gardens. But thou, O cruel Intemperance ! dost often put an end to the Days of thy Slaves, before they could have finished what they begun. They dare not undertake any Thing that requires Time to compleat it ; and should they be so happy, as to see their Works brought to Perfection, yet they do not long enjoy the Fruit of their Labours. But to shew what thou really art, *viz.* a deadly Poison, the most dangerous Enemy of Mankind, and wishing that all Men may conceive a just Abhorrence for thee, I promise myself that my Eleven Grand-Children will declare War against thee, and following my Example, will convince all Mankind of the Abuse of thy Cravings, and of the Usefulness of a regular Course of Life.

I cannot understand how it comes to pass that so many People, otherwise prudent and rational, cannot resolve upon laying a Restraint upon their insatiable Appetites, at Fifty or Threescore Years of Age, or at least when they begin to feel the Infirmities of old Age coming upon them. They might rid themselves of them by a strict Diet, and become incurable, because they will not observe a Regimen. I do not wonder so much that young People are so hardly brought to such a Resolution ; they are not capable enough of reflecting, and their Judgment is not solid enough to resist the Charms of Sense : But at Fifty, a Man ought to be governed by his Reason ; which would convince us, if we would hearken to it, that to gratify all our

Appetites, without any Rule or Measure, is the Way to become infirm, and to die young. Nor does the Pleasure of Taste last long; it hardly begins, but 'tis gone and past: The more one eats, the more one may; and the Distempers which it brings along with it, lasts us to our Graves. Now should not a sober Man be very well satisfied, when he is at Table, upon the Assurance, that as often as he rises from it, what he eats will do him no harm?

I was willing to add this Supplement to my Treatise; it is short, and runs upon other Arguments: the reason of my casting them into Two Chapters, is because the Reader will be better pleased to peruse them at twice, than at once. I wish all the World were so curious as to peruse both, and be the better for them.

## CHAP. III.

A LETTER TO SIGNIOR BARBARO, PATRIARCH OF AQUILEA;  
CONCERNING THE METHOD OF ENJOYING A COMPLEAT  
HAPPINESS IN OLD AGE.

It must needs be owned, that the Mind of Man is one of the greatest Works of God, and that it is the Master-piece of the Divine Architect: Is it not something surprising, to be able by Writing to keep up a Correspondence with ones Friends at a Distance? And is not our Nature of a wonderful Composition, which affords us the Means of seeing one another with the Eyes of our Imagination, as I (Sir) behold you at present? It is after this Manner that I shall enter into Discourse with you, and relate to you several pleasing and profitable Things.

It is true, indeed, that what I have to tell you is no News, with respect to the Subject Matter thereof, but I never told it you at the Age of Ninety One Years. It is somewhat astonishing that I am able to tell you, that my Health and Strength are in so good a Plight, that instead of diminishing with my Age, they seem to increase as I grow Old. All mine Acquaintance are surprized at it; and I, who know to what I am indebted for this Happiness, do every where declare the Cause of it. I endeavour all I can to convince all Mankind, that a Man may enjoy a compleat Happiness in this World, after the Age of

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Fourscore, and this cannot be attained without Continnence and Sobriety, which are Two Virtues precious in the Eyes of God, because they are Enemies to our sensual Appetites, and Friends to our Preservation.

Be pleased then (Sir) to know, that for some Days past, several Doctors of our University, as well Physicians as Philosophers, came to be informed by me, of the Method I took in my Diet, having understood that I was still healthful and strong, that I had my Senses perfect, that my Memory, my Heart, my Judgment, the Tone of my Voice, and my Teeth, were all as sound as in my Youth; that I wrote Seven or Eight Hours a Day with my Hand, and spent the rest of the Day in walking out a-Foot, and in taking all the innocent Pleasures that are allowed to a virtuous Man; even Musick itself, in which I bear my Part.

Ah, Sir! how sweet a Voice would you perceive mine to be, were you to hear me like another *David*, chant forth the Praises of God to the Sound of my Lyre? You would certainly be surprized and charmed with the Harmony which I make. Those Gentlemen particularly admired, with what Easiness I could write upon Subjects, which required a great and earnest Application of Mind, and which were so far from fatiguing, that they diverted me. You need not question, but that taking up my Pen to have the Honour of entertaining you to Day, the Pleasure which I conceive in such an Employment, is more pleasing and delightful to me, than those which I am us'd to take.

Those Doctors told me, that I ought not to be look'd upon as an old Man, since all my Works and Employ-

ments were such as were proper for a Youth, and did by no Means resemble the Works of Men advanced in Years; who are capable of doing nothing after Fourscore, who are loaded with Infirmities and Distempers, who are perpetually languishing, and in Pain.

That if there be any of them who are less infirm, yet their Senses are decayed; their Sight and Hearing fails them, their Legs tremble, and their Hands shake, they can no longer walk, nor are they capable of doing any Thing: And should there chance to be one that is free from those Disasters, his Memory decreases, his Spirits sink, and his Heart fails him; in short, he does not enjoy a Life so perfectly as I do. What they wondered at most, was a Thing that is really surprizing. It is this, that by an invincible sort of Antipathy, I can't drink any Wine whatsoever, during the Months of *July* and *August*, every Year. I have so great an Aversion to it, that I should certainly die, did I but force myself to drink any; for neither my Stomach, nor my Palate can bear it; so that Wine being as it were Mother's Milk to old Men, it seems as if I could not possibly preserve my Life without that Nourishment. My Stomach then being deprived of a Help so useful and proper for the maintaining the Heat thereof, I could eat but very little, which about the middle of *August*, brought me so low and weak, that Jelly-Broths and Cordials could not keep up my Spirits. However, this Weakness is not attended with any Pain, or pernicious Accident. Our Doctors were of Opinion, that if the new Wine, which restores me perfectly to my Health, in the beginning of *September*, were not made at that Time, I could never escape Death. They were no less surprized



to see, that in Three or Four Days Time, new Wine will restore to me that Strength which I had lost by drinking of the old ; a Thing of which they were Witnesses these Days past, when they saw me in those Two different Circumstances, without which they could never have believed it.

Several Physicians were pleased to prognosticate to me, Ten Years ago, that it was impossible for me to hold out Two or Three Years longer with this pernicious Antipathy: However, I still find myself less weak than ever, and am stronger this Year than any that went before. This Sort of Miracle, and the many Favours which I received from God, obliged them to tell me, that I brought along with me at my Birth, an extraordinary and special Gift of Nature ; and for the Proof of their Opinion they employ'd all their Rhetorick, and made several elegant Speeches upon that Head. It must be acknowledg'd, my Lord, that Eloquence has a great deal of Force upon the Mind of Man, since it often persuaded him to believe that which never was, and never could be. I was very much pleased to hear them discourse ; and could it be helped, since they were Men of Parts who harangued at that Rate ? But that which delighted me most, was to reflect, that Age and Experience may render a Man wiser than all the Colleges in the World can. These are Two infallible Means of acquiring a clear sight into Things ; and it was in Truth by their Help, that I knew the Error of that Notion. To undeceive those Gentlemen, and at the same Time to instruct them better, I replied, that their Way of arguing was wrong : That the Favour I received was no special, but a general and

universal one : That there was no Man alive, but what may have received it as well as myself : That I was but a Man as well as others : That we have all, besides our Existence, Judgment, a Mind and Reason : That we are all born with these same Faculties of the Soul ; because God was pleased that we should all of us have those Advantages above the other Creatures, who have nothing in common with us, but the Use of their Senses : That the Creator has bestowed upon us this Reason, and this Judgment, to preserve our Lives, so that this Grace proceeds immediately from God, and not from Nature, or the Stars : That Man, when he is young, being more subject to his Sense, than to his Reason, gives himself up wholly to his Pleasures ; and that when he is arrived to Forty or Fifty Years of Age, he ought to know that he is in the midst of his Life, Thanks to the Goodness of his Constitution, which has carried him so far : But that when he is arrived to this Period, he goes down the Hill apace to meet his Death, of which the Infirmities of old Age are the Forerunners : That old Age is as different from Youth, as a regular Life is opposite to Intemperance : That 'tis necessary for him at that Age, to change his Course of Life, especially with respect to the Quantity and the Quality of his Diet, because 'tis on that the Health and Length of our Days do radically depend. That lastly, if the former part of our Lives were altogether sensual, then the latter ought to be rational and regular ; Order being necessary for the preservation of all Things, especially the Life of Man, as may be perceived by those Inconveniences that are caused by Excess, and by the Healthfulness of those that observe a strict Regimen : In

truth, my Lord, 'tis impossible for them who will always gratify their Taste, and their Appetite, not to break their Constitution; and that I might not break mine, when I was arrived to Maturity, I entirely devoted myself to a sober Life. It is true, it was not without some Reluctancy that I entered upon the Resolution and abandoned my profuse Way of Living. I began with praying to God, that he would grant me the Gift of Temperance; and was fully persuaded, that how difficult soever any Undertaking be, which a Man sets about, he will attain his End, if he has but Resolution enough to conquer the Obstacles to his Design. By this Means I rooted out my evil Habits, and contracted good ones; so that I used myself to a Course of Life, which was by so much the more severe and austere, by how much the more my Constitution was become very weak when I began it. In short, my Lord, when they had heard my Reasons, they were forced to submit to them.

The youngest among them told me, that he agreed that this Favour might be universal to all Men, but that it was very rarely efficacious, and that I must needs have a more especial and victorious Grace, to get above the Delights and Customs of an easy Life, and embrace one that was quite contrary to it: That he did not look upon it to be impossible, since my Practice convinced him of the contrary, but however it seemed to him to be very difficult.

I replied to him, that it was a shame to relinquish a good Undertaking upon the Account of the Difficulties that might attend it, and that the more we met with, the more Glory should we acquire: That 'tis the Will of the Creator, that every one should attain to a long Life, to

which he has appointed Man, because in his old Age, he might be freed from the bitter Fruits that were produced by Sense, and might enjoy the good Effects of his Reason; that when he shakes Hands with his Vices, he is no longer a Slave to the Devil, and finds himself in a better Condition of providing for the Salvation of his Soul: that God, whose Goodness is infinite, has ordained that the Man who comes to the end of his Race, should end his Life without any Distemper, and by a pure Dissolution, which only ought to be called a Natural Death, all others being violent, and brought upon Men by Repletion and Excess. That, lastly, God is willing that Man should pass by so sweet and easy a Death, to a Life of Immortality and Glory, which I expect. I hope (said I to him) to die singing the Praises of my Creator. The sad Reflection, that we must one day cease to live, is no Disturbance to me, though I easily perceive that at my Age, that fatal Day can't be far from me; that as certainly as I was born so I must die, and that many Thousands of younger Persons than myself, are departed this Life before me. Nor am I afraid of the Terrors of Hell, because I am a Christian, and put my Trust in the Mercy and Merits of the Blood of *Jesus Christ*: Lastly, I hope that so pleasant a Life as mine, will be followed by as happy a Death.

To this the young Gentleman replied not a Word, only that he was resolved to lead a sober Life, that he might live and die as happily as I hoped to do; and that though hitherto he had wished to be young a long Time, yet now he desired to be quickly old, that he might enjoy the Pleasures of such an admirable Age.

The Desire I had of giving you, my Lord, a long Entertainment, as being one with whom I could never be weary, has inclined me to write this long Letter to you, and to add one Word more before I conclude.

Some sensual Persons give out, that I have troubled myself to no Purpose, in composing a Treatise concerning Sobriety, and that I have lost my Time in endeavouring to persuade Men to the Practice of that which is impossible: That my Advices will prove as useless as the Laws which *Plato* would have established in his Commonwealth, the Execution of which was so difficult, that he could never prevail upon any Man to receive them; and that what I have written upon this Subject, will meet with no better a Success. I find this Comparison is by no Means just, since I practised what I teach a great many Years before I wrote upon it; that I would never have put Pen to Paper, had I not known, by my own Experience, that this Practice was not impossible; that it is likewise very useful, and very prudent; and this was the Motive which prevailed upon me to publish it. In a word, I have been the Occasion of a great many Persons practising it, who find themselves the better for so doing, so that the Laws of *Plato* have no resemblance to the Advices which I give. But such Persons who deny themselves nothing, that they may gratify their Sense, do not care to give me their Approbation. However, I pity these Men, though they deserve for their Intemperance, to be tormented in their old Days with a Complication of Distempers, and to be the Victims of their Passions a whole Eternity. I am, &c.

## CHAP. IV.

## OF THE BIRTH AND DEATH OF MAN.

THAT I may not be deficient in that Duty of Charity, which all Men owe to one another, or lose one Moment of that Pleasure which the Enjoyment of Life affords ; I will again write, to inform those who do not know me, of what they who are acquainted with me, have known and seen. What I am going to say, will be looked upon as impossible, or incredible ; but, at the same Time, nothing is more certain ; it being what a great many know, and what is worthily to be admired by all Posterity. I am now Ninety five Years of Age, and find myself as healthful and brisk, and as airy, as if I were but Twenty five Years old.

What Ingratitude should I be guilty of, did I not return Thanks to the Divine Goodness, for all his Mercies reached out unto me ? Most of your old Men have scarce arrived to Sixty, but they find themselves loaded with Infirmities : They are melancholy, unhealthful ; always full of the frightful Apprehensions of dying : They tremble Day and Night, for fear of being within one Foot of their Graves ; and are so strongly possessed with the Fancy of it, that it is a hard Matter to divert them but for a Moment from that doleful Thought. Blessed be God, I am free from their Ills and Terrors. It is my Opinion, that I ought

not as yet to abandon myself to that vain Fear. This I will make appear by the Sequel ; and will also evince, how certain I am of living an Hundred Years. But, that I may observe a Method in the Subject I am treating of, I will begin with the Birth of Man, and end with his Death.

I say then, that some Bodies are born with so bad a Constitution, that they live but few Days, or Months. Whether this proceeds from the bad Constitutions of the Parents, or from the Influences of the Stars, or from a Weakness of Nature, which derives this Defect from some foreign Cause, is hard to determine : For it is not likely, that Nature, as she is the common Parent of all Mankind, should be guilty of Over-fondness to some of her Children, and of Cruelty towards others.

Since we are not able to discover the true Reason from whence the Shortness of our Lives proceeds, it is in vain to enquire into the Cause of it. It is enough to know, that there are Bodies which die almost as soon as they are born.

Others are born well shaped and healthful, but of a tender Make ; and some of these live Ten, Twenty, Thirty, or Forty Years, without being able to attain to that Period which is called Old Age.

Others there are, who bring along with them a strong Constitution into the World, and they indeed get to be old : But then they are so decrepit and unhealthful, (as hath been already observ'd) bringing upon themselves all the Distempers they labour under, because they trusted too much to the Strength of their Constitution. They are unwilling to alter their Course of Life, and make no Dif-

ference between their being old and young ; as if they were to be as vigorous at Fourscore, as in the Flower of their Days. By this means, they never correct their Conduct, nor make any Reflection that they are old, that their Constitution decays, that their Stomach loses every Day something of its natural Heat ; and for that Reason, they ought to be more careful both of the Quality and Quantity of what they eat and drink. They are of Opinion, that a Man's Strength impairing as he grows into Years, he ought to repair and support it by a greater Quantity of Food : They fancy, that to eat a great deal, preserves their Lives ; but therein they are mistaken : For the natural Heat beginning to decay, they overcharge it with too much Food : and Prudence requires, that a Man should proportion his Diet to his digestive Faculties. This is certain, that the peccant Humours proceed only from an imperfect Digestion ; and there is but a little good Chyle made, when the Stomach is charged with fresh Aliments, before it has thrown off the former Meal's Meat into the Intestines. It cannot then be urged too often, that when the natural Heat begins to decay, it is necessary for the Preservation of Health, to abate the Quantity of what one eats and drinks every Day ; Nature requiring but very little for the Support of the Life of Man, especially that of an Old Man.

However, instead of taking this Course, most Old People continue to live as they did formerly. If they had stinted themselves in Time, they would at least have arrived to my Years and enjoyed as long a Life as myself, since they brought into the World a strong Constitution. They might have lived so long at least, I say ; for they might



have arrived to Sixscore, as a great many others who lived soberly have done, whom we have known ourselves, or have heard of by Tradition; provided always, that they had as happy a Constitution as those People. Had I been as well made, I would not question but I might prolong my Days to that Date; but because I was born with a tender Constitution, I cannot hope to live above a Century: And even they who are of no stronger a Make than myself, may, by living soberly, as I do, easily attain to the same Period.

Nothing seems more delightful than this Certainty of a long Life; whilst the rest of Mankind, who observe not the Rules of Sobriety, are not sure of seeing the next Day. This Expectation of a long Life, is founded on such natural Consequences as can never fail. It is next to impossible, that he who leads a regular and sober Life, should fall sick, or die a natural Death, before the Time that Nature has prescribed; I say, he cannot die before that Time: because a sober Life prevents that Corruption which feeds our Distempers, which cannot be produced without a Cause; and if there is no bad one reigning, there can be no fatal Effect, or violent Death.

There is no Question to be made, but that a Regular Life puts at Distance the sad Hour of our Death; since it is able to keep the Humours in an exact Temperature: Whereas, on the contrary, Gluttony and Drunkenness disturbs, heats, and puts them into a Ferment; which is the Origin of Catarrhs, Fevers, and almost all the Accidents which hurry us to our Graves.

However, though Sobriety, which preserves us from Abundance of Disasters, may repair what Excess has

impaired, yet it must not be supposed that it will make a Man immortal. It is impossible, but that Time, which effaces all Things, should likewise destroy the most curious Workmanship of Nature. That which had a Beginning, must needs have an End ; but Man ought to end his Days by a natural Death, that is, without any Pain ; as they will see me dye, when the radical Moisture shall be quite exhausted.

I find this Principle of Life still so perfect in me, that I promise myself still to be at some Distance from my last Day ; and I fancy I am not mistaken, because I am healthful and brisk, relish all I eat, sleep quietly, and, in a word, none of my Senses fail me. I have still a lively Fancy, a happy Memory, a sound Judgment, a strong Heart ; and my Voice is more tuneable than ever, (though the first Organ that fails,) so that I can chant forth my Office every Morning, without any Prejudice to my Lungs, and more easily than I could in my Youth.

All these are infallible Signs, that I have a great while still to live ; but that my Life shall end, whenever it please God. How glorious will it then be, having been then attended with all the Happiness this World can afford, since Age has freed me from the Slavery of my Passions ? A prudent and regular Old Age conquers and eradicates them ; prevents them from bringing forth any envenomed Fruits, and changes all the ill Thoughts which Youth inspires into those that are good.

Being no longer a Slave to Sense, I am not troubled with the Thoughts that my soul shall one Day be separated from the Body. I am no longer disturbed with anxious Fears and racking Cares, nor vex'd at the Loss of that

which is not really mine. The Death of my Friends and Relations, occasions no other Grief in me, than that of the first Movement of Nature, which cannot be avoided, but is of no long Continuance.

I am still less moved at the Loss of any Temporal Good, so afflictive to a great many Persons. This is only the Happiness of those that grow old by Sobriety, and not of those Persons who by Virtue of a strong Constitution, arrive to such an Age, notwithstanding their Excesses. The one enjoys a Foretaste of Heaven, even in this World, whilst the others cannot relish any Pleasure, without a great deal of Trouble. Who would not think himself happy at my Age, never to be sensible of the least Inconvenience? A Happiness which seldom attends the most flourishing Youth. There are none of them but what are subject to a Thousand Disorders, which I know nothing of: On the contrary, I enjoy a Thousand Pleasures, which are as pure as they are calm.

The first of these, is to be serviceable to my Country; and how does this Pleasure innocently please my Vanity! When I reflect how I have furnished my Countrymen with useful Means, both of fortifying their City, and their Port: That these Works will subsist for many Ages, that they will conduce to the making of *Venice* a famous Republick, a rich and matchless City, and serve to eternize its fair Title of being Queen of the Sea.

I have likewise the Satisfaction of having afforded to her Inhabitants the Means of obtaining always a Plenty of all Things, necessary for Life, by manuring untill'd Lands, draining the Marshes, by laying under Water and fatning the Fields which were barren by reason of the

Dryness of the Soil, which would otherwise have been a Work of Time.

In short I have rendered the City wherein I was born, stronger, richer, and more beautiful than ever, as also the Air more wholesome; all which is to my Credit, and nothing hinders me from enjoying the Glory which is due unto me.

My Misfortunes having robbed me of a considerable Estate, whilst I was young, I knew not how to make amends for that Loss by my Care ; so that without the least Wrong done to any Person, and without any other Trouble, than that of giving forth the Orders that were necessary, I have doubled my Income, and shall leave to my Grand-Children Twice the Estate that I had by Inheritance from my Ancestors.

One Satisfaction which pleases me more than all the rest, is, that what I have written concerning Sobriety, is of great Use to many who loudly proclaim how highly they are obliged to me for that Work : Several of them having sent me Word from Foreign Parts, that, under God, they have been indebted to me for their Lives.

I have likewise another Satisfaction, the Deprivation of which would very much disturb me ; which is, that I write and draw with my Hand, all that is proper for my Buildings, and for the Conduct of my Domestick Affairs.

I likewise frequently converse with Men of Learning, from whom I daily receive new Notices. And it is a wonder that, at my Age, I should have so quick Parts, as to learn and comprehend the most refined and difficult of Sciences.

But that which makes me look upon myself as one of the happiest of Men, is, that I in some Measure enjoy Two sorts of Lives ; the one Terrestrial, with respect to

the Actions of my Body ; and the other Divine and Celestial, by the Pleasures of the Mind ; which are attended with a great many Charms, when founded on reasonable Objects, and a Moral Assurance of the infinite good Things which the Divine Bounty prepares for us.

I enjoy then perfectly, the Pleasures of this Mortal Life. Thanks to Sobriety, which is extremely grateful to God, as being the Guardian of Virtue, and an irreconcilable Enemy to Vice ; and by Way of Foretaste, I enjoy eternal Life, by contemplating so often on the Happiness thereof, that I can hardly think upon any Thing else. I look upon Death as the necessary Passage to Heaven, and am so far charmed with the glorious Elevation to which I think my Soul is designed, that I can no longer stoop to those Trifles, which charm and infatuate the greatest Part of Mankind. The Deprivation of those Pleasures to which I was most addicted, gives me no Disquiet ; on the contrary, the Loss of them raises my Joy, since it is to be the Beginning of a Life incomparably more happy.

Who then would be troubled, if he were in my Place ? However, there is not a Man, but may hope for the like Happiness, if he would live as I do. For in short, I am neither Saint nor Angel, but only a Man, the Servant of God, to whom a sober and regular Life is so grateful, that even in this World, he rewards those who practise it.

If all they who retire into Monasteries, to lead there a penitent Life, a Life of Prayer and Contemplation, would to all their Virtues, add the Prudence of abridging themselves in their Diet, they would become more Deserving, and more Venerable.

They would be looked upon as Saints, by persevering in their Austerities, and esteemed as those old Patriarchs, and ancient Hermits, who observed a constant Sobriety, and liv'd so long a Time. They might very probably obtain, at the Age of Sixscore, so much Grace, as to be able to work Miracles, which they could not do, for want of such a Perfection, to which they could not arrive before that Time. And besides this Privilege, which is almost an infallible Mark of Predestination, they would be in constant Health, which is as rarely to be met with in the old Age of the most pious Monks, as in that of the greatest Part of the wisest Worldings,

Several of those Monks fancy, that God does on purpose annex Infirmities to old Age, to serve instead of Penance imposed for the Sins committed in their Youth. But therein, as I think, they are very much mistaken. For I cannot imagine how God, who loves Mankind, can be delighted in their Sufferings. It is the Devil and Sin which brings all the Evils we suffer, upon our Heads, and not God, who is our Father and Creator. He desires that Mankind should be happy, both in this, and the other World: His Commands tend to no other Purpose; and Temperance would not be a Virtue, if the Benefit it does us by preserving us from Distempers, were repugnant to the Designs of God in our old Age.

In short, if all the truly pious were sober, *Christendom* would be as full of Saints, as in the Primitive Times, nay, they would be more numerous, because the Number of Christians is increased since that Time. How many venerable Doctors might edify others by their wholesome Preachings and good Examples? How many Sinners

might receive Benefit by their Intercessions? How many Blessings might they shower upon the Earth? These Monks, in observing the Maxims which I profess, need not fear acting contrary to those of their Rule.

There is not one that forbids them the use of Bread, Wine and Eggs; some also permit them to eat Flesh. Besides these Things, they make use of Sallads, Pulse, Fruit, Cakes, which are prejudicial to some Stomachs. Because these Messes are offered to them in the Refectory, they may perhaps be afraid of transgressing their Rule, if they should abstain from them. However, they would have done better, if, Thirty Years ago, they had abstained from that Diet, and contented themselves with Bread, Wine, Broths and Eggs, which are the best Food a tender Body can take. Would not this be better than the Nourishment of the ancient Fathers in the Desart, who drank nothing but fair Water, did eat only wild Fruit, Herbs, and raw Roots, yet lived a long Time without Infirmities? Our Anchorets would likewise find a more easy Way to Heaven, than those of *Thebais*.

I will conclude all with saying, that since extreme old Age may be so useful and pleasant to Men, I should have failed in point of Charity, had I not taken care to inform them, by what Methods they might prolong their Days. I have no other Motive in writing upon this Subject, than that of engaging them to practise all their Lives a Virtue which would bring them, like me, to a happy old Age, in which I will not cease to cry, Live, live long, to the end you may serve God, and be fit for the Glory which he prepares for his Elect.

## CHAP. V.

BEING A LETTER FROM A NUN OF PADUA, THE GRAND-  
DAUGHTER OF LEWIS CORNARO.

LEWIS CORNARO was, by the ill Conduct of some of his Relations, deprived of the Dignity of a Noble *Venetian*, of which he was possessed, and which he deserved for his Virtues, and by his Birth. He was not banished from his Country, but was free to remain in *Venice*, if he pleased; but seeing himself excluded from all the publick Employments of the Republick, he retired to *Padua*, where he took up his Residence.

He married at *Udine*, a City of *Friuli*; his Wife's Name was *Veronica*, of the Family of the *Spilbergs*. She was a long Time barren, and as he ardently wished for Children, he neglected nothing which might give him that Satisfaction. At last, after many Vows, Prayers and Remedies, his Wife became pregnant, and was delivered of a Daughter, who was named *Clara*, because of the Devotion which each of them had for St. *Francis*.

This was an only Daughter, and was married to *John Cornaro*, Son of *Fantin*, of the Family of that Name, which was distinguished by the Sirname of *Cornaro del Episcopia*. It was a very powerful Family, before the Loss which *Christendom* suffered, by losing the Kingdom of *Cyprus*, where that Family had a considerable Estate.



*Clara* had Eleven Children, Eight Sons, and Three Daughters. *Lewis Cornaro* had also the Pleasure to see himself, as it were, revived by Miracle, in a great Number of Successors; for though he was very ancient when *Clara* came into the World, yet he lived to see her very Old, and his Off-spring to the Third Generation.

*Cornaro* was a Man of Understanding, Merit and Courage. He loved Glory, and was naturally liberal, nevertheless without Profuseness. His Youth was infirm; being very passionate and hasty; but when he perceived what Damage the Vices of his Temper caused him, he resolved to correct them, and had Strength enough over himself to conquer his Passion, and those extravagant Humours to which he was subject. After this glorious Victory, he became so moderate, mild, and affable, that he gained the Esteem and Friendship of all that knew him.

He was extraordinary Sober, and observed the Rules which he mentions in his Writings, and dieted himself always with so much Wisdom and Precaution, that finding his natural Heat decaying by degrees in his old Age, he also diminished his Diet by degrees, so far as to stint himself to the Yolk of an Egg for a Meal, and sometimes, a little before his Death, it served him for Two Meals.

By this Means he preserved his Health, and was also vigorous, to the Age of an hundred Years; his Mind did not decay, he never had need of Spectacles, neither lost he his Hearing.

And that which is no less true, than difficult to believe, is, that he preserved his Voice so clear and harmonious, that at the End of his Life he sang with as much Strength and Delight, as he did at the Age of Twenty Five Years.

He had foreseen that he should live long without any Infirmary, and was not deceived in it. When he felt that his last Hour drew near, he disposed himself to leave this Life with the Piety of a Christian, and the Courage of a Philosopher. He made his Will, and set all his Affairs in Order; after which he received the last Sacraments, and expected Death patiently in an Elbow-Chair. In short, it may be said, that being in good Health, feeling no Manner of Pain, having also his Mind and Eye very brisk, a little fainting Fit took him, which was instead of an Agony, and made him fetch his last Breath. He died at *Padua*, the 26th of *April*, 1566, and was buried the 8th of *May* following.

His Wife died some Years after him. Her Life was long, and her old Age as happy as that of her Spouse, only her latter Days were not altogether like his. Some time before her Death, she was seized with a lingering Distemper, which brought her to her Grave. She gave up her Soul one Night in her Bed without any Convulsive Motions, and with so perfect Tranquillity she left this Life, without being perceived.

This is all I can say of those good People, by the Idea which remains of them, from what I heard my deceased Father, and some other Friends of *Lewis Cornaro*, say of them, who having lived so long after an extraordinary Manner, deserve not to die so soon in the Memory of Man.

## CHAP. VI.

AUTHORITIES TAKEN FROM THE HISTORY OF M. DE THOU,  
AND THE DIALOGUES OF CARDAN, CONCERNING THE  
METHOD OF PROLONGING A MAN'S LIFE, AND PRE-  
SERVING HIS HEALTH.

THE Extract of the 38th Book of the History of Mr.  
President *de Thou* runs thus :

“ *Lewis Cornaro* was an extraordinary and admirable  
“ Instance of a long Life ; for he lived an Hundred  
“ Years, healthful in Body, and sound in Mind. He was  
“ descended from one of the most Illustrious Families in  
“ *Venice* ; but thro’ some Misfortune owing to his Birth,  
“ he was excluded from all Honours and Publick Employ-  
“ ments in the State. He marry’d at *Udine*, in *Friuli*,  
“ one *Veronica*, of the Family of *Spilemburg* ; and being  
“ in Possession of a good Estate, he was very desirous of  
“ having Children to inherit it. In short, what by the  
“ Prayers he put up, and by the Help of Physicians, he  
“ conquer’d the Point ; and his Wife, whom he dearly  
“ lov’d, and who was pretty well gone in Years, was  
“ brought to Bed of a Daughter, when he least of all ex-  
“ pected it. This Daughter, nam’d *Clara*, was marry’d  
“ to *John*, the Son of *Fantini Cornaro*, a rich Family of  
“ *Cyprus* ; by whom she had eight Sons, and three  
“ Daughters.

“ In a word, *Lewis Cornaro*, by his Sobriety, and the  
 “ Regimen he observ’d in his Diet, corrected the Infirmi-  
 “ ties he had contracted by Intemperance in his Youth ;  
 “ and, by the Strength of his Reason, moderated his In-  
 “ clination and Propensity to Anger : So that in his Old  
 “ Age, he had as good a Constitution of Body, and as  
 “ mild and even tempered a Mind, as before, in the Flower  
 “ of his Youth, he was infirm and apt to fly out into a  
 “ Passion. He composed several Treatises when he was  
 “ very old ; wherein he tells us of the Irregularity of his  
 “ former Life, and of his Reformation, and the Hopes he  
 “ had of living long. Nor was he mistaken in his Ac-  
 “ count ; for he died calmly, and without any Pain, (being  
 “ above an Hundred Years old) at *Padua*, where he had  
 “ taken up his Residence. His Wife, almost as old as  
 “ himself, survived him ; but within a short Time after,  
 “ died a very easy Death. They were both buried in  
 “ St. *Anthony’s* Church, without any Pomp, according as  
 “ they had ordered by their Last Will and Testament.”

In the *Dialogue of Cardan*, between a Philosopher, a  
 Citizen, and an Hermit, concerning the Methods of *Pro-  
 longing a Man’s Life*, and *Preserving his Health* ;  
*Cardan* introduces the Hermit discoursing thus :

“ Whereas in solid Nourishments, and even in Drinks,  
 “ there are several Things worthy our Observation ; viz.  
 “ their Natural Qualities, and those which they acquire  
 “ by the seasoning of them ; the Order and the Time  
 “ wherein we ought to make use of them, without men-  
 “ tioning the Quantity of those very Aliments and Drinks ;  
 “ it is not without Reason, that the Question is asked,  
 “ Which of these Things is to be regarded most ?

“Some have declared themselves for the Quantity ;  
 “maintaining, that it has in Effect a greater Share than  
 “any other Thing, in the Preservation of Health and  
 “Life.

“The famous *Lewis Cornaro*, a Noble *Venetian*, was  
 “of this mind. He treated on this Subject at the Age of  
 “Fourscore, enjoying then a perfect Soundness of Body  
 “and Mind. This Venerable Old Man, at the Age of  
 “Thirty-six, was seized with so violent a Distemper, that  
 “his Life was despaired of. Ever after that Time he took  
 “care to eat just the same Quantity every Meal : And  
 “tho’ he was not free from a great many Fatigues, and  
 “some Misfortunes, which occasioned his Brother’s Death ;  
 “yet the Exactness of his Regimen preserved him always  
 “in Health, with an entire Freedom of Mind.

“At Seventy Years of Age, a Coach (in which he tra-  
 “velled) was overthrown, by which he was dragged a  
 “great Way, and wounded in his Head, and one of his  
 “Legs and Arms put out. The Physicians despair’d of  
 “his Recovery, and were for applying a great many Re-  
 “medies to him : But *Cornaro* tells us, that being well  
 “satisfied of the Temperature of his Humours, he rejected  
 “all the Assistances of the Physicians, and was quickly  
 “cured.

“Nine Years after, when he was almost Fourscore, his  
 “Friends, and his very Physicians, advised him to add  
 “Two Ounces to his ordinary Diet. Within Ten or  
 “Twelve Days after he fell sick ; the Physicians gave  
 “him over, and he himself began to fear the worst ; how-  
 “ever, he recovered his Health, tho’ with much ado.

The same Author adds, “That being Fourscore Years

“ old, his Sight and Hearing were sound and good ; that  
 “ his Voice held strong : that he sometimes sang in Con-  
 “ sort with his Grand-Children : That he could either  
 “ ride, or walk a-foot very well ; and that he composed a  
 “ Comedy, which came off with Applause.

“ This wise Old Gentleman was then of the Opinion,  
 “ that a regular and small Quantity of Food contributed  
 “ more than any Thing else to the Preservation of Health ;  
 “ for he makes no mention of his Choice of Diets. I am  
 “ used, says *Cornaro*, to take, in all, Twelve Ounces of  
 “ solid Nourishment, such as Meat, and the Yolk of an  
 “ Egg, and Fourteen Ounces of Drink. It is to be  
 “ lamented, that he did not precisely tell us whether he  
 “ took this Quantity at once, or twice a Day : However,  
 “ since he tells us, that he did eat but a very little, it  
 “ seems as if he did so but once a Day.

“ The famous Civilian, *Panigarolus*, who lived above  
 “ Seventy Years, though of a very weak Constitution,  
 “ never eat or drank above Twenty eight Ounces a Day ;  
 “ which comes almost to the same Quantity of *Cornaro*.

“ I was intimately acquainted with one, who never took  
 “ above Thirty six Ounces a Day. It is true, indeed, that  
 “ every Fortnight he purged himself ; but he lived to  
 “ above Ninety Years of Age.

“ It seems then, as if *Cornaro* was minded to keep  
 “ from us a perfect Knowledge of his Regimen, and only  
 “ to tell us, that he had found out an extraordinary one ;  
 “ since he has not informed us, whether he took the  
 “ Quantity he speaks of, at once, or twice a Day, nor  
 “ whether he altered his Diet ; for he treats on that Sub-  
 “ ject, as darkly and obscurely as *Hippocrates*.

“ It is likewise strange, that the Quantity of his Liquid  
 “ should exceed that of his solid Diet ; and the rather,  
 “ because what he did eat was not equally nourishing,  
 “ since he took Yolks of Eggs, as well as Meat. In truth,  
 “ to me he seems to talk more like a Philosopher, than a  
 “ Physician ”

Thus far *Cardan* : But, by his Leave, if he had read  
 what *Cornaro* has written concerning a sober and regular  
 Life, with Attention, he would have passed a sounder  
 Judgment on his Writings ; for, in them, he not only  
 speaks of the Quantity, but, in express Terms, discourses  
 of the Quality of our Diet.

## MAXIMS

TO BE OBSERVED FOR THE PROLONGING OF LIFE.

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'Tis not good to eat too much, or to fast too long, or to do any Thing else that is preternatural.

Whoever eats or drinks too much will be sick.

The Distempers of Repletion are cured by Abstinence.

Old Men can fast easily; Men of ripe Age can fast almost as much; but young Persons, and Children, that are brisk and lively, can hardly fast at all.

Growing Persons have a great deal of Natural Heat, which requires a great deal of Nourishment, else the Body will pine away: But Old Men, who have but a little Natural Heat, require but a little Food, too much overcharges them.

It must be examined, what Sort of Persons ought to feed Once or Twice a Day, more or less; Allowance being always made to the Age of the Person, to the Season of the Year, to the Place where one lives, and to Custom.

The more you feed foul Bodies, the more you hurt yourselves.



## NOTES TO AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

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NOTE I.—Page 171.

*"I fell into," &c.*

To this brink of the precipice numbers are still daily brought, and this, if I am not much mistaken, is precisely the point where eccentric measures, such as *the water cure*, effect their miraculous cures. Whoever reads the present volume attentively may chance to find that there is another, a more rational, and a better mode of proceeding; but still, remembering that He who knew what is in the heart of man, has said, "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out," I am compelled to admit that it may often be safer to knock a vice down, than to attempt to subdue it by tampering.

NOTE II.—Page 173.

*"In a little time," &c.*

John Rawle, who died at Newquay a few years since, at the advanced age of 101, afforded an equally instructive example, in a very different rank of life, of the advantage of "ceasing to do evil, and learning to do well." Too often it happens that repentance comes too late; too late, at all events, for this life, but never too late, provided it be sincere, for that which is to come. Bishop Burnet, in his *Life of John, Earl of Rochester*, has bequeathed to the world a lesson on this subject which, in the words of Dr. Johnson, "the critic ought to study for its elegance, the philosopher for its arguments, and the saint for its piety."

## NOTE III.—Page 177.

*"I opposed their prescription," &c.*

Cornaro's mode of proceeding, in this instance, cannot be exactly recommended as a general rule. A broken head, and an arm and leg out of joint, require professional treatment under every advantage of previously well regulated habits. Still, it is impossible to overrate the advantages of temperance and a sound constitution when accidents occur. Some years ago, when Dr. Fowler was on a visit at Carclew, the seat of Sir Charles Lemon, a very serious accident occurred to Mrs. Fowler, by the upsetting of a gig. The accident was so severe that, in addition to the advice of a neighbouring surgeon, Dr. Fowler wished to see and consult with me upon it. There was neither fracture nor dislocation, but the whole pelvis was so completely shaken and jarred, and such extreme pain was occasioned by the most cautious examination, that something appeared necessary to be done; but what? was not so clear, further than enjoining the utmost possible tranquillity of position, and surrounding the pelvis with a bandage. Mrs. F. was verging towards fifty, and, notwithstanding the great pain and inconvenience from the accident, her pulse remained calm, and there was little or no constitutional disturbance. General bleeding seemed out of the question; and even to leeches a decided negative was put by the patient, who told us that her system was intolerant of blood-letting in any form. We were, therefore, in a manner compelled to leave the event pretty much in the hands of nature; and the lady herself was content to suffer great pain and wait, in full confidence that on so doing her recovery depended. It appeared, moreover, that she inherited a frame of no ordinary pretensions, being a lineal descendant of Oliver Cromwell. Painful, therefore, as the state of things was to the patient, and distressing to all around her, no active measures were taken; nevertheless the case, after many weeks, began to mend, and eventually did well. It was simply a violent concussion of the pelvis; and no experienced medical man would draw any further conclusion from it than that of the propriety of being governed at all times by existing circumstances.

"To bleed, or not to bleed," used to be a question which even long experience was not always prepared to answer. At the present day the use of the lancet, if not exploded, is, at all events, quite out of fashion. The allopathic doctors say that it is rarely, if ever required; and the homœopaths, that they have entire control over the action of the heart by their medicines.

During the active part of my own professional life I was never without a lancet in my pocket, lest a surgeon might not be at hand in time of need.

NOTE IV.—Page 178.

*"This augmentation of diet," &c.*

Cornaro is perfectly right. There is no more common mistake, especially in old age, than that of oppressing the stomach by over-much food. My old friend William Rawle resisted any addition to his well-sweetened cup of tea and plain cake for the reason, which he was fond of assigning, that "enough is as good as a feast." It is, in fact, a good deal better; and if well meant, but mistaken importunity to eat more than nature requires may do harm, there is still more to be apprehended from the glass too much.

"Do take another glass, it can't hurt you," has been the first nail in many a coffin, the first stroke of many a funeral knell. Such, happily, is no longer the case. Neither is the guest any longer twitted with the remark from the lady at the head of the table—"You appear, Sir, to have lost your appetite." It is recorded of that learned, but uncourtly man, the late Dr. Parr, that he took a young lady who sat by him at a dinner table rudely to task, for declining to take a glass of wine with him. On the other hand, I heard a gentleman about fifty years ago, who was just returned from an Irish tour, say, that it was necessary, in that hospitable and convivial land, to guard against meeting the eyes of any fair lady at table, as she was sure to respond with "Port, if you please," or "Claret," as the case might be. Alas! for the gentleman in those days, who, after drinking healths with all around the dinner-table, had to encounter the long sitting and deep drinking which followed. *At public dinners*

it was still worse. I was once very politely thanked by an M.P. for what he was graciously pleased to call the care I had taken of his obsequies on the preceding evening. He had presided at a dinner given by him to his constituents, and had taken a glass of wine with so many during the dinner, that, early in the evening, he was quite overcome by his potations, and fell dead drunk from his chair, and was forthwith handed over to my professional care.

These are incidents of olden times, never to recur, and I mention them in justice to the present generation.

NOTE V.—Page 179.

*"Order, indeed, is so exceedingly beneficial," &c.*

Improvement has proceeded, as it ought to do, from above downwards. Gormandising and drunkenness are no longer the vices of the upper classes. But, somehow or other, the consumption of alcoholic stimulants, and of beer and porter, is enormous. Temperance societies appear to be doing their utmost; but they too often work against the stream, instead of removing rocks, and making the current smoother. Still, we must console ourselves with thinking, that what is said of fame may be applied to everything at the present day—"mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo;" and if Dr. Bateman could write so hopefully as he did, more than fifty years ago respecting the future which awaited the labouring poor, with what joy would he hail the band of philanthropists now at work in the same field in which he was one of the first to put his shoulder to the plough! I was not personally acquainted with Dr. Bateman, but his particular friend Dr. Reeve, who flourished, alas! too short a time, at Norwich, was a fellow-student with me at Edinburgh and at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and first called my attention to Dr. Bateman's valuable publications. Dr. Bateman was a disciple of Fothergill and Willan, and made their preparatory steps the landmarks of his own. His "Historical View" of the state of health and disease in the Metropolis in past times, which precedes his own Reports of the diseases of London, from 1804 to 1806, shows by what sure, but, till lately, slow degrees, light has burst upon us respecting

the main causes and best modes of preventing more than half the consuming wretchedness of the world around us.

NOTE VI.—Page 179.

*"When a disinterested," &c.*

Cornaro was a man of the world; and we must not fall into the mistake of supposing that his whole time was taken up in considering what to eat, or what to drink. He was desirous of doing good in every possible way, and he paid the more attention to diet and regimen from knowing how essential health is to happiness. He, moreover, knew the closeness of the connexion between having nothing to do, and the host of imaginary evils. When in health and well occupied, we take no thought of what the lungs and heart are about, all their movements proceeding almost insensibly.

I recollect a story told of Sydenham, how he sent a patient, whose complaint was having nothing to do, to Edinburgh for further advice. When his patient got there, he was told that there was really nothing amiss with him, and that it must have been a fool of a physician who had sent him so far unnecessarily. Upon this, he returned to London bent on wreaking his vengeance on Sydenham, who received him with a smile, and explained to him how it came to pass that he was ill in London, and well when he arrived in Edinburgh.

NOTE VII.—Page 180.

*"Since no man," &c.*

Cornaro must be studied in the spirit of his doctrines, not in the letter. A gentleman, whom I well knew, held the opinion, that a good physician was better than a bad, but that no physician was better than either; and to the vain conceit of some such joke life may often have been forfeited. The gentleman to whom I have just alluded became subject to the gout, and, having no confidence in doctors, dosed himself with colchicum, till it was too late to obviate the fatal tendency of his own presumption. Medical men, when ill, are sure to claim the advice of their professional friends,

being well aware how apt disease is to impair the judgment ; but this does not afford unqualified sanction to the taunt that, "The doctor who prescribes for himself has a fool for his patient," since it often happens that his knowledge of premonitory symptoms enables him, by a stitch in time, to ward off a coming illness.

NOTE VIII.—Page 181.

"*Voluptuous life*," &c.

Hufeland, in his "Art of prolonging Life," tells us that there is no instance of longevity in a professed idler. For, besides that he who is occupied on subjects requiring thought, has usually neither leisure nor inclination to be intemperate, it must be inferred from analogy, that the brain, which is the most important organ of the body, cannot fail of having great influence on its vitality and healthy condition. If a limb ceases to move it immediately wastes, and the constitution sympathises, more or less, with the local torpor ; there is, in fact, no axiom in physiology better known than that the performance of the function of every organ is essential to its health. Of an hundred and fifty-two *Savans* taken at hazard, one half from the Academy of Belles Lettres, the other from that of Sciences, of Paris, it was found that the sum of years lived by them was one thousand five hundred and eleven, or about sixty-nine years to each. Mr. Brunaud, in like manner, has shown in his "*Hygiene des Gens des Lettres*," that literary men, in all climates and times, have been usually long lived.\*

Clad in the wisdom and experience of Cato the Censor, Cicero, in his contemplations "*De Senectate*," says, "*Manent ingenia senibus, modo permaneat studium et industria* ;" and, after showing the futility of the charges commonly brought against old age, he attributes the loss even of bodily strength, to the vices of youth—to intemperance and debauchery, more than to old age itself. He tells us how Masinissa, King of Numidia, when ninety years old, bore without inconvenience the extremes of cold and heat, and preferred a journey on foot to one on horseback ; whence he draws the inference,

\* *Foreign Quarterly Review*, i. 188.

"potest igitur exercitatio et temperantia etiam senectuti conservare aliquid pristini roboris." He admonishes us in particular to take care of our mental faculties, for, unless we do so, "they will go out like lamps not fed with oil."

But I can bring into court living witnesses of the fact, that old age may be happy and useful, after the sight is gone and the hearing has become imperfect. Dr. Fowler, for instance, is in his ninety-fourth year, and so blind as to require an amanuensis, yet he still enjoys a good appetite, sleeps well at night, pays visits, and often entertains friends at his own dinner-table; and, to crown all, he is able to meditate on matters requiring considerable depth of thought, no day being allowed to pass *sine lineâ*. He was present at the late gathering of philosophers at Leeds, and presented a paper, which was read with commendation in one of the Sections, "On the capacities of Animals." In a letter, which I have since received from him, he says that at Leeds he became acquainted with a Quaker lady who will be 104 on New Year's Day, 1859. "She is quite blind," he adds, "and more active than himself. Her piety is rational; she enjoys the present, and is hopeful of the future."

I have since learnt more about this interesting old lady from my friend, Mr. R. W. Fox. He writes respecting her as follows: "It is true that the aged '*friend*' at Leeds is even more wonderful than Dr. Fowler himself. Her name is Mary Wright: she attends the meetings of her friends, and often speaks in them. I hear that she is a *great great* grandmother, and that her daughter, who is eighty-five, looks older than herself! I am told that she knitted a purse for the Queen after she was a hundred years old, and that it was graciously received and valued."

A very pretty copy of verses in commemoration of Mary Wright, and addressed to her "On her completing her 100th year," was published at Leeds in 1855.

Still, old age is, at best, full of hints against presumption; and I would have old people be cautious how they build on instances such as the preceding, or even on such as that adduced by Cicero of Sophocles, who, when his sons endeavoured to set him aside as no longer capable of managing his worldly estate, obtained a verdict in

his favour from his judges after reading to them his tragedy of *Œdipus Coloneus*, which he had just before finished. He put to them the question, "num illud carmen desipientis videretur?"

Moreover, as Cicero wisely subjoins, "all men cannot be Scipios or Maximuses; but if life be spent quietly, elegantly, and innocently, old age will not fail of being calm and happy." Plato lived to the age of eighty-one years, yet continued his studies to the last. Isocrates is said to have written a long treatise in praise of the Athenians in the ninety-fourth year of his age, and to have lived five years longer. His preceptor, Leontinus Georgias, lived to the age of a hundred and seven, studying to the last, and to the last vindicating the claims of old age to commendation. Ennius compares his own old age to that of some noble horse who had often been victorious in the Olympic course,—

"Sicut fortis equus, spatio qui aspe supremo  
Vicit Olympia, nunc senio confectus quiescit."

The following sentiments of Cicero must be given, in conclusion, in his own inimitable words:—"Ver tanquam adolescentiam significat; ostenditque fructus futuros; reliqua tempora demetendis fructibus et percipiendis accommodata sunt. Fructus autem senectutis est antè partorum bonorum memoria et copia." And in proof how nearly allied simplicity may be to sublimity, we find the same tone of feeling which occupied the mind of Cicero harmonising with one of the humblest efforts of our own country's muse:—

"'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,  
And the comfort that faith can bestow;  
'Tis the thought of past pastime, and truth,  
The best of all blessings below."

NOTE IX.—Page 183.

"*Exact and regular life,*" &c.

Barristers, medical men, and members of Parliament are apt to suffer much from irregular meals and occasional long fasting. To obviate this a blunder is apt to be made at each end of the day; they either overload the stomach at breakfast, or oppress it with food at night when weak by too long abstinence. I knew an M.P. who, for



many years, refrained from eating till the house was up. On getting home he ate an enormous dinner; a mistake for which, eventually, he paid dearly. The late eminent barrister, Mr. Follett, was of a delicate frame, and very much over-worked; but he was as prudent as circumstances would admit of in regard to diet. He told me, when going into Court at our county assize, that all he had taken for breakfast that morning, when just come off a long journey, was a cup or two of tea, with a little bread or dry toast and butter. Yet he that day gained an important cause, the doubtful issue of which a heavier breakfast might, not at all improbably, have endangered. The rule should be, a light breakfast and a moderate refection at luncheon-time, when it can be so managed. It is very important to know likewise that nothing interferes more with regularity of the bowels than an overloaded stomach.

The above are axioms, if they may be dignified with that name, alike applicable to members of the learned professions, to sportsmen, travellers, and I hardly know to whom not. A popular but short-lived Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, more than half-a-century ago, is said to have usually supplemented his breakfast with five or six turkeys' eggs. On some jovial occasion, the same vice-regal nobleman conferred the honour of knighthood on a country innkeeper; an honour which the lady of the tap, on the following morning, defied him to cancel.

NOTE X.—Page 188.

*"Sometimes fall to writing."*

Falling to writing I have found a notable remedy against falling asleep, which old people are apt to do with surprising suddenness. Drowsiness comes upon me, and is more than a match for the book I am reading, which closes or drops from my hand. Sometimes a very short nap suffices and I return refreshed to my book, but I have more generally found the pen my best resource.

It has been said of some missionaries to China that, when it was expedient for them to sleep as little as possible, they found refreshment from even a few minutes' sleep, from which they were aroused by the falling of a metallic ball from the hand that held it on some sounding metal placed underneath.

NOTE XI.—Page 189.

*"To drain the marsh lands," &c.*

The *Moniteur* has lately informed the public that the Emperor of the French has given to Count Walewski the Marais d'Orx, which are marshes in "the Landes," near Biarritz, of which the Count is Prefect; he has likewise taken upon himself the entire expense of draining them. These Landes form a part of France spoken of by the late Dr. Macculloch as particularly requiring to be drained.

I have now lying before me Macculloch's last work on Malaria, a thick and very rare octavo volume, which was given me by the late Sir John St. Aubyn, who was a great friend and patron of Mr. Macculloch. His geography of malaria was almost superlatively minute; but his general sanitary principles are excellent; and I advert to them the more readily on account of their striking concurrence with those of Cornaro three centuries ago.

There is no stronger mark of advancing civilization, on the one hand, than the zeal and science with which the fens and marshes of our own country have been disarmed of their deadly atmosphere, and rendered populous and fruitful; and, on the other, none more indicative of the decadence of countries, than allowing the sanitary works of former generations to fall to ruins.

Dr. Macculloch takes the average of life among ourselves at fifty years, and then informs us that there are districts in France where it is but twenty-two, twenty, and eighteen; districts where all the instruments by which death executes his office are superseded by one which renders all others unnecessary,—by malaria, which has monopolised all the functions of the whole dark catalogue. Turning to Italy, he says, "The fairest portions of this fair land are a prey to this invisible enemy; its fragrant breezes are poisons, the dews of its summer evenings are death. The banks of its refreshing streams, its rich and flowery meadows, the borders of its glossy lakes, its luxurious plains, the valley where its aromatic shrubs regale the eye and perfume the air—these are the chosen seats of this plague, the throne of malaria. Death there walks hand in hand with the sources of life; the labourer reaps his harvest but to die, or he wanders amidst

the luxuriance of vegetation and wealth the ghost of a man, a sufferer from his cradle to his impending grave, aged even in childhood, and laying down in misery that life which was but one disease. He is even driven from some of the richest pastures of this fertile yet unhappy country, and the traveller contemplates at a distance deserts, but deserts of vegetable wealth, which man dares not approach, or he dies. Imperial Rome herself is its chosen victim; man flies before it, but the enemy is behind him and around him on all sides; every day sees the dominion of death extended, and the hour is impending when the eternal city will cease to be, when it shall submit to that fate, which has been the fate of proud Nineveh, and Babylon, the queen of nations.

"Such also is Sicily, such Sardinia, and such is classic Greece. To live a living death, to be cut off from more than half of even that life, to be placed in the midst of wealth and enjoyment, yet not to enjoy—such is the fate of man in the lands of Europe where malaria holds its chief seat; while, in the tropical regions, it is to fall by thousands and tens of thousands, the summer harvest of death walking hand in hand with the vegetable world.

"True, from *thus much* we are free; and we may be grateful for a security purchased, as it is, by a less genial climate, and a soil less productive. But we, too, suffer with Italy and with Greece, with Africa, and the West and the East, with the entire world. As travellers, as residents, as warriors, as colonists, we partake with all; and as they suffer, so do we. War at least cannot forget what it suffers, or has suffered, from this cause—from that malaria of which it is too often ignorant, which, too often, it thinks fit to despise. If the sword has slain its thousands, malaria has slain its tens of thousands. It is disease, not the field of action, which digs the graves of armies; it is malaria by which the burning spirit, fitted for better things, is quenched. This is the destroying angel, the real pestilence which walks at noon day, and to which all the other causes of mortality are but as feeble auxiliaries in the work of destruction. This is malaria, the neglected subject to which I am desirous of calling attention, that its powers may be diminished—malaria, from which even ourselves in England are not free, though,

from ignorance, unaware of it, or from unwillingness to receive conviction, shutting our eyes to the truth."

The above, it must be allowed, is a somewhat strong but animated appeal to the public against malaria. It was more necessary fifty or sixty years ago than now, but even now the zealous and intelligent directors of sanitary measures in London find it difficult to raise attention to the required point. There things are seen in their full dimensions, and there the duty is the more imperative to set to work in good earnest, and to take the bull by the horns. Mr. Simon's Reports are incalculably valuable; yet they are little more than practical comments on Macculloch's expanded views respecting malaria. After telling us that preventible diseases may be counted by tens of thousands, Mr. Simon estimates, as quite within bounds, that the hundred thousand deaths might be annually struck off, against which the Registrar-General protests, as deaths of artificial production; and that the sanitary measures to effect this great saving of human life are chiefly comprised in "Strict cleanliness, improved ventilation, and diminished crowding." He, no less than Dr. Macculloch, is far too judicious and experienced an observer not to discriminate between malaria and contagion, which, however closely allied, are not identical. In some preceding pages of this volume I have mentioned the case of a country gentleman who suffered from malaria, in consequence of inspecting the draining of some ground adjoining his residence. His general health was completely disordered, and a formidable carbuncle nearly occasioned his losing his life; and I doubt whether it might have ever occurred to me that his ill-health originated in malaria if Dr. Macculloch had not dwelt on the fact, but little known, that malaria is apt to be abundantly extricated from the breaking up of old ground. There was no complication whatever with contagion here. But I have elsewhere likewise alluded to the case of the inspector of a tan-yard, whose wife's health was evidently injured by her husband's occupations. Both the husband and his wife were often ailing, and both, I found, frequent sufferers from boils and the whole minor brood of carbuncles, for which neither their mode of living, nor their remarkably clean and wholesome residence, could be accountable. I therefore came to the conclusion that the malaria

arising from the putrid skins of animals, to which the husband was continually exposed, and with which, no doubt, his whole person and dress were impregnated, was the predisposing cause, and that he had communicated the taint to his wife. It will be seen that the event showed the correctness of this opinion; and I think it will be allowed that the case both clearly shows how a person infected with malaria of a particular kind may carry it about with him and infect others, and how direfully communicable such a disease as cholera must be, when its mephitic fumes has been allowed to accumulate in the components of an army, or of an Eastern caravan.

It is commonly known that ague is not contagious; and it may therefore be concluded that there is a specific difference between the malaria of a tan-yard arising from putrid animal skins, and that of fens or fresh broken land. In the first of the two cases just alluded to, the influence of the malaria arising from the disturbed surface of some old land was confined to the gentleman who superintended the draining. Whereas, in the second, the inspector of the tan-yard imparted to his wife the poison of his own person and dress. Whence it must be inferred, that malaria may or may not be implicated with contagion properly so called; and, in fact, the annals of medicine abundantly show how narrow the limits are between malaria and contagion.

Tertian ague has become very rare in Cornwall; mining operations having drained the districts where it formerly prevailed. Nevertheless, in descending from a high and dry road into our valleys, the night air is apt to be damp, chilly, and unwholesome; and I have often been obliged to have recourse to bark after passing through them. The few cases of ague which I met with in the course of many years' practice were brought from great distances; one, evidently, from Lincolnshire, the infection having lain dormant many weeks. Another case was that of a gentleman of rank and fortune, who was seized most unexpectedly with shivering to such an alarming degree, that a servant was sent to fetch me to him as soon as possible, and when I came I found him still wretched enough; he had shivered, and burned, and sweated, and had been as ill as ill could be. Some medicine was prescribed, and I engaged to see him

again the next day. But on the following morning word came that my patient was so much better that I might defer my visit till the morrow. This I did, and then found him as bad or worse than he had been when the first paroxysm of fever seized him. There was now no doubt in my mind that the disorder was tertian ague, which accordingly yielded quickly to Peruvian bark, given in substance. We had no chemical preparations of quinine in those days. The transition period from the old apothecary to the modern man of science is not without some amusing incidents. Upon one occasion I puzzled an honest old surgeon and apothecary by a new feature in my prescription; he confessed his ignorance, but added, "I have not got that new medicine in my shop; but I have medicines enough there, doctor, to save our patient's life, if you know how to use them." So, being good friends, we put our heads together, and did very well without the new medicine.

It is difficult to say how long any particular fever will remain dormant. A young lady was infected with the contagion of typhus fever when on a visit at a house where it had long been lurking, and some weeks subsequently she went to a boarding-school at Bath. After being there, in apparent good health, for a week or more, she was seized with typhus, and very narrowly escaped falling a victim. Her Bath medical attendants were, in great measure, taken by surprise from the rare occurrence of malignant fever in a city as famous for the salubrity of its air, as for the invigorating efficacy of its fountains.

Nothing can more clearly show the difference between fevers originating in marsh-miasmata and contagious fevers, such as malignant typhus, than the specific efficacy of cinchona and arsenic in the former; whereas, in the latter, if the disease be not cut short at first by some counter-agent, such as an emetic or the affusion of water, it will commonly run a certain course, whatever medicines may be given.

Howard, the philanthropist, died at Cherson of fever of so doubtful a type that it was difficult to say whether it originated in marsh-miasma, or, as he himself imagined, in infection communicated at the bedside of a young lady whom he had travelled between twenty and thirty miles to see, in the midst of snow, and wind, and rain, over

villainous roads and on the back of a rough horse, and whom he found apparently in a dying state. However, she was still able to take some medicine ; for his biographer informs us, that " Soon after his arrival, having administered to his patient something to excite perspiration, and feeling unwilling to check its efficacy by uncovering her arm as soon as the symptoms of its operation began to appear, he put his hand under the bed-clothes to feel her pulse, and, as he did so, the effluvia from her person was so very offensive, that it always was his opinion that her fever was then communicated to him : she died on the following day. He immediately returned to Cherson ; and, a day or two after, having principally confined himself within doors till then, went out to dine with the Russian admiral Mordvinof, who lived about a mile and a half from his lodgings. He staid later than usual, and when he returned found himself unwell, and thought he had something of the gout flying about him, to the attacks of which disease he was constitutionally liable. He immediately took some sal volatile in a little tea and thought himself better, until three or four o'clock the following morning, when, feeling not quite so well, he repeated his former dose. Soon after his usual hour he got up and walked out, but finding himself worse he returned home and took an emetic, which did not prevent a violent attack of fever on the following night, to arrest which he had immediate recourse to his favourite remedy of James's fever powders, which he took every two or four hours till Sunday, the 17th of January ; \* for though, as soon as he was acquainted with his illness, Prince Potemkin kindly sent his physician to attend him, his own prescriptions were never interfered with during this period, *in which he continued to be perfectly sensible and collected*, except that on the 12th he had a kind of fit, in which he suddenly fell down ; his face became black, his breathing difficult, and he remained senseless for half an hour. On the 17th the fit was repeated ; but, as in the former instance, the insensibility which it occasioned was of a very short continuance. He died in the morning of the 20th of January, 1790." *Brown's Memoirs*, p. 629.

\* The date of the day on which the attack of fever commenced is not given, but it must have been early in January.

I do not apologize for dwelling thus on the closing scene of such a man as Howard, "who through a life of unwearied benevolence had proved himself the friend of all, but most of those who seemed to have no other earthly friend." "Every good man in every clime was *his* friend." His conversation with the Russian admiral, Priestman, a few days before his death, bears evidence of the intimate and even affectionate footing on which they stood towards each other, and fully justifies the sentiment of his biographer, that "dying at a distance of fifteen hundred miles from his native land, he nevertheless died not among strangers. Amidst the wilds of Tartary and the frozen chill of Russia's deepest snows, friends administered to his comfort in his last hours; and in his tranquil and happy dissolution there was a full verification of the Scripture testimony, that 'the last end of the good man is peace.'"—*Ibid*, p. 630.

Still, my chief motive for making use of Howard's name was the medical lesson to be deduced from his last illness.

A month or two prior to his death, he says, in a letter from Cherson to a friend in England, "Many are here shivering with the ague; a morass of twenty miles is before my window. I give the ounce of bark and drachm of snake-root and wormwood, which has not failed me once." He mentions also having received information on which he could rely, that no less than 70,000 recruits, soldiers, and sailors had died in Russia in the course of the preceding year,—a mortality which he attributed, in a very great degree, to the inattention, ignorance, and inhumanity which he had witnessed with so much pain in their hospitals. But I wish to call attention to the fact, that our philanthropist must have been intensely exposed to marsh-miasmata; and, decidedly as I am of Dr. Aikin's opinion that his fever was not caught at the bed-side of the young lady whom he had so humanely visited, I cannot agree with him in thinking that it was brought on by his subsequent visits to the hospitals at Cherson. His walk home, at so late an hour, from Admiral Mordvinof's, was more probably the proximate cause; and that he died of ordinary remittent fever is, in my mind, almost certain. If it had not been so, if malignant typhus had even been combined with his remittent fever, *would he have retained his faculties so perfectly*



*and calmly to the last and throughout?* He is said, indeed, to have had, more than once, a kind of fit, during which he remained a short time senseless; but, with these exceptions, it is particularly stated that he never once faltered in mind. It is, therefore, my belief that Howard mistook the character of his disorder. He lost sight of the morass with which he was surrounded, and of the ague which he had himself subdued in others by bark, and stuck to his favourite antimonial powders, regretting, at the same time, that his abstemious mode of living did not admit of his further lowering himself. The sound inference from his previous abstemious habits would have been the probability of greater good resulting from the timely use of tonics and a more generous diet. It is the free liver who, when fever comes, has no staff to rest on. Poor Howard was, once too often, his own physician.

The following quotation may be thought long, but uninteresting or irrelevant it cannot be thought. As long as health permitted, "it had been Mr. Howard's almost daily custom, at a certain hour, to visit his friend Admiral Priestman, who resided at Cherson, and who, on finding that he failed in his usual calls, went some days after he had been totally confined to his house to see him, when he found him weak and ill, sitting before a stove in his bedroom. On enquiring after his health, he replied, that his end was approaching very fast, that he had several things to say to him, and thanked him for having called upon him. The Admiral concluding from his answers that he was in a melancholy mood, endeavoured to turn the conversation, imagining the whole or the principal part of his disorder might be the mere effect of low spirits. Mr. Howard, however, assured him that it was not; and added, in a very impressive yet cheerful manner, 'Priestman, you style this a dull conversation and endeavour to divert my mind from dwelling upon death; but I entertain very different sentiments. Death has no terrors for me; it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure; and be assured the subject is more grateful to me than any other. I am well aware that I have but a short time to live; my mode of life has rendered it impossible that I should get rid of this fever. If I had lived as you do, eating heartily of animal food and drinking

wine, I might, perhaps, by altering my diet be able to subdue it. But how can such a man as I am lower his diet, who has been accustomed for years to exist upon vegetables and water, a little bread and a little tea? I have no method of lowering my nourishment, and therefore I must die. It is such jolly fellows as you, Priestman, who get over these fevers.' Then, turning from that subject, he spoke of his funeral, and cheerfully gave directions where he would be buried."

And now, having done with Howard, I have something to say of other great men, when they came to die; for, throughout all ages, Fame has lent the voice of her trumpet to the destroyers as well as to the deliverers of mankind. Alexander the Great, of Greece, and Alexander the First, of Russia, died, there can be little doubt, of remittent fever, from exposure to marsh-miasmata. In one of the classical and elegant "Essays and Orations" of Sir Henry Hallford, we have conclusive evidence set before us that the son of Philip neither died of poison, nor of excess of wine, but of a *remittent fever*, which he caught in the marshes of Babylon. He had resolved to make that mother of cities and cradle of civilization the capital of his great eastern empire, and occupied himself, amongst other important objects, with diverting the channel of the Euphrates, and draining some enormous lakes which the river had left from time to time by overflowing its banks. He superintended these operations himself, and began to complain of fever on the day which he had set apart for offering a splendid sacrifice for the success of his intended expedition to Arabia.

After the banquet he was prevailed upon to spend the evening with Medius, one of his favourites, where he remained till after midnight, not, however, to commit any excess, but for the pleasure of social intercourse, for Arrian says expressly, that in the pleasures of the table he was temperate, not to say abstinent. The fever had now established itself in his frame, and the extraordinary fatigues which he had undergone, the exposure within the last three years to the ruins of the Punjab, the burning sands of Gedrosia, and the frost and snow of Mount Zagrus, and lastly to the marsh-miasmata of the Babylonian lakes, leave us but little room for surprise, that all proved at length too much for even his frame of adamant to bear. He died

about the twelfth day. No physician is mentioned, but we conjecture from the bulletins that the king's dependence for recovery was upon abstinence and bathing. The bulletins are given both by Arrian and Plutarch, the latter taking them from the diary of the royal secretary, Eumenes.

On the first day it is stated that he drank in festive company with Medeus; on rising bathed, and then went to rest.

Second day. After bathing he returned to his bed-chamber, bathed again late in the evening, then after supper he made the accustomed offerings to the gods, and had fever through the night.

Third day. Having bathed, he performed the usual duties of the sacrifice, and passed the day in the bathing-hall, giving orders to the commanders for the march of the army and the sailing of the fleet. He was then carried in a couch to the river, which he crossed in a boat to a summer-house, where again he bathed, and passed the night.

Fourth day. He bathed and sacrificed as the law required. In the evening he took a light supper, and being carried to his bed-chamber the fever increased, and he passed a very bad night.

Fifth day. His fever being violent, he was carried to the great swimming bath, and, lying by it, he conversed with the generals about some persons fit to be appointed to vacant commands.

Sixth day. He performed again his religious ceremonies, and although there was no intermission of the fever, he would see the generals, and give orders about the expedition.

On the following day, it was not without difficulty that he was carried to the altar to make the sacrifice. Nevertheless, he would see the officers, and give his commands.

On the eighth, although extremely ill, he made the accustomed sacred offerings, and ordered the generals to remain assembled in the court. He was carried from the summer-house in the park to the palace. When the generals entered he knew them, but said nothing. His fever was very violent during the night.

On the ninth it was equally violent; on the tenth the same. This day the army became impatient to see the king, upon which they were admitted to enter his chamber in small parties. The king looked on them stedfastly, but did not speak.

The next day the king died.

Sir Henry regrets that his limits will not allow him to enrich his paper by Arrian's beautiful portraiture of the character of Alexander; and, having expressed his opinion that Arrian has completely vindicated his memory from the imputation, too lightly cast upon him, of habitual intemperance, and especially from the reproach of owing his death to a drunken debauch, he closes his address to his assembled brethren and their guests by reminding them that his theme was *not* the lives, but the deaths of some illustrious persons of antiquity.

In two subsequent essays, Sir Henry treats of the deaths of some eminent persons of modern times. He was himself a bright ornament of the medical profession; and his orations and essays made him popular with the higher classes, who were often courteously invited to be present at the College, on the evenings when they were delivered by him. They were always instructive and highly interesting, and were, moreover, calculated to raise the profession of physic, by the occasional exhibition of its duties and responsibilities; but, having dwelt upon these already, I will merely add that he closes his summary of the studies essential to the development of a physician by declaring them to be incomplete, unless combined with a thorough knowledge of those divine truths which in the words of Bacon, are "the port and sabbath of all human contemplations."

Locke was a physician, and he is quoted by Sir Henry Halford as one of the great philosophers of modern times who lived and died a Christian; and it is highly gratifying to observe, that Sir Henry found it easy to enrich essays devoted to the deaths of modern philosophers with the names of distinguished Christian physicians. He speaks of Boerhaave, the Batavian Hippocrates, not merely as having vindicated the required connection between the study of medicine and philosophy generally, but as having exemplified through life, and particularly during his last long and painful illness, the influence of religion on his whole heart and conduct; and he leads us with good taste and feeling to imply what must have been Boerhaave's own religious impressions, by telling us what he has left on record of that eminent philosopher and Christian, the

Hon. Robert Boyle. "Which of his writings," he asks, "shall I recommend to you? I recommend all."

I must now, before I return to the marshes of Southern Russia, take the opportunity of speaking of Sir Isaac Newton, because I have something of importance to say about him. The assertion that for a short time towards the close of his life his mental faculties forsook him, is shown by Sir H. Halford to have been made on very insufficient grounds. "A letter from Sir Isaac to Mr. Locke has been cited in proof of the derangement of the writer's mind; but Mr. Locke put no such construction upon it, and on the view which so good a judge of mind as Mr. Locke took of the state of Sir Isaac's faculties I rest the decision of this question."\* But this, after all, would be but a spot, even if it were substantiated, on Newton's brilliant escutcheon. It is of infinitely more importance that no opportunity should be lost of rescuing his memory from the stain of Unitarianism. He was attended by Dr. Mead and Mr. Cheselden in his last illness, and, even in the bitterest agony of the stone, he never betrayed an impatient feeling, but was entirely resigned to the will of the Almighty, and sought and found comfort—not in his philosophy, not in the fame of his optical discoveries, or of the deduction of the planetary orbits from the law of gravitation,—but in contemplating the benevolence and mercy of God, *and in a humble hope of the intercession of his Son.*"†

It is very easy to hurl the thunderbolts of fierce invective at such men as Samuel Clarke and Isaac Newton, but no charitable Christian who has read the tenth part of what I have read on the subject of the Trinity, will be forward in condemning even the former of these great men, as I have seen him condemned, to everlasting perdition for attempting, as he unhappily did, to dispense with Divine Personality in the Saviour of the world. And this I say, believing, as I do from the very bottom of my heart, that there are Three Co-equal and Co-eternal Persons in the Godhead, and that if Christ were not God as well as man the faith of the Christian is vain and delusive. Coleridge was right when he said that Unitarianism

\* Sir H. Halford's *Essays*, xiii.

† *Essay* xiii. p. 266.

rianism was not Christianity; but what he meant by saying likewise that he would not so positively assert that a Unitarian might not be a Christian, I cannot tell. The qualification savours of paradox, and must be construed as a charitable hope rather than an exposition of doctrine.

It is beautifully recorded in Sir I. Newton's epitaph, that he asserted in his philosophy the majesty of God, and exhibited in his conduct the simplicity of the Gospel; and whether or not he may sometimes have been rather led to contemplate the majesty of God in the immensity of creation than to dwell on the mystery of redeeming love, and so to have dropped occasional expressions such as might have fallen from the lips or pen of Coleridge's favourite, Geordano Bruno,\* yet I have it in my power positively to contradict the unfounded charge brought against Bishop Horsley of having committed to the flames a mass of Sir I. Newton's papers in defence of Unitarianism. This charge was brought forward by Thomson, in his "Annals of Chemistry," vol. ii., where he has introduced a memoir of Sir Isaac Newton.

Doubting, nevertheless, the veracity of the charge, I wrote a letter to the Rev. Heneage Horsley, the Bishop's son, and called his attention to what Thomson had alleged respecting his father. In his answer, which is still in my possession, he thanks me for the opportunity I had afforded him, by reference to a memoir of which he had not before heard, of positively contradicting another of the malicious calumnies of the Socinians; he was quite sure that no such papers had ever come into his father's possession, and he was fully persuaded that Sir Isaac had left none such behind him. Thomson has added to his Memoir a singularly confused and deceptive note, in which he first vindicates Sir I. Newton's right to the name of Christian, and then settles all ambiguity upon this point by adding, "Newton's religious opinions were not orthodox; for example, he did not believe in the Trinity. This gives us the reason why Horsley, the champion of the Trinity, found Newton's papers unfit for publication."†

\* Early Years and Late Reflections, vol. I. p. 95.

† Thomson's Chemistry, vol. II. p. 322.

Cornaro would have excused this digression for its importance; but I will hasten to return to him, after adding one Alexander more to the victims of marsh-miasmata.

The first Russian emperor of that name died at Taganrog, a town situated on the banks of a river which falls into the sea of Azof; and we learn from Alison, that, on the first indication of fever, his physician, Sir James Wylie, earnestly counselled the adoption of immediate remedies; but that Alexander replied, that he knew how to treat himself, and that his trust was in God and in the strength of his constitution. He accordingly persisted in exposing himself to fatigue on horseback along the pestilential shores of a putrid sea, till, on the 17th of November, 1825, the well known symptoms of intermittent fever showed themselves, and, at the earnest entreaties of his physicians, he was persuaded to take some of the usual remedies prescribed for such cases.

It is not said what they were; there are no daily bulletins to gratify curiosity, or to instruct our judgment; but after informing us that the medicines for a brief space appeared to have had the desired effect, Dr. Wylie has merely left upon record that, on the 25th, the symptoms became suddenly more threatening, and assumed at last the worst features of typhus. On the 1st day of December, 1825, the Emperor died.

It would be irrelevant to my purpose to give any details of the interesting narrative of Alexander's contrition and remorse, and short but happy intercourse with his Empress prior to his departure, and I will therefore only advert again to a fact, which I believe to be in great measure characteristic of remittent fevers originating in the malaria of marshes, that there was little or no defect of the mental faculties throughout Alexander's illness. When warned of his approaching end he begged his confessor to forget the Emperor, and speak simply to him as a Christian. His last act was to receive the communion with the Empress, and his last words were expressive of his fear that her health would suffer from her unremitting attentions to him.

To a list of the victims of marsh-miasmata I might go on adding memorable names indefinitely. Whether that of Lord Byron belongs

to it may by some be doubted, but the site of Missolonghi, where he died, is represented as flat, marshy, and unhealthy, and the characteristic mark of the marsh-remittent fever was not wanting, for he was for a while his own doctor; and he struggled hard for victory over the lancet, which, when used at last, seems to have aggravated symptoms, and to have accelerated the fatal termination of his illness.

I have already stated that the valleys of Cornwall breathe miasmata at night capable of producing remittent fevers, as I have too often experienced in my own person. Upon one of these occasions I well remember saying to my friend Mr. Ferris, an eminent Truro surgeon, when he called to see me in the morning, that I had suffered so dreadfully from pain in the head the preceding night, that I should have entreated him to bleed me largely, if he had been at hand. However, with the morning came remission, and my friend's decoction of bark, warmed with the compound tincture, upon this, as upon other occasions, soon effectually put a stop to the fever.

This must be my concluding comment on the specific character of Lord Byron's last illness.

NOTE XII. Page 190.

*"Especially my taste," &c.*

There is scarcely, in Cornaro's Treatise, a more refined or just remark than this respecting the taste. Gluttons and gourmands are not epicures in any rational sense; the taste is confused and vitiated by quantity and variety; and although water and bread are not the idols which the disciples of Epicurus worship, they are the primary articles of man's sustenance and his never palling luxuries. I doubt whether there is anything for which the famished wanderer in an arid desert would have so keen an appetite.

The best bread is almost tasteless; yet where shall we find the pampered individual who would dare to set any article of food in comparison with it?

With respect to water, which, when pure, is still more devoid of taste than bread, it has, besides its primary quality of quenching



thirst, the inestimable property of being, from its very insipidity, the sincere vehicle of the flavour of whatever substances are dissolved in, or mixed with it. It is only the temperate man, like Cornaro, whose appetite and taste never pall.

NOTE XIII.—Page 191.

*"If I dream my dreams are pleasant."*

There is a remarkable connexion between our dreams and our repletions. They are criterions of the appropriateness of our diet, upon which much reliance may be placed. It is said of Mrs. Radcliffe, the talented authoress of the "*Mysteries of Udolpho*," that she knew what to eat in order to produce particular trains of thought in dreams, those mysteries of our nature, to which we are so amenable, ere we have jostled off this mortal coil.

Judging from my own experience, I believe that dreams of any significance occur only in deep sleep, when the sentient principle is most passive; and it has long been my opinion that the wonderful intercourse, or rather intercommunity, which exists between the body and the soul, is maintained through the agency of some invisible, inscrutable, and all-pervading element. It is not identical with electricity for this reason—that electricity can be dealt with by scientific philosophers, and be made by them subservient to unnumbered purposes. But the principle which brings the body into rapport with the soul is of a far higher and more subtle nature than the element which cleaves the gnarled oak asunder. It is something which is between man and his Creator, more subtle than light—something more concerning man, but beyond mortal ken.

The Bible speaks of dreams, and of visions and revelations of the Lord, all of which differ from miracles, inasmuch as miracles are appeals to the soul through the medium of the external senses. We have in the Bible abundant instances of God's discovering His will in dreams, as well as of His raising up persons to explain them; yet, among the manifold temptations to error with which man is beset, not the least is his readiness to run after idle dreamers whom God, everywhere in His Holy Word, disalloweth.\*

\* See "*Cruden's Concordance*," under the head "*Dream*."

My present task is not to point out the distinction, made in the Bible, between true and false dreams and dreamers, but to vindicate the evidence which both afford of a medium of communication between body and soul, between man and his Creator. According to this view it follows easily that the machinery of the brain, which is subservient to our mental faculties, may be excited, one while, like the wild and vagrant strings of an Æolian harp; and, at another, in due conformity with the most melodious and harmonious symphonies. In profound sleep the mind may take no cognizance whatever of the vibrations of the cerebral chords.

Some persons say they never dream. The late lamented vicar of Newlyn, Mr. Dix, told me that he had no knowledge whatever of dreams; and, upon the whole, I have reason to think that the soundest sleepers are the least dreamers. The subtle element of communication between mind and matter is present, nevertheless, in all, and pervades infinite space.

In the first volume of my "Early Years and Late Reflections" I have alluded to an evening party at which Coleridge and Davy were present, when, the conversation turning on the subject of dreams, both those great men favoured us with their cursory thoughts about them; and I am tempted to bring Coleridge upon the scene again in the following quotation from his Appendix to "A Second Lay Sermon," where, referring to dreams, he says, "Even 'the visions of the night' speak to us of powers within us that are not dreamt of in the day-dreams of the doctors of the mechanic school. The dreams which we most often remember are produced by the nascent sensations and inward motiunculæ (the fluxions) of the waking state. Hence, too, they are more capable of being remembered, because passing more gradually into our waking thoughts they are more likely to associate with our first perceptions after sleep. Accordingly, when the nervous system is approaching to the waking state, a sort of under-consciousness blends with our dreams, that in all we imagine as seen or heard our own self is the ventriloquist, and moves the slide in the magic lantern. We dream *about* things, but there are few persons of tender feelings and reflecting habits who have not, more or less often in the course

of their lives, experienced dreams of a very different kind, and during the profoundest sleep that is compatible with the after-recollection-states, of which it would scarcely be too bold to say that we dream the things themselves—so exact, minute, and vivid beyond all power of ordinary memory, is the portraiture, so marvellously perfect is our brief metempsychosis into the being, as it were, of the person who seems to address us. The dullest wight is at times a Shakespear in his dreams. Not only may we expect that men of strong religious feelings, but little religious knowledge, will occasionally be tempted to regard such occurrences as supernatural visitations, but it ought not to surprise us if such dreams should sometimes be confirmed by the event, as though they had actually possessed a character of divination ; for who shall decide how far a perfect reminiscence of past experiences (of many, perhaps, that had escaped our reflex consciousness at the time,)—who shall determine to what extent this reproductive imagination, unsophisticated by the will and undistracted by intrusions from the senses, may or may not be concentrated and sublimed into foresight and presentiment ? There would be nothing herein either to foster superstition on the one hand, or to justify contemptuous disbelief on the other. Incredulity is but credulity seen from behind, bowing and nodding assent to the habitual and the fashionable.”\*

I have referred to “Cruden’s Concordance” for full *Biblical* information relative to dreams, and I must repeat what I have said elsewhere, in testimony to the singular worth of Cruden, that it has long been my firm persuasion that his expositions, *which are exclusively texts of Scripture confronted with their contexts*, are the most perfect and most impartial that English divine literature affords.† Having expressed myself thus strongly in favour of Cruden, I am bound, nevertheless, to add that, in reading the Bible, a dispassionate commentary, free from a polemic spirit, is useful, comfortable, and companionable : such I have found that of D’Oyly and Mant. I have heard it remarked that it is deficient in critical depth,

\* 1st Lay Sermon, Appendix xix.

† In the magnificent folio edition of the “Cambridge Concordance,” of which there was a fifth edition published in 1790, there are no such expositions.

that it does not give the locality of its references, and so on; but whoever will be at the trouble of looking through the list of the writers from whom the references have, no doubt, been faithfully taken, and for which the editors are responsible, will, I think, be ready to admit that a plainer or sounder body of practical divinity is nowhere to be found.

Scott's Bible is high authority with Calvinists and semi-Calvinists, who stumble seemingly because they are unable to grasp the mystery of an Omniscient Being, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; because, in fact, they cannot find out the Almighty unto perfection.—Job xi. 7.

My old friend Cornaro was certainly no Calvinist; for so far was he from subjecting the life that now is to any pre-ordained limit, that his main object was to prove the contrary, and to show how life may be indefinitely prolonged, and how conducive a well-regulated life is to our present and eternal happiness.

It must be evident to all who read Cornaro's own account of his course of life before and after he came to the resolution, from which he never swerved, of eating to live, and not living to eat, that he uses no repulsive or dictatorial language, but simply a persuasive argument founded on personal experience. The constitutional difficulties were great which he had to overcome, for he says of himself, "I was born very choleric and hasty; I flew out into a passion for the least trifle; I huffed every one, and was so intolerable that a great many persons of repute avoided my company. A sober life cured me of this frenzy; by its assistance I became so moderate, and so much a master of my passion, that nobody could perceive that it was born with me."

Socrates bore similar testimony to the victory of a well-regulated mind over the greatest natural disadvantages. Both these great moralists were essentially practical men; and, whatever disparity there may have been in their mental capacities, they both alike said—if you wish to live and die happily, you must bring the passions and animal propensities under the subjection of right reason; and both appealed to the happy results of so doing in their own persons. It is said of Socrates that he eschewed the abstruse enquiries and

metaphysical researches of his predecessors, and that "he drew philosophy down from heaven upon earth" by his direct appeal to the baneful influence, as an appointed law of our nature, of unsubdued appetites and passions. It is in perfect consistency with such a turn of mind that, when in prison, he made a metrical version of the Fables of Æsop.

Socrates was a believer in the divine origin of dreams and omens; and publicly declared, that he was accompanied by an invisible demon, or genius, whose interposition frequently prevented his doing wrong. Lewis Cornaro entertained some peculiar notions respecting the influences of the stars. But it was the main purpose, nevertheless, of both, impressed with the impartial dispensation of good and evil to mankind, to dissuade men from offending that good Providence which "sends rain alike upon the just and unjust."

What can be more conducive to Christian charity than contemplations such as these! How perfectly in accordance are they with the words of the inspired apostle St. Peter: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him." Acts, x. 34, 35.

In my note-book I find a memorandum to the following effect:—"Last night—Feb. 13, 1858—I had a fearful dream, which terminated in a hard scuffle with a man from whose murderous attempt I escaped with difficulty, and awoke." I have no doubt that the dream, which occurred early in the night, was occasioned by an error of diet at dinner the preceding day. Some such dreams, I strongly suspect, belong to the category of dreams which, too probably, prelude death in sleep. Such deaths, I suspect, most commonly occur early in the night, when, I know from long experience, errors of diet tell their tale.

At all events our dreams afford indication of our repletions which no wise man will think it prudent to disregard; and, of dreams in the abstract, I continue to think, as of the accents of the Æolian harp, the chords of which we are unable ourselves to direct, but a *greater master* may.

## NOTE XIV.—Page 194.

*"Ever since my birth," &c.*

There is nothing more remarkable in Cornaro's account of himself than the confidence with which he speaks of his security from the attacks of disease—security derived from his attention to a right rule of life in diet and regimen; and it must appear to any one who has had much experience of the world, that what are called accidents are commonly occasioned by inattention to contingent circumstances. This is a very different matter from the ordinations of Providence, which, like sunshine and rain, happen alike to all. The temperate man escapes a thousand pangs to which gluttony exposes others. Can we suppose for a moment that the philanthropist Howard would have escaped contagion, as he so often did, in the midst of pestilence, if his habits had been intemperate; and when at length he fell a victim to fever, it was because he did not rightly apprehend its nature and specific remedy. He failed to distinguish between general laws and particular exceptions. Temperance, as a general law, affords protection against the occurrence of disease, but there are many precautions necessary to guard us against impending danger, arising from causes to which we become more or less exposed in our course of life.

Cornaro always speaks of himself as one of the happiest of men; but he did not forget that "it is appointed unto all men once to die," nor did he venture, in his own case, to look beyond a hundred years. What he maintains throughout is, that happiness is not incompatible with length of years, and he is angry with certain monks of his day, who were far from being as abstemious as their vows implied, for fancying that God purposely annexes infirmities to old age, to serve instead of penance for the sins committed in their youth. It is the devil and sin, he lets them know, which brings all the evils we suffer upon our heads, and not God, who is our Father and Creator. He desires that mankind should be happy, both in this and the other world, and His commands tend to no other purpose.

Temperance would not be a virtue if the benefit it does, by preserving us from distempers, were repugnant to the designs of

God in our old age. It is, in fact, the constant strain of Cornaro's argument, that the temperate old man may hope to be a stranger to sorrow, and there is nothing more characteristic of himself than the confidence with which he seems almost to defy the occurrence of sorrow or pain.

Goethe, it is true, has likewise said, "To-day is fine, yesterday was fine, and I may therefore count upon a fine day to-morrow;" but there is a wide difference in the moral of these sentiments as coming from the mouth of an infidel or from that of a Christian.

It is not without a feeling of compunction that I have been led to make an unwelcome comparison which may or may not savour of want of charity, according to the greater or less strength and seriousness of our religious persuasions and contemplations. It happens that there is nothing with which I have been more painfully impressed than with the fearful condition of Northern Germany, and especially of the German literati. I do not select Goethe invidiously; they were almost all alike infidels at the end of the last century, and so complete was their abnegation of the Bible, that it was not so much a sealed as a blotted-out book altogether. Such, I have in another place given my reasons for hoping, is not so much the case at present.\*

At the time of Goethe's departure, and long previously, thick darkness covered the land, and however much things, since then, may have mended, nothing can show more affectingly the contrast between the comforts of religion in old age, as exemplified in Cornaro, and the deceitfulness of worldly wisdom and honours so painfully set before us in the desponding account given of himself by that prince of travellers and philosophers, the venerable Baron Von Humboldt. "I lead (writing to a friend he says) an industrious life, chiefly at night, being much worried by an ever-increasing and most uninteresting correspondence; I exist joylessly, in my eighty-ninth year, since of so many things towards which I have striven from my early youth, and with ever-equal warmth, so very little has been fulfilled."

Sentiments such as these, coming from such a man as Humboldt,

\* *Early Years and Late Reflections*, vol. iv. p. 212.

rival in their instructive pathos even the words of the Aramæan prophet Balaam, who could ejaculate from the very depths of irresolution and despair, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" which vain wish is supposed by Bishop Warburton to have been recorded by Moses, that the subsequent account of his immature death in battle might make the stronger impression on the serious reader.

In the "Times" of May 9th, 1859, I find the following announcement:—"Alexander Von Humboldt is dead."

"Sic transit gloria mundi!"

"To English readers," it is added, "Humboldt is best known by his latest work, 'Cosmos,' a work which would alone suffice to render his name immortal! But to the cosmopolitan reader he is better known. His merits are of such transcendent quality that praise is out of place. The friend of kings, he was a liberal; he took a large view of the world in a political sense, while investigating with the utmost minuteness the conformation of some unknown substance. Doubtless, we shall shortly receive from some German pen a notice worthy of one of Germany's greatest celebrities."



## A CHAPTER

### OF DISSOLVING VIEWS OF CORPORAL PUNISHMENTS IN THE ARMY, NAVY, AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE KINGDOM.

I HAD some doubts whether again to call attention to the subject of those cruel corporal punishments which so long disgraced the army and navy of this kingdom, after having already expressed myself strongly on the subject in the second volume of my "Early Years and Late Reflections;" but I have determined on doing so, from seeing strong indications, in letters which have lately appeared in newspapers, of a wish to return to the lash on account of the alleged frequency of desertions, since the attempt has been made to substitute moral discipline for corporal torture.

I can assure such abettors of the lash that more than fifty years ago, when the 66th Regiment was stationed in Ireland, desertions were so frequent that there was no cessation of corporal punishments, and that the extent to which they were carried was so revolting to humanity, that my informant shuddered, to the end of his life, at the recollection of the scenes which he had witnessed. No one who has read the

account which Dickens, in his "Household Words," has given of Norfolk Island in olden times, will fail of recognizing the total failure of cruel measures in quelling the angry passions of desperate criminals. "The major's turn," he tells us in his spirited way, "came for doing duty at Norfolk Island as Commandant, and we went to that terrestrial paradise, where the clanking of chains and the fall of the lash rang in the ear from day-light till dark ; these sounds, accompanied occasionally by the report of a discharged musket, and the shriek of some wretch who had fallen mortally wounded. These shots became so frequent that, at last, they ceased to disturb us even at our meals."

A Cornish gentleman, who at present fills a high situation at Haslar Hospital, had repeatedly the charge of convicts of the very worst description on their voyages to our penal settlements. He was not only responsible, as surgeon, for their health, but for their safe keeping. They began with chains and fetters, but he made a point of relieving them of these to the utmost, and of making their lives as healthful and as little painful as he could. This they appreciated so fully, that in no instance was there the least tendency to insubordination, much less to mutiny.

A few years since I read an excellent report of the course of discipline pursued in Coldbath-fields prison, during twenty years. The superintendent, who favoured the public with it, says that, during

that period, four men only were flogged. They were desperately bad characters, but two dozen lashes sufficed to reform them effectually. Now, if two dozen sufficed in a prison, where the incentives of good conduct are fewer, why exceed that number in a regiment or a ship? Moreover, in the army or navy, desperately bad characters, as soon as they are known to be such, may be dismissed with ignominy, which they cannot be in a prison.

In a letter which I lately received from my friend at Haslar, he writes very cheeringly of the present state of things. "The last orders," he says, "that have been issued by the Admiralty are so precise and peremptory on this point, that a weak and cruel commanding officer is sure of being very soon deprived of his command. A line is drawn likewise between that part of the crew which is liable, and that which is not, to corporal punishment. No petty officer is any longer liable, and there are good-conduct badges, which every foremast man may acquire, which afford like protection." The same intelligent friend assures me that the axiom is, at length, thoroughly recognized, "that good officers make good men, and bad officers bad men;" and when he adds, that there will, nevertheless, be always some black sheep, and that the constitution of the navy is now such, that if a man suffers corporal punishment, he richly deserves it, I recur to my opinion that such scamps should be dismissed the service as soon as possible.

After the above statement, who would expect to find an article in the "Times" of June 8th, 1859, taken from the "Sussex Gazette," to the following effect:—"The Crew of the Shannon.—The arrival of the Shannon at this port last week has given new life to Portsea. The 'Sailor's Home'—that excellent, well-conducted, and secure retreat for our gallant tars—has exhibited new signs of its usefulness, from the fact that most of the crew of the Shannon have taken up their quarters at the 'Home.' About 150 of her original crew have returned in her, and but for the fact of the captain having a taste for flogging, which we regret to state has been prevalent on her homeward voyage, an united and happy crew would have returned to receive the award of their hard-earned laurels. Deep are the expressions of disgust on this score."\*

\* "A court-martial assembled on board the Impregnable, at Plymouth, on Wednesday, to try William Stephenson, able seaman, of the Hogue, for mutinous conduct towards the boatswain of the Cæsar. The prisoner pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to receive fifty lashes and to be imprisoned for two years. While the punishment was being inflicted on board the Cæsar in Keyham Dock, on Thursday morning, at seven o'clock, several artisans and labourers then entering were attracted alongside by the cries of the prisoner, and expressed disapprobation by hisses and groans, in which they were joined by the Turkish sailors assembled on the deck of their own ship, which lies near. On this, the marines of the Cæsar were sent ashore, and were drawn up in a line to disperse the people."—*Times*, July 16th, 1859.

If it be not worse than madness to persist in thus torturing British sailors, I know not what is. Such punishments will not be endured in the Navy of Great Britain much longer. Inferior men may be led.

It is still more instructive to see it stated, in a late newspaper, that for an offence of a serious nature, in a military body, fifty lashes is no punishment at all; when it is certain that, when large numbers were permitted, there was no end of floggings in some regiments. The poor wretches were likewise disfigured in their persons for life. In the "Hue and Cry" of those days the capture of deserters was aided by calling attention to the indelible stamp of punishment on the back. An officer, who served for many years in the 66th Regiment, assured me that more than half the men were so circumstanced. "Ah!" he said, "if our black book had been shown on the table of the House of Commons, the debate would soon have come to an end." A cruel officer commanded that regiment for thirty years, but an old pensioner, who is now living at Truro, says that, before he left the regiment, the colonel had given up cruel punishments in consequence of having had his life saved by a private soldier, and he adds, that the discipline of the regiment was much better maintained than it had been previously.

MEMORANDUM, A.D. 1807.

"John Armstrong, private 54th Foot, sentenced

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by the offer of a large bounty, to enter the service, at whatever risk; but for every good man whom a large bounty would attract, a hundred valuable sailors will be excluded through liability to such torture as that inflicted on William Stephenson.

by a General Court-Marshal to receive 1500 lashes !!! for striking Capt. Hawshaw. Sentence approved and confirmed by His Majesty (Geo. III.), but His Majesty was pleased to limit the lashes to 1000 !!! ”

In the execution of such sentences, it was customary to give as many hundred lashes at a time as the poor wretch was capable, in the opinion of the attendant surgeon, of bearing without danger of his dying. The lacerated back was then healed, and the punishment, as soon as the surgeon thought it could be borne, was again proceeded with.

I once witnessed the infliction of a second 300 lashes, after an interval of some weeks from the previous punishment. It was a horrible sight, and, in proof of the extent to which refinement of cruelty may be carried in a savage breast, I saw a sergeant put his finger into the mouth of the poor fellow who was going to be tied up, and remove a leaden bullet, by biting on which, with firmly clenched teeth, it is supposed that the anguish is rendered more bearable.

Owing to peculiarities of constitution, some suffer ten times more than others ; but, according to my own observation, few are able to bear more than three or four lashes before they begin to shriek, and the blood to trickle. After a while, if the drummers are expert, and the blows are confined pretty much to the same spot, the shrieks subside gradually into a dull dismal moan which continues to the end.

In the 66th Regiment it was not unusual, in order

to prolong the torture, to transfer the locality from the back to the buttocks; and my informant, who shuddered at his own relation of the scenes which he had often witnessed, said that the renewal of sensation, judging from the renewal of shrieks upon such occasions, was dreadful beyond all conception. At the present day, no soldier can be tied up a second time for the same offence; and a greater number than fifty lashes cannot, under any circumstances, be inflicted. If any one should entertain a doubt of this being sufficient torture for a Christian legislature to sanction, I must refer him to the case with which this chapter concludes.

Nothing is more indicative of an improved condition of society than the mitigation of torture generally. It lingers in Russia, where criminals may still be sentenced to receive so large a number of blows as almost to insure the extinction of life either during or soon after their infliction, for the executioner strikes on to the end of the tale, whether the body retains its breath till then or not. It is needless to ask how far this mode of putting criminals to death is preferable to the knout, which had become such a badge of national savagery that it was thought politic to remove it.

The greatest credit is due to Mr. Wakley for the determined spirit with which he persevered in investigating the cause of death in the case of a trooper, who died shortly after a flogging in Knightsbridge

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Barracks. Every thing was done to smother the inquiry, and the cause of humanity would have given way to the requisitions and policy of a cruel code, if a manly spirit had not sustained the coroner, and enabled him to show that the death of Lindsay, if not the immediate consequence of the lash, was unquestionably accelerated by it; and such, I have reason to believe, has been the usual course of fatal issues of military floggings. The same experienced officer to whom I have already alluded, assured me that the loss of life in the army, from corporal punishment, was far from inconsiderable. It was so, especially during ten years of his own service in India. It does not appear that the poor wretches were ever allowed to die on the triangles, or that death, perhaps, was the direct consequence; but the severity of the punishment, by breaking the constitution, led to the hospital, out of which the victim never again came alive.

In the navy the lashes may have been heavier, but, except in floggings round the fleet, they were much fewer, and the time taken in their infliction was proportionably less.

In the first edition of "The Friend," Sept. 28, 1809, No. 7, Coleridge has been at some pains to vindicate the character of Sir Alexander Ball, whose secretary he was in the Mediterranean, from any imputation of cruelty in regard to naval floggings; and, in his zeal to uphold the character for humanity.



of a really amiable man, he represents him as thus addressing offenders *in whom he perceived a trait of pride, or the germs of any noble feeling*—"It is not the pain that you are about to suffer which grieves me! You are none of you, I trust, such cowards as to turn faint-hearted at the thought of *that*! But that, being a man, and one who is to fight for his king and country, you should have made it necessary to treat you as a vicious beast: it is this that grieves me." But is it not obvious to common sense, that the appeal ad honorem is mere mockery in cases where the punishment to be inflicted amounts to torture? It never seems to have occurred to Sir A. Ball that to treat noble-hearted sailors as *vicious beasts* was most monstrous.

What the effect of such treatment was in a ship in which the present Admiral Devonshire then served as first lieutenant, the following account, which I had from his own lips, will show. The captain had issued an order that not a sound, in future, should be made by men employed in doing some particular work; but, from inadvertency, the usual Yo! Yo! proceeded from a party so employed, and four of the best men in the ship, who had broken the captain's mandate, were ordered to the gangway to undergo the lash. Lieutenant Devonshire was so shocked at seeing this, that, contrary to his custom, he ventured to intercede for them, telling the captain that they were four of his best sailors, and that, if they were

flogged, he was sure that they should lose them. But he would listen to no remonstrance; the punishment was inflicted, and the consequence was, that on the first opportunity the four men deserted and were lost to the service.

Coleridge, as it was natural for him to do, has stated the subject *psychologically*; probably not without some recollection of what went on in his day at the School of Christ's Hospital, which has the honour of numbering him among its most distinguished Alumni. He might not have forgotten the large faggot of rods which, for ten successive years, he had seen brought weekly to the school.

Some years ago, when reading "The Journal of a Tour to Moscow," by the Rev. R. B. Paul, M.A., (London, 1836), I was amused by the following unexpected transition from the Russian knout to the Etonian birch. "The punishment of the knout is still frequently inflicted, and generally takes place on a Sunday. The executioner is said to possess the power of killing the criminal by a single stroke on the ribs; and this we were told has happened now and then even within the last few years, when the criminal, preferring death to Siberian exile, has bribed the executioner to put an end to his sufferings." The rev. tourist, who had himself experience in the education of youth, then adds, "After all, however, that has been said and written about the knout, it may possibly be questioned whether the infliction of it on felons is a

much greater proof of barbarism than the public flagellation of English gentlemen's sons by a dignitary of the English church." He says, indeed, in a note, "I am not, of course, speaking of the degree of pain inflicted, but only of the degrading nature of the punishment." I quite agree with him in thinking that there is something immeasurably disgusting and derogatory alike to the tone of modern education and of common decency in the punishments alluded to. Its palmy day was when Busby lorded it over the trembling inmates of the Westminster Grammar School.

A much valued friend of my own, and of Coleridge, —one who sat by his side for eight or ten years at the school of Christ's Hospital,—used to talk amusingly enough about the argument *à posterioribus*; but the most strenuous advocate of the birch has little more to say in its favour than that it is the easiest mode of keeping idle boys to their work where there are many to be attended to. In other words, boys must be made to go like horses by the whip or spur. "A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back." "He that spareth the rod hateth his son." In short, the proverbs of Solomon abound in hints such as these, which, taken in their proper spirit, and with due regard to social progress, are entitled to the highest respect. Children may be, and often are, spoiled by too much indulgence; but the admitted fact cannot be too often repeated, that

corporal punishments are least required in the best regulated schools, ships, and regiments. With respect to schools, it has been well remarked that, "what is wanted is the motive sufficiently powerful to subdue the inherent propensity to idleness. This the majority of masters, corporal punishment abjured, have not the skill or the application to supply."\* An argument sometimes used in defence of the birching system, so characteristic of Eton and Winchester, is, that it makes the young aristocracy feel that they are *but boys*; but, even if this were admitted, what excuse does it afford for obliging a fine manly collegier, eighteen years of age, who may have committed an offence against some rule of the school, either to submit to the indignity of having his person exposed in order to be birched by the master, or lose King's College!!!

I will venture to console my friend the Russian traveller, for I have the pleasure of knowing him, by the confident belief that the time is not very distant when the head-master of Eton will no longer be subjected to the ignominious necessity of saying to a spirited young gentleman, that he must either submit to have his person exposed and lacerated by the birch, or forego whatever privilege there may be connected with his standing in the school. Many are illiberal enough to believe that some schoolmasters

\* Review of Sydney Smith's *Memoirs* in the "Quarterly Review," July, 1855.

are far from disliking this part of their office ; and is this surprising when we hear of Dr. Keate's having flogged upon one occasion not less than sixty boys. A sprain of the wrist is said to have been the consequence ; but remembering him as a cricketer at Cambridge, and how sturdy he was even then, and how strong his wrist, it must have been a memorable achievement in the birching line when his wrist confessed a sprain.

In "Frazer's Magazine," October, 1856, there is a very comic account of an Etonian contretemps. The article is headed "The two Tuppers," one of Tuppleton, in Shropshire, the other of Tupper-Biddle, in Dorsetshire, but however pleasant it may be, "desipere in loco," I can do no more than briefly state the facts recorded in Frazer.

"One morning, speaking of the days when Dr. Keate was head-master of Eton, it happened that an idle curiosity led me (Tupper, of Tuppleton,) to go up stairs to the flogging-room, where corporal punishment was being administered by the head-master. Boy after boy was called forward to be chastised, and still his arm seemed untired. At last, to my horror, I heard him vociferate, 'Tupper—where's Tupper?' I reflected an instant, and then, knowing it must be Tupper, the collegier, I remained silent. But no Tupper appeared. Again the head-master called, 'Tupper,' and then his eye lighted upon me. 'Well, sir,' he said, 'why don't you answer to your name ;

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why don't you come and be flogged?' 'Please, sir,' I replied in terror, 'it isn't me, it's Tupper, the colleger.' Dr. Keate frowned, and made that dreadful noise which only he could make, and which was known in the school by the mysterious name of 'the Baffin.' My heart sunk within me; I knew that flogging was meat and drink to Dr. Keate, and that he would sooner, Brutus-like, flog his own son than not flog somebody. 'I don't believe you, sir,' shouted that venerable person; 'I don't believe you, you're a liar, sir, and your father was a liar before you; I flogged him, and now I shall flog you. Come and be flogged, sir.' The fiat had gone forth; down I knelt, and flogged I was. With my heart swelling with indignation, and my body tingling with pain, I went off to my tutor. 'Please, sir, was it me you complained of, or was it Tupper, the colleger?' 'Tupper, the colleger, to be sure,' he replied; 'because, sir, he didn't come, and I was flogged instead.' 'O! you were flogged instead, were you?' said this kindest of men; 'never mind, I dare say you'll deserve it to-morrow, if you didn't to-day; however, I'll take care of Tupper, the colleger.' Accordingly, at three o'clock school, Tupper, the colleger, was told to 'stay' and be flogged. Directly school was over, off I rushed to the place of execution, to gloat over the punishment of my enemy. There was a large number of culprits. About the middle of his operations, I heard the doctor call loudly for Tupper. I looked

round triumphantly, but no Tupper was to be seen. Again the doctor's eye lighted upon me; again he called me forward; and again I explained that it was not me, but Tupper, the colleger. He looked at the paper which he held in his hand, and saw that it was so. 'Well, then,' he growled out, 'if it isn't you, what are you here for?' 'Please, sir, I came to see him flogged,' was my answer. 'Oh, you came to see him flogged, did you, sir? Then you exhibited a base and cowardly spirit of malignity, for which I shall flog you, sir. Come, sir, make haste and kneel down.' There was no alternative; once more I knelt down, once more the fatal punishment, guided by no unskilful hand, left John Keate + his mark, upon my unlucky person. I rose, vowed vengeance; I had it; at five o'clock school, Tupper, the colleger, was caught. He received a considerable flogging; 'for,' as was justly observed by the head-master, 'in addition to his other offences, he had caused an innocent boy to suffer in his stead.' The moral then follows,—'From that day forth we hated each other worse than ever.'"

I am obliged to Frazer for this apposite story, which, according to the Italian proverb, "If not true is well imagined." No one can doubt that Tupper, the colleger, richly deserved to be flogged; and so did the late Lord Camelford, of eccentric memory, who, when a midshipman in the ship with Captain Vancouvre, who was then on a voyage round the

world, was flogged, in conformity with the same *lex talionis* which made the collegier Tupper's castigation so exemplary.

The facts of Lord Camelford's case, as I have heard them related, were these: Trinkets and presents of various descriptions, intended for the natives of any islands in the Pacific which might be visited, were disappearing to such an extent that the captain told the storekeeper that if this continued to be the case he should be flogged; and, the same thing continuing, the threat was put into execution. But, it having been made to appear, subsequently, that the thief was Lord Camelford, Captain Vancouvre ordered his lordship to be flogged. Whether this was judicious or not, it eventually shortened Captain Vancouvre's life. Lord Camelford left the ship the first opportunity, and returned to England. Here he watched impatiently for the return home of Vancouvre; and, when this occurred, he immediately set upon him, and insisted on his giving him a meeting; but this the rules of the service prohibited. Captain Vancouvre, nevertheless, felt dreadfully sore under Lord Camelford's repeated affronts, and on his death-bed declared, that the imputation on his courage for having, from necessity it may be said, declined to meet Lord Camelford, had so preyed upon his vexed and harassed mind as to have laid the foundation of his illness and premature death.

With respect to that numerous class of offences



to which our populous cities are still obnoxious, the judicious application of painful and disgraceful punishments would greatly tend to lessen their frequency, if it did not put a stop to them altogether. The offences to which I particularly allude are those of savage men who cruelly beat their wives, and of drunken barbarians generally. Neither can there be a doubt that the whole swarm of pick-pockets would dread the thought of having the lash applied to them. In proportion, in fact, to the aversion which is felt, at the present day, to torture, would be the service which a judicious employment of painful and ignominious corporal punishment is capable of rendering to society.

Ankerström, the assassin of Gustavus III. of Sweden, was twice whipped on a public scaffold at Stockholm, and his right hand was struck off prior to his execution ; but such scenes are abhorrent to the English mind ; and I mention the case of Ankerström to illustrate the fact, that the combination of shame with pain has ever been considered as calculated strongly to deter men from committing crimes, where vanity, in close alliance often with madness, courts distinction ; or where the baser passion of revenge seeks to be gratified. We have ceased already to hear, in England, of persons attempting to gain distinction, or to gratify some morbid hallucination, by discharging guns at Royal carriages.

With respect to the cruel punishments of which

the newspapers gave an account after the capture of Sebastopol, and the subsequent inactivity of the army, and which entirely arose out of access to poisonous alcoholic liquors,—is it possible to suppose that preventive measures might not be adopted where power is absolute? I heard an officer of infantry say, that when his regiment was stationed in Guernsey, scarcely a day passed without floggings; and, at that time punishment extended to hundreds of lashes.

Why does the miserable inmate of some unhealthy court, or crowded lodging house, fly to the gin-palace? He knows that gin is poison, but the languor and indescribable uneasiness which he experiences make the temptation to procure momentary relief irresistible. It is much the same with the soldier who has time upon his hands and no innocent or pleasurable resource. He is a match for the Russian, but not for ennui. In either case, the absent penalty is lost sight of, and the tempting bait taken. Truly has it been said, "We approach the soldier with the dram-bottle in one hand and the lash in the other." But I fear that I may have been travelling out of my record; for I do not presume to settle the question abstractedly of floggings; only from my heart I wish to give a coup de grace to military and naval torture. Conformably with this heart-felt wish, I mean to conclude with a case, the horrors attendant on which are pourtrayed, as far as such horrors can be, by the sufferer himself; but, before I do so, I cannot refrain

from mentioning my good fortune in having once rescued a deserter from corporal punishment. This occurred in the year 1825, when I happened to be mayor of Truro. Five recruits were sworn in by me; and, a few days afterwards, the same men were again brought before me as deserters, and, as such, were committed to the town-prison. They did not deny that they were deserters; but said that they were a small part of the whole number who had been driven to desert from the Grenadier company of the 24th Regiment, then stationed at Devonport, in consequence of the want of means to satisfy the cravings of hunger, so many were the excuses for reducing even the small pittance of their pay. They certainly had the appearance of men under-fed; and hating, as they said, their regiment on this account, and dreading to return, four of the five contrived to break out of prison, but were soon retaken and sent under safe escort to Devonport. One alone had refrained from breaking loose from prison; and, from his behaviour altogether, I took great compassion on him, and wrote to the commanding officer of the regiment to beg that he might be pardoned. A short time afterwards I received the following letter from him:—

“DEVONPORT, 17TH JUNE, 1825.

“SIR,—I return you many thanks for the great favour you have shown to me by your kind interposition with the commanding officer in my behalf.—I hope Dr. sir,

that your kindness may have a lasting influence over other poor unfortunate men that may be confined in that prison in future. Dr. sir, our most lenient commanding officer, who is ever ready to soften as a father the painful task of punishing, has been kind enough, on your account, Dr. sir, to forgive me. Dr. sir, except of my most humble thanks from your obedient

“Humble servant,

“JAMES WILLIAMS.”

Who on reading this letter will not envy me my feelings on the receipt of it; but to be able fully to appreciate the magnitude of the favour shown to Williams, the following “Tale of Horror” must be read:—

Alexander Somerville, from whose autobiography the account is taken, was a private in the 2nd Regiment of Dragoons, at that time quartered at Birmingham. He was sentenced to receive 200 lashes for insubordination in the riding-room. After giving a circumstantial and most affecting account of his previous suspense and feelings before the sentence of the court-martial was made known to him, he proceeds to say,—

“I heard the warning trumpet sound. A few streaks of light entered by the chinks in the door of the black-hole; I could see nothing more of the outward world. I heard the band play, and knew by the sound that the troops were marching. By the

music of the march I knew when they had reached the riding-school. When the music ceased, I waited anxiously for the door of the black-hole to open. The key rattled in the lock; it opened; two of the guard entered, laid hold of me, one on each side, and led me out. I told them they need not lay hold of me; I would go quietly. All the men of the guard save those on sentry were formed at the black-hole door. I was placed in the centre of them. The regimental serjeant-major gave the command 'Quick march!' and we stepped off. The large folding-doors of the riding-school were thrown open, and when we entered were closed behind us. The regiment was formed four deep round the walls, facing inwards. We proceeded to one end of the school. The commanding officer then gave the command to the regiment, 'Attention!' and immediately after, 'Draw swords!' upon which the regiment drew swords; bringing them to the position of 'carry,' each man's sword upright a few inches in front of his shoulder. The officers stood in an oblong space within the lines of men. The regimental surgeon, the hospital serjeant, and two hospital orderlies were also there. The serjeant of the band stood with the *green bag*, and Farrier Simpson and a trumpeter each stood with a nine-tailed whip, vulgarly called a cat, in his hand. The serjeant had two more in the bag, to be ready in case these should give way. The handles were of wood or whalebone, about two feet long, the 'tails'

about the same length; each tail two, or, perhaps, three times the thickness of ordinary whip-cord, with six hard knots upon it. A form and chair stood close by; and on the form a pailful of water, with some towels in the water to apply to my back, and a basin containing water on the table to give me to drink should I become faint. These were in charge of the hospital sergeant and his orderlies. A ladder was placed upright against the wall, and several strong looking ropes, half an inch thick, or thereabouts, with nooses to them, hung about the ladder and lay on the ground. All these things I saw while advancing to their vicinity at the upper end of the school. When arrived there, we got 'Right about—turn!' and then the word, 'Halt!'

"The guard withdrew a few paces, so that I should be fully within view of the regiment. The adjutant then went through other usual forms, and then turning to me, said, 'You will take your punishment: strip, sir.'

"I proceeded at once to unbutton and take off my regimental jacket. The sergeant of the band with great alacrity came to assist. I said, in an under tone, that I would take my things off myself. One of the orderlies took my jacket and cap, another my stock, and laid them on the form; I handed my shirt to the sergeant, who fastened it round my middle. One of the orderlies took a rope with a noose on it, and running the noose upon the wrist of my right

arm, put the other end through a ring which was fastened in the wall at a distance of several yards from the upright ladder; another orderly took another rope with a noose, and fastening it in like manner upon my left wrist, drew the other end of it through a ring at the distance of several yards on the opposite side of the ladder. They then drew, each his rope, until my arms were stretched outward, and my breast and face were brought closely and tightly against the ladder. Two other soldiers came with two other ropes with nooses. They lifted my right foot and put one of the nooses over my foot, and ran it up tightly upon my ankle; and then lifted my left foot and ran the noose of the other rope tightly upon my left ankle. They each put his rope through a ring in the wall near the ground, and brought the ends round the upright ladder, and each of my legs several times, until I was bound so fast that I could not move.\*

“The regimental sergeant major, who stood behind with a book and pencil to count each lash and write its number, gave the command, ‘Farrier Simpson, you will do your duty.’ The manner of doing that duty is to swing the ‘cat’ twice round the head, give a stroke, draw the tails of the ‘cat’ through the fingers of the left hand to rid them of skin, or flesh, or blood; again swing the instrument twice round the head slowly, and come on, and so forth.

“Simpson took the ‘cat’ as ordered—at least I

\* Compare this with case in “Early Years,” vol. ii. p. 265.

believe so—I did not see him; but I felt an astounding sensation between the shoulders, under my neck, which went to my toe-nails in one direction, my finger-nails in another, and stung me to the heart, as if a knife had gone through my body. The sergeant-major called in a loud voice, ‘One.’ I felt as if it would be kind of Simpson not to strike me in the same place again. He came on a second time a few inches lower, and then I thought the former stroke was sweet and agreeable compared with that one. The sergeant-major counted ‘Two.’ The ‘cat’ was swung twice round the farrier’s head again, and he came on somewhere about the right shoulder blade, and the loud voice of the reckoner said ‘Three.’ The shoulder blade was as sensitive as any other part of the body, and when he came again on the left shoulder, and the voice cried ‘Four,’ I felt my flesh quiver in every nerve, from the scalp of my head to my toe-nails. The time between each stroke seemed so long as to be agonising, and yet the next came too soon. It was lower down and felt to be the severest. The word ‘Five’ made me betake myself to mental arithmetic; this, thought I, is only the fortieth part of what I am to get. ‘Six,’ followed, so on, up to ‘twenty-five.’ The sergeant-major then said ‘Halt!’

“Simpson stood back, and a young trumpeter, who had not flogged before, took his ‘cat’ and began. He had practised often at a stable-post, or a sack of



sawdust, and could handle the instrument as scientifically as any one. He gave me some dreadful cuts about the ribs, first on one side and then on the other. Some one bade him hit higher up, I do not know who. He then gave them upon the blistered and swollen places where Simpson had been practising. *The pain in my lungs* was now more severe, I thought, than on my back. I felt as if I could burst in the internal parts of my body. I could have cried out; and, I doubt not, would have taken less harm from the punishment had that *firmness*, which phrenologists say is so strongly developed in my cranium, permitted me to break my resolution. I had resolved that I would die before I would utter a complaint or a groan. I detected myself once giving something like a groan, and, to prevent its utterance again, I put my tongue between my teeth, held it there, and bit it almost in two pieces. What with the blood from my tongue, and my lips, which I had also bitten, and the blood from my lungs, or some other internal part ruptured by the writhing agony, I was almost choked, and became black in the face. The hospital-sergeant, seeing this, brought the basin of water and put it to my lips; I indignantly withdrew my head from it, and the revulsion, or change of feeling, somewhat relieved me.

"It now became Simpson's second turn to give twenty-five. Only fifty had been inflicted, and the time since they began was like a long period of life.

I felt as if I had lived all the time of my real life in pain and torture, and that the time when existence had a pleasure in it was a dream long, long gone by. Simpson got up among the old sores: the strokes were not so sharp as at first; they were like blows of heavy weights, but more painful than the fresh ones. It was now that he—probably more inclined to remember that he was my friend than a farrier—was commanded in a loud voice, in these words, formerly quoted, ‘Farrier Simpson, do your duty.’ He travelled downwards and came on heavier than before, but, as I thought, slower. It seemed a very slowness for the serjeant-major to be only counting the fifteenth and sixteenth of the third twenty-five. I then uttered the only words which I spoke during the whole time, namely, ‘Come quicker on, Simpson, and let it be done; you are very slow.’ The poor fellow was slow, from aversion to the task; I do not know if he gave the strokes more quickly; they all seemed to last too long.

“When the other youngster had reached, or nearly, his second twenty, I felt as if I could yield, and beg forgiveness; but the next moment the coward thought was rebuked within me and banished. ‘Not from them,’ said I, mentally, ‘shall I beg forgiveness;’ but I prayed to God to put it into their minds to stop, and pardon me the remainder. When this five-and-twenty was completed, which made a hundred, the commanding officer said, ‘Stop! take him down,

he is a young soldier.' I was then unbound; one of the wet towels was spread upon my back, my jacket laid loosely over the towel, and I was led to the hospital between two men. Then a cloth, dipped in a lotion of some kind, was put over my skin, and I was laid on my back. It soon became so stiff, that to rise seemed as impossible as to rise with the weight of a ton fastened to me. I felt as if dragged down by tons of heaviness. When fresh lotions were put to my back, two orderlies came, one on each side, and lifted me by the arms."\*

*Eheu ! jam satis est. Liboravi animam meam.*

\* "Autobiography of a Working Man." Edit. 1854, p. 212.

## NOTES.

## NOTE A.

Page 5.—“*There are at Oxford.*”

“I give and devise my Manour of Linton, and all other my lands and heriditaments in Yorkshire unto my executors, hereinafter-named, and their heirs, upon trust, to pay thereout yearly six hundred pounds to two persons, to be chosen out of the University of Oxon when they are *Masters of Arts, and entered on the Physic-line* by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Chancellor, or Keeper of Great Britain, the Chancellor of the University of Oxon, the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Winchester, the two principal Secretaries of State, the Lord Chief Justices of King’s Bench and Common Pleas, and Master of the Rolls, all for the time being, or by the major part of them, for the maintenance of the said two persons for the space of ten years, and no longer; the half of which time, at least, they are to travel in parts beyond sea for their better improvement.”—From “*Last Will and Testament of Dr. John Radcliffe,*” in *Memoirs of his Life*. 2nd Edition. London, 1715.

## NOTE B.

Page 43.—“*All this is the lobster.*”

A Cambridge undergraduate, of the same year and College with myself, had passed, as I happened to know, for much more than he was worth in mathematics; so, when the time of trial in the Senate-

house drew near, he managed to eat a vast quantity of stewed crab or lobster for supper, and thus induce, as he did most effectually, a severe bilious attack. Dr. Glynn was sent for, and, finding poor G— very ill, he could not allow him to go into the Senate house, but gave him a certificate which led to what is called an “agrotat degree.” As soon as the public examinations were over, the sick man’s recovery gave his amiable old physician very little further trouble.

## NOTE C.

Page 79.

The late Dr. Currie’s views of the effect of temperature on the human body, confirmed by a profusion of examples, cannot be too highly commended. The subject, in fact, was so exhausted in his two volumes of *Medical Reports*, published more than fifty years ago, that little further light can be said to have since been thrown upon it.

The great matter is to distinguish between temperature merely, and temperature in connexion with strength or exhaustion.

“Persons heated,” he tells us, “and beginning to sweat, often think it necessary to wait on the edge of the bath until they are perfectly cooled; and then, plunging into the water, feel a sudden chilliness, which is alarming and dangerous. In like manner, though it is perfectly safe to go into a cold bath in the earlier stages of exercise, nothing is more dangerous than this practice after exercise has produced languor and fatigue; when the heat is not only sinking rapidly, but the system parts more readily with the portion that remains.” He quotes an instance, recorded by Dr. Franklin, of four young men, who having worked at harvest in the heat of the day, with a view of refreshing themselves, plunged into a spring of cold water: two died on the spot, a third the next morning, and the fourth recovered with great difficulty.\*

Dr. Currie has added the following still more illustrative case;—

“On the 1st of September, 1778, two students of medicine at

\* Currie’s *Medical Reports*, vol. i. p. 120.

Edinburgh set out on foot on a tour, a considerable part of which lay along the Tweed. They started by sunrise, and proceeded with alacrity in the cool of the morning. At the end of eight miles they breakfasted, rested for an hour, and then resumed their journey. The day grew warm as it advanced, and after a march of eight miles more they arrived heated, but not fatigued, on the banks of the river, about eleven in the forenoon. Urged by the fervour of the day, and tempted by the beauty of the stream, they stripped, and threw themselves into the river. The utmost refreshment followed, and when they retired to the neighbouring inn this was succeeded by a disposition to sleep, which they indulged. In the afternoon they proceeded, and, travelling sixteen miles further at a single stretch, arrived at the inn where they were to sleep a little after sunset. The afternoon had been warm, and they sweated profusely; but the evening was temperate and rather cool. They had travelled for some miles slowly, and arrived at the end of their journey stiff and weary.

"The refreshment which they had experienced in the morning from bathing induced, however, one of them to repeat the experiment, and he went perfectly cool into the same river, expecting to relax his limbs in the water, and afterwards to enjoy profound sleep. The consequences were very different. The Tweed, which was so refreshing in the morning, now felt extremely cold, and he left the water hastily. No genial glow succeeded, but a feverish chill remained for some time, with small frequent pulse and flying pains over the body. Warm liquids and friction brought on, at length, considerable heat, and towards morning perspiration and sleep followed. Next day, about noon, they proceeded on foot, but the traveller who had bathed was extremely feeble; and though they had to perform a journey of a single stage only, as some part of it was difficult and mountainous, he was obliged to take the assistance of a carriage which overtook them on the road. It was several days before he recovered his usual vigour.

"This relation was given me," Dr. C. says, "by the person who suffered from his imprudence."—*Currie's Med. Reports*, vol. i. p. 126.

## NOTE D.

Page 82.

I once saw a little girl, four or five years old, who, from falling into boiling water, was dead from the navel downwards: the parts so affected were quite hard and senseless; in fact, she complained of no pain whatever, and even ate a bit of gingerbread which was offered her. She survived some hours, and died without appearing to have felt a pang.

There is so far some analogy between this and the case of the man whose feet were burned to death at the lime-kiln, that, with the destruction of local life, the sense of pain ceased; but as regards the agency of carbon they are conflicting, and fail to throw light on the subject.

Sir Henry Hallford, in an "Essay on the effects of Cold," affirms, on what he considers conclusive evidence, "That the immediate cause of death from cold is apoplexy. The heart is arrested and paralysed in the exercise of its office, and no longer supplies the brain with arterial blood. Nor is the blood thrown with sufficient force to the extremities. It accumulates, therefore, in the large vessels proceeding immediately from the main spring, and there is no ingress for the blood returning from the brain. The large sinuses, therefore, become overgorged, and apoplexy follows.

"The philosophy of death by breathing foul or mephitic air is different. Here the lungs are intercepted in their functions; no oxygen is admitted to the blood, whilst the heart, retaining its activity, sends the blood to the brain charged with carbon, the smallest portion of which is a fatal poison to it. This is the case also when death takes place from drowning. The lungs are precluded from receiving oxygen air, and cannot throw off the carbon. Under such circumstances it has been thought probable that life is extinguished in less than three minutes, *unless, happily, the sufferer should have fainted*. Then, the heart's action being stopped, the carbon is not thrown upon the brain, and in such instances animation has been restored to the apparently dead body, even half-an-hour after its immersion in water."—*Essays and Orations*, p. 299.

## NOTE E.

Page 82.—“*Dr. Kitto.*”

“I became deaf,” Dr. Kitto says, “on my father’s birthday, early in the year 1817, when I had lately completed the twelfth year of my age. On that day I fell from the top of a ladder, a height of about thirty-five feet, into a paved court. Of what followed I know nothing, except that for one moment I awoke from the death-like state to which I was brought, and found that my father, attended by a crowd of people, was bearing me homeward in his arms; but I had then no recollection of what had happened, and at once relapsed into a state of unconsciousness. In this state I remained for a fortnight, as I afterwards learned. These days were a blank in my life: I could never bring any recollection to bear upon them; and when I awoke one morning to consciousness *it was as from a night of sleep*. I saw that it was at least two hours later than my usual time of rising, and marvelled that I had been suffered to sleep so late. I attempted to spring up in bed, and was astonished to find that I could not even move.

“I was very slow in learning that my hearing was entirely gone. I saw my friends talking to one another, and thought that, out of regard to my feeble condition, they spoke in whispers, because I heard them not. The truth was revealed to me in consequence of my solicitude about a book which had been lent to me prior to my accident, and which had been reclaimed by the owner.

“I asked for this book with much earnestness. ‘Why do you not speak?’ I cried. At length some one wrote on a slate, that the book had been returned. ‘But,’ I said in great astonishment, ‘why do you write to me? Why not speak? Speak, speak!’ With concern, it was soon further written on the slate, ‘You are deaf.’”—*Dr. Kitto’s Autobiography.*

## NOTE F.

Page 102.

A medical friend, verging on fourscore, who has long had to guard his heart with more than ordinary diligence, says, in a letter



which I lately received from him, after quoting the axiom of Aretæus, "*Stomachus delectationis tristitiæque princeps*"—"Of the influence of the latter effect I am a tolerable instance, as being seldom without pain, after various changes in the quality and quantity of my ingesta. Homœopathy has certainly done more for me than any other plan, for all common medicines irritate as much as food, and, like it, are productive of intermittent and quivering pulse. There is much less of this old trouble since the new practice was adopted."

NOTE G.

Page 111.

Immediately following this incident, to make it still more impressive, Dr. Watson has added, that "M. Rostan, going round the wards of his hospital, came to an old woman who was complaining of severe pain in her abdomen. Her face was flushed, her skin hot, her pulse strong and frequent, her tongue dry; and she was very thirsty. The abdominal pain was exasperated by pressure, and by the movements of the patient. Upon these data M. Rostan founded his diagnosis. He concluded that the case was one of acute abdominal inflammation, and prescribed accordingly. One of the pupils, however, lingered behind him; and having removed so much of the dress as enabled him to examine more accurately the seat of the pain, he discovered that all the symptoms proceeded from a very harmless, though troublesome disorder, *herpes zoster*, commonly called the shingles."

NOTE H.

Page 124.

Sir Henry Hallford, in his "Essay on the Necessity of Caution in the Estimation of Symptoms, in the last Stages of some Diseases," alludes to the difficulty with which the skin is repaired when it has been destroyed by extensive burning; and says, "I have seen a good many instances of this misfortune, four of which proved fatal; and yet in every one of the four the wound healed, with the exception of the space only of a crown." These were extreme cases, to all of which, nevertheless, the paper cicatrix would, I believe, have afforded a good chance of saving life.

## NOTE I.

Page 106.—“*Physician in a populous city.*”

The following is a case in point :—

I was called impatiently one evening, many years ago, to meet a surgeon in consultation, at St. Enoder, about nine miles from Truro. He was thinking of performing a most formidable operation on an innkeeper, whose thigh had literally been spitted by the sharp shaft of some small vehicle, against which he, on horseback and in liquor, had dashed at full speed down a gentle descent in the road. There had been profuse hæmorrhage, and I was in time to witness the removal of considerable clots of blood.

After a brief consultation, I gave it as my opinion that there was nothing but death imminent if amputation were attempted, which could only have been performed under great disadvantages, and as, luckily, there did not appear to have been any large artery divided, it was determined that we should do no more than bring the wound together as closely as we could, and envelope the limb with a damp napkin, enjoining complete repose of the limb, and attention to temperance.

Everything went on well, the wound healed as by the first attention; and the little innkeeper was about his business again in less than a month.

## NOTE K.

Page 146.—“*Mr Coulson has resolved,*” &c.

Another Cornishman and eminent surgeon, my friend Mr. Turner, is now at the head of his profession at Manchester. From a letter which I lately received from him, I have the pleasure of inferring, that, although past the meridian of life, he is still well able to continue his useful labours unceasingly; and for the public to judge of the real extent of such labours, they should witness them, or have heard them recounted, as I have done, by such men as the late Mr. Abernethy or Sir A. Cooper, or by my friends, Coulson and Turner. There is no adequate reward for such services in any amount of fees.

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